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QUEEN ELIZABETH AND HER FAVORITES.*

It has been remarked by Sismondi, that the effect of the Salic law in the succession of a kingdom is to render the royal family more strictly national, while one in which female succession is allowed is perpetually exposed to the chance of receiving a foreign dynasty. Of the long line of kings of France, every one was a Frenchman, while England and Spain have each been more than once transferred to foreign rulers through the operation of the contrary law. But it is a curious circumstance, that whenever this has occurred in England,† it has never taken place through

the marriage of a queen-regnant, but always through that of some princess not in the immediate line of succession, whose posterity has appeared to claim the throne after several generations. Probably few persons seriously dreamed that the union of Margaret of England with James of Scotland would lead to that of the two British kingdoms under one sceptre; still fewer doubtless imagined, when the decorous Palsgrave carried off his laughing bride from the court of their first common sovereign, that within a century both realms would receive as their king the prince of a German state of which few Englishmen in those days had heard the name. But none of the queens-regnant who have preceded her present Majesty can be made responsible for the good or the evil of introducing new blood into the royal line. Two, indeed—if we count, as is hardly fair, the second Mary, three—of their number were married to foreign princes, but none left surviving issue, only one bore children at all. The present heir-apparent is the first who has derived the title of Prince of Wales from a maternal parent. And Elizabeth, the greatest of our queens, and one of the greatest of our sovereigns,

* 1. *The Lives of the Queens of England, &c.* By Agnes Strickland. Vols. VI., VII. London. 1843.

2. *Memoirs of the Life and Times of Sir Christopher Hatton, K.G., &c.* By Sir Harris Nicolas, G.C.M.G. London. 1847.

3. *The Romance of the Peerage, or Curiosities of the Family History.* By George Lillie Craik. Vols. I., II. London. 1848.

4. *Lives and Letters of the Devereux Earls of Essex, &c.* By the Hon. Walter Bouchier Devereux. 2 vols. London. 1853.

† The Plantagenet succession was hardly an exception; Matilda can be barely counted as a queen-regnant: and her husband and son were not more foreign to the English nation than the existing royal family.

desired no worthier epitaph than that "she lived and died a Virgin Queen."

But more than this, two among our queens-regnant have been conspicuously national sovereigns. The last Tudor and the last Stuart, the daughter of Henry VIII. and the daughter of James II., were the last of our rulers who were English by both parents. Their maternal ancestry was not drawn from kings and kaisers, but from simple English subjects, and those of no very exalted rank or pedigree. Both were indeed the daughters of peers, but neither Anne Boleyn nor Queen Anne was born in the peerage; the former indeed was doubtless the cause of her father's elevation. The whole dynasty to which Elizabeth belonged was one under which royalty was more thoroughly national than it had been for many centuries before, or than it has ever been since. The marriage of the Duke of York with Anne Hyde was looked on as something strange, and almost monstrous; but such was not the feeling a century earlier. The royal personages of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries intermarried more habitually with Englishmen and Englishwomen than those of any subsequent age, or indeed of any preceding one since the Norman Conquest. It was the point of time most favorable to such a practice. The last vestiges of its foreign origin had just been wiped away from the dynasty, and the aristocracy founded by the Conqueror; the system of modern European politics which regards all crowned heads as forming a distinct caste, intermarrying only within their own august circle, was not as yet fully established. In England again especially, the constant revolutions and changes of the succession brought the crown within the reach of remote branches of the royal family, who had nothing but their genealogy to distinguish them from the rest of the nobility of the realm. Anyhow, the pedigree of Queen Elizabeth would have appeared painfully defective in the eyes of a German herald. She would have been utterly unable to make out her sixteen quarterings of royal or even noble dignity. We have oftener to pick our way through the obscure genealogies of rustic knights and plodding citizens than along the magnificent series of the Percies or the De Veres. As if to mock every notion of the kind, when any unusually illustrious name does appear, it is the result of some strange mesalliance which drew attention even at the time. Elizabeth's grotesque title of Queen of France might have been backed up by a lineal, though not male, connection with St.

Lewis and Hugh Capet, or more recent date than her descent from the "she-wolf," from whom that fantastic claim was originally derived; but this was only because a handsome Welsh gentleman had pleased the eye of a daughter of France, the widow of the conqueror of Agincourt. In tracing her direct royal descent through the contending houses whose claims had centred in her father, we shall not find a foreign ancestor until the two lines converge in a pair of whom any nation would have been proud, Edward of England and Philippa of Hainault. It is impossible to doubt that this thorough nationality of the Tudor and later Plantagenet sovereigns had something to do with the popularity with which they were almost always surrounded.

Before and after, England had kings—Normans, Scots, or Germans—ignorant of her language, or careless of her interests; during this very period Mary lost perhaps more of the national affection by her Spanish marriage, than by a whole hecatomb of martyrs; but Henry VIII. and his younger daughter, whatever else they were, good or bad, were the thoroughly English offspring of English parents, identified in every point of language, habits, and feelings with the common mass of their people, who saw in their ruler only the most exalted of their own number, and did not abhor the despotism of one who was felt to be the true impersonation of the national character.

While both father and daughter were alike the objects of popular attachment during their lifetime, the daughter alone has retained the affection of posterity. In fact, we find it no easy matter to believe that our eighth Harry could ever have been a popular monarch. The England, however, of those days was used to see royal and noble blood poured out upon the scaffold; and there seems reason to believe that the strange compounds of religions which he devised harmonized well with the feeling of his day. Men rejoiced to get rid of the never-failing grievance of the Pope's supremacy, and of some of the grosser practical delusions and superstitions; but the mass of mankind in all ages are alike attached to the religious ceremonies to which they are accustomed, and heedless about theological dogmas which they do not comprehend. Such a state of mind was exactly met by the church of Henry VIII.: national and regal vanity were alike flattered by the erection of an insular Pope in the royal person; men's senses were no longer insulted by the Rood of Boxly or the holy phial of Hales; but the divine might still maintain the orthodox faith of pontiffs

and councils, and the layman was still surrounded at his baptism, his marriage, and his burial, by the same rites which were endeared to him and his fathers by the practice of countless generations. Henry appeared in his own time as a gallant and magnificent monarch, under whom the country enjoyed a peace to which it had been unaccustomed for nearly a century; he gave his subjects as much religious reformation as they desired, and no more than they desired; his worst proceedings too were always done under a legal guise, for he found parliaments, judges, and convocations ready to sanction every caprice of his despotism. Such a one was easily forgiven those deeds of wanton bloodshed which have rendered his name a byword among posterity. The like too was the case with his daughter: the act which the warmest panegyrists of Elizabeth are driven to palliate is a dark stain upon her memory; the act from which she herself shrunk, and of which she meanly tried to throw the responsibility upon others, was not even an error in the eyes of her loving subjects. Mary Stuart, the deposed and captive queen, excited no feeling of romance or chivalry in the breast of the ordinary Englishman of her own time; he saw in her only the foe of his religion and the rival of his sovereign; crowds of petitions prayed that justice might be done upon the offender, and her execution was hailed with the same signs of public rejoicing as a coronation or a royal marriage.

Elizabeth, then, and all that pertains to her, is recommended to our attention not only by the acknowledged greatness of her character and the important events which marked her reign, but as a sovereign more thoroughly national and more thoroughly popular than any of her predecessors or successors during several centuries. She was not merely the sovereign, she was the head, the kinswoman, the representative of her people. Every feature of her character is thus invested with a special interest, one that is redoubled when we consider the foibles, the vices, and the crimes of which she stands convicted or charged. Elizabeth as drawn by her admirers, and Elizabeth as drawn by her enemies, appear like the portraits of two wholly distinct women. And yet neither portrait is to be set aside as an entirely fictitious one. We need not dispute whether the shield is gold or silver, whether the chameleon is green or blue. The glorious qualities which are held up to admiration by the one side, the degrading weaknesses which the other points out to our contempt, are both of them plainly to be

recognized in the records of her life. Our only business is to consider how the two could be so strangely intermingled in the same character, and how the most ludicrous and contemptible foibles never interfered with her veneration at the hands of that public opinion which is generally more disposed to forgive the crimes than the follies of its princes.

The knight approaching the shield from one side alone might well pronounce it to be all golden. The first aspect of Elizabeth's character is that of the wisest and mightiest of a line of rulers, surpassed in might and wisdom by none that history has recorded. It has seldom been the lot of England to fall under the sway of *rois fainéants*, such as have made their dignity contemptible in the eyes of many foreign nations; a succession of them she has never seen. Most of our kings have been men of more than average ability; several of them have been men of preëminent genius. But, since the mighty Norman first set foot upon our shores, one prince alone has worn his crown who can dispute the first rank with the daughter of Henry VIII. and of Anne Boleyn. The first Edward, great alike in war and peace, the founder of our commerce, the refounder of our law, may indeed claim a place by the side of one who in so many respects trod in the same line of policy. He was the first, and, till Elizabeth arose, well-nigh the last, who felt that the sceptre of the old Bretwaldas was a nobler prize than shadowy dreams of continental aggrandizement; before the true greatness of either of them, the glories of Crecy and Agincourt sink into insignificance. During the forty-five years which beheld England under the sway of Elizabeth, she rose from a secondary position among the powers of Europe to a level with the mightiest of empires. And this not by dazzling and unsubstantial conquests, but by the steady growth of a great people led on by the guiding hand of a great ruler. The best comment on this fact is the history of preceding and succeeding centuries. We can trace no germ of the gradual and comparatively peaceful progress of the nation in the wild aggressions which were the favorite policy even down to the time of Elizabeth's own father. Still less can we recognize the glorious England of Elizabeth in the despised England of the reign of Charles II., when she became a pensioner of France. Under Elizabeth arose that naval greatness which has since formed our chief glory: under her auspices Drake and Frobisher and Raleigh extended alike the dominions of their sovereign and the limits of the habitable world.

She first raised her own England to the rank of mistress of the ocean, and laid the first foundation of another England on its farther shore. She carried the name and the glory of her country into regions hardly trodden by an English foot since the days of Alfred. She could not only boast of hurling defiance at Parma and at Spain, but her diplomatic and commercial intercourse embraced the Czar of Muscovy and the Sophi of Persia. She was looked to by all Europe as the bulwark of Protestantism and of liberty, and was recompensed by the offer of foreign crowns which she had the wisdom to refuse. At home she established and maintained a government which for those times was both firm and gentle, a despotism which drew its power from the national affection. Nearly her whole reign was one triumphal procession; everywhere her people gathered around her as round a parent; gracious and accessible to all, no petitioner was repulsed from her presence. Stern and unbending when necessity required it, she knew how to give way with grace, or, by anticipating remonstrance, to avoid the necessity of yielding. She reared up the fabric of a church, free alike from the superstitions of the Papist and the licentiousness of the Puritan. In abolishing a foreign jurisdiction and a corrupt ceremonial, she preserved a regular order of church government, and a ritual at once simple and decorous. And all this was essentially her own doing. She was surrounded by able counsellors; but no stronger proof than this can be given of her own ability. In days when kings governed as well as reigned, the predominance of a great minister is no doubtful sign of the existence of a great sovereign. And assuredly no counsellor, however able, could have forced Elizabeth into any course contrary to her own will and judgment. Whatever was done in the name of one who so dearly loved the authority she was born to exercise, must, if not the fruit of her own mere motion, at least have had the deliberate sanction of her searching intellect. Versed in all the learning and accomplishments of her age, delighting in the gayety and splendor of a court, she never forgot the duties of a real ruler in the idleness and dissipation of the vulgar mob of princes. She maintained the credit of her kingdom abroad without plunging into unnecessary or expensive wars; she encouraged the arts of peace without suffering the decay of a martial spirit; she maintained a magnificent court, without its being purchased by the misery of the nation. The true parent of her people,

she won the love in which she delighted; she ascended the throne amid their acclamations; and if, from the satiety which comes with long familiarity, she did not descend to her grave amid their tears, her memory soon became dearer to them than ever from the contrast she presented to her inglorious successor, and remained thenceforward embalmed among the most precious recollections of their past history.

Let us now change our course, and approach the object of controversy from an opposite quarter. An aspect may indeed be found in which the shield can hardly be considered even as silver, but its material might well be deemed to be a baser metal. The mighty queen is transformed into a weak, if not a vicious, woman; her personal character is well-nigh surrendered, and even her political capacity does not come out unscathed. Caprice, affectation, and coquetry appear as the leading features of the one; vacillation, parsimony, and persecution are stamped as the indelible characteristics of the other. From youth to old age she was the slave of the most egregious personal vanity: Queen and heroine, sacred Majesty and Defender of the Faith, were titles less acceptable to the royal ear than the flattery which extolled the royal person as surpassing the beauty of all women past, present, or to come. The sovereign of seventy was never more delighted than when her courtiers exchanged the respectful demeanor of subjects for a strain of amorous adulation which might have disgusted a sensible girl of seventeen. Her earliest determination was to live and die a virgin queen; but throughout her reign the strength of that determination was exhibited by continually running to the brink of temptation. Her whole life was a chronicle of love-passages, or what affected to pass as such. Every foreign prince who thought the throne of England a convenient resting-place, every subject who professed that loyalty and chivalry had been fanned into a warmer devotion, was sure of encouragement in the wooing, even though the winning might be denied him. The court of the virgin monarch was ruled by a succession of favorites, admitted to a perilous, if not a guilty familiarity; the carpet knight and the dancing lawyer swayed the deliberations of her council no less than the grave statesman and the experienced warrior. But in proportion to the license she allowed herself was the severity of the discipline she inflicted on others. The refounder of the Protestant Church regarded the most lawful matrimony

as something altogether unbecoming in the priesthood, and as a hardly allowable liberty even in the laity. The marriage of a bishop was expiated by the confiscation of a manor; that of a female of royal blood was the surest passport to the interior of the Tower. Her personal habits were those of one who had thrown off alike the dignity of the monarch and the gentleness of the woman; her diversions seem to have surpassed the ordinary brutality of the times; the "most godly queen" interlarded her discourse with oaths worthy only of a Rufus or a John; she boxed the ear of one courtier, and spat upon the fringed mantle of another. The hand of the sovereign was open to receive, and shut when she should repay; her military schemes were ruined by an unworthy parsimony; at home she quartered herself in the houses of her subjects, and neither justice nor mercy ever stood in the way of her exacting to the uttermost farthing the pecuniary obligations even of her most honored servants. Her government was constantly that of a despot; the rights of Parliament were openly jeered at; patents and monopolies enriched her favorites with wealth wrung from the scanty fare of the peasant and the artisan. Although the sincerity of her personal religion was doubtful, she enforced a conformity with her external standard by a rigorous persecution in all directions. While the fires of Smithfield still received an occasional Protestant, the lay votary of Rome had to struggle through life with confiscation or imprisonment, and his spiritual adviser lived in a perpetual apprehension that the last sight afforded him in this world would be that of his own bowels committed to the flames before his eyes. Vacillation and obstinacy contended for the mastery in her councils; the sovereign's will was indeed law, but that will seldom remained the same for two consecutive days. In great and small matters alike, the "*varium et mutabile*" betokened the true womanhood of one who had yet cast off the gentler feelings of her sex. No man could calculate on her course on a progress; no man could calculate on the ultimate punishment or ultimate pardon of a convicted offender. A marriage treaty was entered upon, broken off, recommenced, and finally repudiated; a death-warrant was alternately despatched and recalled, and the responsibility thrown at last upon her confused or deluded agents. Without lineal heirs, with a heritage ready to be claimed by a contending hereditary and parliamentary right, an absurd personal caprice led her to expose her kingdom to a disputed

succession, rather than give any one a direct and undoubted interest in her death. In a word, if she had attained to some of the virtues of the other sex, she had acquired with them some of its less amiable characteristics, while of her own she retained nothing but, to say the least, some of its most degrading weaknesses.

We are conscious of a certain amount of exaggeration in both these sketches, in which we have by turns spoken the language of her ardent admirers and of her bitter opponents. There are lineaments in both portraits which rest more on popular conceptions than on historical evidence, but both are true in the main, and each expresses one side of a strangely mingled and contradictory character, which cannot be better summed up than in the words of one of the most eminent of her councillors, that "one day she was greater than man, and the next less than woman."

It is with the private and personal character of this famous queen that we propose chiefly to deal at present. We have no intention of entering at large on the great external events of her reign. We shall not repeat the tale of the destruction of Spain's invincible Armada, nor engage in any minute consideration of her civil government or her ecclesiastical reforms. All these important matters we shall only regard so far as they throw light upon the individual character of her who was the chief agent in them. We shall rather endeavor to draw a portrait of Elizabeth as she was received by Leicester at Kenilworth, or by Burleigh at Theobalds, as she hearkened to the courtship of Anjou, and mourned over the grave of Essex. It so happens that this more personal aspect of Elizabeth's character has of late years had the public attention called to it by several writers of very various orders. The greatest of the Queens of England has naturally commanded her full share of attention at the hands of their biographer, and the career of Elizabeth accordingly occupies a thick volume in the last edition of Miss Strickland's series. The writings of this lady, notwithstanding a pervading poverty of style and an equally pervading feebleness of thought, and notwithstanding the graver faults of frequent inaccuracy and almost constant partiality, are by no means without their use. They have doubtless been far more in vogue with the general reader than the historical student, but we cannot but think they are more really valuable to the latter, both for the copious extracts they contain, and as pointing out sources of various and often neglected infor-

mation. If not always a safe guide herself, she is at least useful as directing the reader to better and more trustworthy authorities.

Of our other writers, Mr. Craik has given us a valuable work under an ill-chosen title. The "Romance of the Peerage" is not, as might be supposed, a collection of high-wrought scenes and anecdotes, in which dukes and countesses form the actors; but is a work of much research and good sense, which should rather have been called by its secondary title only, "Curiosities of Family History." As tracing out in detail the private career, the family connections, marriages, and genealogies, of many of the eminent characters of Elizabeth's reign, it is of great service towards drawing a picture of her court, its manners, and its morals.

The "Memoirs of the Life and Times of Sir Christopher Hatton" are still more misnamed than the work of Mr. Craik. The book consists of little else than a collection of letters—the majority of them state documents—to which Sir Harris Nicolas has attached a few very slight connecting links and occasional brief explanatory notes. His principal efforts have been directed to correcting the errors in the lively but inaccurate notice of Hatton, to be found in Lord Campbell's "Lives of the Lord Chancellors." The genuine portrait of the supposed dancer in high places proves to have no resemblance in many important particulars to the fanciful sketch which the Lord Chief Justice has drawn; and besides the illustration which the letters afford of the true character of Hatton, they throw much light on both the personal and political history of the princess in whose reign he played so important a part.

Finally, Captain Devereux has well and wisely employed the professional leisure of which he complains in his preface, in putting together two volumes on the lives of three eminent members of his own family. We wish family pride always took a turn as profitable to the interests of knowledge and literature, though certainly there are many persons with as long a pedigree as Captain Devereux, who could not find so much that is worth telling about the individual members of it. Essex, the favorite of Elizabeth, is a name as familiar as any in history; Essex, the husband of Lady Frances Howard, though a less conspicuous character, is known to every one as the leader of the Parliamentary army; but the first earl, notwithstanding that he was indubitably the best and greatest of the three, will, we imagine, be almost a new discovery to the majority of

the Captain's readers, and one which puts Elizabeth in a new and very extraordinary light. Captain Devereux's book is just what a biographical and family memoir should be—a help to history, but not trenching on its peculiar domain, and still less invading the tempting fields of romance.

With this general acknowledgment, we shall press into our service all the writers we have enumerated, along with those of earlier and more established reputation, in our attempt to give a general sketch of the courtly and domestic life of our greatest and weakest female sovereign.

Elizabeth was born at Greenwich Palace on the 7th of September, 1533. Every one remembers the rapturous exclamation of our great moralist:—

"Pleased with the place which gave Eliza birth,
I kneel and kiss the consecrated earth,—

lines which seem to convert the Protestant queen into a sort of Our Lady of Walsingham, and to represent a visit to her birth-place as equivalent to a Pilgrimage of Grace. England was at that moment on the eve of the great religious revolution, of which Elizabeth's own birth was in some sort the earnest. The monasteries were still standing; the bishoprics were still un plundered; the papal jurisdiction was not yet formally cast off; the papal ritual still flourished in all its splendor. But the die had been cast which had made an irreconcilable breach between England and Rome. The daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, the aunt of Charles V., had been put aside from her royal dignity; and, in defiance of imperial and papal protests, the daughter of an obscure country knight had occupied the place which Queen Katharine had vacated. The marriage, the coronation, the birth, had followed each other in quick, in too quick succession. In the judgment of those who are precise in matrimonial chronology, the three events came too close together for the spotless reputation of Anne Boleyn, even if we regard the marriage of Katharine as so palpably null that no sort of process whatever was needed to set it aside. But as this last view was that in which the royal conscience ultimately settled down, Elizabeth came into the world, presumptive heiress to the crown of England, to the great disappointment of a father who passionately longed for male issue. Born to a throne, baptized with all the pomp with which the ancient ritual could surround a royal infant, in her third year she was converted into a merely illegitimate scion of royalty, being her-

self supplanted as she had supplanted her elder sister. Her mother had been got rid of by the twofold and somewhat contradictory process of a divorce which pronounced her marriage null, and a beheading for adultery, which necessarily implied that it was valid. Notwithstanding, however, the lack of raiment which seems at one time to have befallen the infant princess, and on which Miss Strickland becomes minute and pathetic to a degree in which male critics can hardly be expected to sympathize, it does not appear that she was ever treated otherwise than with kindness, either by her father or by her successive stepmothers. She was always recognized as a member of the royal family, and appeared as such on all public occasions. In fact, after Henry's hatred to Anne Boleyn had been forgotten in four succeeding marriages, another divorce, and another decapitation, there seems no reason why he might not have acknowledged Elizabeth as his legitimate child. For as the axe had fallen on the neck of Anne a single day before her place was filled by her successor, the recognition of her daughter would in no wise have affected the legitimacy of Edward VI. This act of justice was, however, deferred till Henry's last will and testament recognized all his children in the natural order of succession, though, in a strictly legal point of view, it is impossible that *both* Mary and Elizabeth could have been his legitimate offspring.*

Our main subject in considering the personal history of Elizabeth is of course afforded by those negotiations for her hand which occupy well-nigh the whole of her life. From the age of ten to that of seventy, her marriage was perpetually on the *tapis*. At the outset, indeed, her father had to offer her, and that in vain, first to a Scottish subject, and secondly to the heir of Spain and the Indies. Her connection with Philip is certainly strange; he first refused her, then married her sister, then was refused by her, and finally became her great religious and political rival.

But passing by these mere political schemes, the private romance of Elizabeth's

Career commences at a tolerably early period. Her father's death left her, at the age of fourteen, a girl of precocious intellect and attainments, of pleasing manners, endowed with a considerable revenue, a contingent right to the throne, and some claims to personal beauty. Whether her charms were either so extraordinary or so permanent as it was loyal to maintain during the first three years of the seventeenth century, it is certain that in the middle of its predecessor,* if not strictly beautiful, she was a well-grown girl, with a good figure of which she made the most, and with well-formed hands which she always took pains to display. The first wooer of one so well provided in mind, body, and estate, was no other than the brother of the woman for whose sake her mother had been sent to the block, and herself branded with a sort of modified and temporary bastardy. Thomas Seymour, the younger brother of the Protector Somerset, a handsome, ambitious, and unprincipled man, was a formidable rival to his brother, who had been placed in so much higher a position by the favor of Henry. A barony and the office of Lord High Admiral might have seemed a considerable elevation for the younger son of a plain Wiltshire knight, but it certainly was a small matter compared with the monopoly of honor and power enjoyed by his brother. Seymour is said to have been an old lover of Katharine Parr before the promotion of that lady to the highest and most dangerous of her many matrimonial positions. If his royal brother-in-law had cheated him out of the third turn, he at least remained ready to take advantage of the next vacancy; and thus, before Henry was well in his grave, he became the fourth husband of the liberated queen-dowager. Whether the very brief period of her widowhood did not witness two courtships on her lover's part; whether, before he applied for the queen, he had not made an unsuccessful attempt upon the princess, is open to some doubt. But it is very certain that Katharine's fourth and not very prolonged experience of married life was embittered by the open attentions of her husband to the young step-daughter to whom she discharged the office of a parent. It might almost be doubted whether an incident in the career of Elizabeth's own mother had not been transferred to a wrong place, when we read of the queen-dowager's

* It may, however, be said that, as each was the offspring of a mother recognized at the time as the legitimate wife, they both stood on a different ground from ordinary illegitimate children, with whom nothing but the merest legal subtlety could confound them. This practical common-sense view seems to have been ultimately taken both by Henry and by the nation at large.

* "Well-favored" and "neat" are the strongest expressions contained in the well-known description of Naunton, p. 79.

jealousy being excited by suddenly finding her young charge in the arms of her husband. The opportune death of Katharine opened the way for his ambitious hopes; his courtship was redoubled; but instead of making him, the brother-in-law as well as the uncle of a king, with the fair chance of being the husband of a queen and the stock of a new dynasty, it led him to what in those days was the usual fate of ambition—an execution by a bill of attainder, which was promoted by his brother, and at least not impeded by his royal nephew.

The details of Seymour's courtship of Elizabeth are somewhat extraordinary, and must have surpassed even the ordinary grossness of the age. Her biographer reveals a good deal, and further particulars which a female pen might naturally refuse to transcribe, may be found in the less scrupulous pages of Dr. Lingard. It does not say much for Elizabeth that proceedings of this kind did not hinder him from winning her affections. She acknowledged that she would have married him, could he have obtained the consent of the Council—a marriage without that consent would, by her father's will, have forfeited her right to the succession—and it is difficult to see how any thing but a genuine passion could have inclined her to a match in every way so inferior. When matters had really gone thus far, scandal, as might have been expected, went still farther; rumor asserted that she was pregnant by him, and even went so far as to forestall the fearful legend of Littlecote Hall,* and to speak of "the child of a very faire yong lady, borne and miserably destroyed." The first of these assertions to her prejudice was at least sufficiently rife to require a direct denial on her part, which she makes, straightforwardly enough, and without at all mincing her language, in a letter to the Protector. Elizabeth, throughout her life, was fond of indulging in a cloud of pedantry and metaphor, through which it was sometimes far from easy to pierce to her real meaning, but, throughout life, she could, when necessary, speak to the point as well as any one. She complains that she is reported to be "with child by my Lord Admiral," which she repels, doubtless with truth, as "shameful slander." Without attaching any credit to a tale of this kind, we can hardly doubt that in Thomas Seymour we discover the first man who found the way to the heart of the royal maiden. But the love of Elizabeth

was a perilous prize to win; the first and the last who shared it perished on the scaffold; and the fate of Seymour, of which she was but the occasion, was the precursor of that which Essex met at her own hands.

After such an affair and such rumors as these, the line which prudence dictated to her clearly was to conduct herself in such a manner as to make them seem their own refutation. She henceforth became the pattern maiden of her brother's court. "Sweet sister Temperance," as the young Edward playfully called her, amply merited that title as the very beau-ideal of Puritan propriety. The eschewing of all earthly splendor of apparel was in those more rigid times a badge of orthodoxy, which it certainly ceased to be when Elizabeth herself became absolute alike over fashion and conscience. Her father had bequeathed her valuable jewels, but we are told that for some years they lay unnoticed; the arrival of a bevy of fine ladies from France turned the heads of all the fair dames of the English court, but the Lady Elizabeth remained unmoved; every other head was "frounsed, curled, and double curled," but the Lady Elizabeth alone "kept her old maiden shamefacedness."

But if, in her external adornment, nature was to have her own way, her mind was to be enriched with all the ornaments of the age. Learning was then the rage; the religious disputes of the time required every one to be a theologian; the recent discoveries of the masterpieces of ancient wisdom required every one to be a scholar. Italy, at that day, attracted all eyes, as at once the home of revived art and learning, and the battle-field on which the potentates of Europe had for forty years fought out their quarrels. French had ceased to be the native language of English kings and nobles, but its acquirement was as necessary an accomplishment in those days as in our own. Greek, Latin, French, and Italian, are said to have been nearly as familiar to Elizabeth as English itself, and she was also well acquainted with Spanish and Dutch. All these she had mastered, with the exception of the two last, which were later acquirements, before she was sixteen. Her tutor Ascham guided her through the New Testament in Greek, through the mysteries of theology as expounded by the old light of Cyprian and the new light of Melancthon; he read with her Cicero and Livy, the tragedies of Sophocles, and the dialogues of Plato; the orations of Isocrates were also a favorite study, to which she added a more practical fruit of

* See the notes to Rokeby.

the same age and city, than which no study could be more valuable for the future ruler of a great nation, the masterpieces of political strife bequeathed to us by the two great rival orators of Athens—Demosthenes and *Æschines*.

The death of Edward in 1553, and the eventual accession of Mary, brought Elizabeth into an altogether new position. The illegal and unjust will of the young king excluded her, no less than her sister, from the succession, and transferred it to the house of Suffolk in the person of Lady Jane Grey. How completely this proceeding was the work of the personal ambition of Northumberland, is clear from the bare fact that Elizabeth was set aside. The good of the Protestant cause would have been best consulted by her elevation; but Northumberland would not have been in that case the father-in-law of the Queen; at least he does not appear to have dreamed then how near he would be to obtaining that position as a posthumous honor. The two sisters were thus for a while constrained to make common cause; Elizabeth refused a large bribe from Northumberland to resign her claims, saying she had none during her sister's life; she entered London side by side with the Queen, and, up to the time of Wyatt's rebellion, retained her proper position as heiress-presumptive. Yet she was at once heiress and rival. Probably no sovereign and his contingent successor were ever placed in a stranger relation to each other. Nothing but the unconstitutional power which had been vested in the will of their father could have brought them into any other position than that of open rivalry. According to every technical principle of law or theology, if Mary was legitimate, Elizabeth was not, and could therefore have no claim to rank as princess; if Elizabeth was legitimate, Mary was not, and Elizabeth herself was therefore the lawful Queen. Rivals too they were in every personal respect; Mary the head of the Romish, Elizabeth of the Protestant party; Mary, the daughter of Katherine, the wife of Philip, the representative of foreign connection, amounting almost to foreign bondage; Elizabeth, the free English maiden, to whose hand every English noble might aspire, and round whose name every national feeling might freely centre. We might add, that a mean female jealousy might well have been expected to arise in the mind of the mature Mary, prematurely aged by neglect and anxiety, as she saw beside her a competitor in the full bloom of youth and grace. But

in this respect at least Mary was unquestionably superior to Elizabeth, and no traces of rivalry of this description can be discerned at any time between them. While such manifold sources of jealousy were rife between the sisters, while Elizabeth's name was cried up by every disaffected party, while suspicions stronger than had brought many heads to the block accused her of actual complicity in Wyatt's rebellion, it was indeed no wonder that she became for a while the inmate of a prison. The wonder rather is, that with a strong party at home, backed from without by the most powerful prince in Europe, calling for her blood, she did not find the Tower a mere passage to Tower Hill. It was an age in which Henry had immolated his wives, Somerset his brother, Edward his uncles; it was unusual mercy or unusual prudence which spared Mary the guilt of a sister's as well as a cousin's blood.

The details of Elizabeth's life during this period throw as much light upon the character of her sister as upon her own. We regret to learn that very soon after the change of sovereign our heroine entirely laid aside "her old maiden shamefacedness," and began to bedizen herself with all the pomps and vanities of this wicked world. Queen Mary had no objection, either of taste or of conscience, against arraying either herself or others in magnificent apparel. The fine clothes and jewels which Elizabeth had left untouched during the sombre reign of her brother, were now called into active service; we are indeed told that it was only by sheer compulsion, in the character of a loyal subject and a dutiful younger sister, that she was induced to this act of backsliding; but it is at least certain that the habit, however unwillingly commenced, afterwards reconciled itself to the conscience of the royal maiden. We do not find that, when she had no one to consult but herself, she ever relapsed into her primitive innocence. The wardrobe bequeathed by Henry VIII. to the youthful princess must surely have been scanty, compared with the three thousand gowns left behind her by the aged queen; and it is a sad fact that, when nature no longer allowed the processes of "frounsing, curling, and double-curling" to be continued upon the genuine growth of the royal head, a selection had each morning to be gone through to determine which of eighty wigs was most worthy to lessen, for that day, the pressure of the triple diadem.

A graver change took place at the same time. With the outward badge of the strictest sect of Protestantism, Elizabeth gave up

altogether the outward profession of the Reformed religion. She asked for Romish books to enlighten her mind, and their effect was speedily visible on her external conduct; she became a regular attendant at mass; she wrote to the Emperor himself for a due supply of crosses and chalices; she even invoked divine vengeance on herself if she was not a true Roman Catholic. Now, in an age of apostasy and dissimulation, it is really no great accusation against a young woman left to her own guidance, and who seems throughout her life to have retained a lingering affection for some of the Romish tenets and practices, that she had not the courage to be a martyr. It is not every one whose vocation it is to go to the block with Fisher, or to the stake with Latimer; but experience might have taught her how vain are all human attempts to bind the conscience, and led her, when she attained to power, to refrain from condemning men to a death of torture and ignominy for the sincere practice of a worship to which she had herself once found it expedient insincerely to conform.

During the reign of Mary, as Elizabeth became at once of matured age and nearer to the crown, it was only natural that the number of her wooers should increase. To one of them a romantic interest attaches. The noble house of Courtenay has obtained distinctions surpassing those of all other originally subject families. A branch of the house of Capet was content to merge its royalty in their name and inheritance; they have filled the throne of Constantine, and intermingled their blood with that of Plantagenet; and their decline and fall has been recorded by the same hand and in the same volumes as that of the Roman empire itself. Edward Courtenay was no very distant relative of the royal family; his grandmother, as well as that of Mary and Elizabeth, was a daughter of Edward IV.; but the family had already paid the penalty of so dangerous a proximity to the throne: the head of the father had fallen at the mandate of Henry, and the son had spent his youth within the precincts of the Tower. That Mary released him, took him into her favor, and restored him to a portion of his father's honors, are among the undisputed facts of history; that she designed him for her husband is at least probable; but an inquiry into the causes of his ultimate rejection lands us in a region of controversy, if not of romance. The old version is, that his passion for Elizabeth caused him either to reject or to be rejected by her elder sister, but the Roman Doctor Lin-

gard and the female Protestant biographer, whose sympathies are usually with her Catholic heroines, alike repudiate it as "romantic" and "apocryphal;" while the former reveals the fact that it was on account of ignominy and less creditable loves that he lost the good-will of his royal kinawoman. Whether any real passion on either side existed between Courtenay and Elizabeth must probably remain a mystery; but it is certain that their names were constantly joined together in the public voice; every malcontent who made Elizabeth his watchword invariably coupled with her the handsome Earl of Devonshire as the selected partner of her throne. The reason for the choice is obvious; no one else who could well be proposed as a husband for the princess stood in any thing like so near a relation to the royal family. The houses of Scotland and Suffolk seemed to produce only female claimants; and Reginald Pole was at once farther removed than Courtenay from the succession, and was personally, of all men living, the least suited for the purposes of the conspirators.

Nor were foreign suitors wanting for the hand of our English princess. They began to pour in from divers quarters, north and south, some Protestant, some Catholic, some wooed by deputy, others who pressed their cause personally. King Philip vehemently supported the cause of his own kinsman, Philibert of Savoy; but neither Philip's patronage nor Philibert's own presence could prevail on the obdurate maiden. From the other end of Europe, Christian of Denmark and Gustavus of Sweden applied to the princess herself on behalf of their respective heirs, both of whom we shall find appearing again at a later stage of our story.

There is something taking in the notion of a union between our great Elizabeth and the son of the great Gustavus. The latter may pass, in some respects, for a modified and improved Henry VIII. He had, in common with Henry, separated the Swedish Church from Romish usurpation, without eradicating, like reformers elsewhere, all traces of ancient church government or of ancient ritual splendor. He did not, indeed, like Henry, behead or divorce his own wives, but he had a strong tendency to marrying the betrothed wives of other people. But if Gustavus far excelled Henry, his son Eric was hardly less inferior to Elizabeth. He was a pertinacious lover; especially after he had become entitled to woo on his own account, but at present his suit was made en-

tirely through the agency of his father. It is worth stopping a moment to point out the theory entertained by Gustavus as to the proper manner of conducting royal courtships. Elizabeth rejected his suit as not coming through the Queen her sister; the Swede replied, that he designed first to address himself to her personally, "as a gentleman," and, if her consent should be gained, then to apply to her sister "as a king." He was doomed to be equally luckless in both capacities; the maiden herself utterly refused the gentleman, and threw upon her Majesty the task of transacting business with the king.

We have now to view our heroine translated to a grander sphere. November 17th, 1558, was a joyful day for England, and long after, it was observed as a national holiday. Mary had entirely lost, if she ever possessed, the affection of her subjects. Her somewhat austere virtues, her unbending rectitude, her sincere, though mistaken piety, would have rendered her respected in private life; on the throne they proved little better than stumbling-blocks. Elizabeth, her inferior in every moral quality, was a born ruler, and her people had already learned to recognize her as such. Mary had done more for the cause of the Reformation than either Henry or Edward; whatever lingering affection might have remained for the old doctrines or the old ceremonies was rooted up when they became identified not only with a persecution far more bloody than those of Henry, but with the religious supremacy of Rome, and political influence of the hated Spaniard. Elizabeth came to break alike the spiritual and the temporal fetter. No elective prince or ruler ever attained his dignity by a more unmistakable "*vox populi*" than that which guided Elizabeth to a throne marked out for her by the hereditary claims of a thousand years. Never was the sovereign more truly the embodied people. Herein we have the key to the tremendous powers which she so long exercised without a murmur. There is probably no despotic act of the Stuart period which may not be paralleled, in the letter at least, during the reign of Elizabeth, yet Elizabeth ran no risk of decapitation or expulsion, save at the hands of a few fanatics whom the nation abhorred. The law might be violated with impunity by the woman in whom the people recognized their own impersonation: a stricter observance was required from half-foreign princes, the chiefs of a court, rather than the leaders of a nation. Hers was the chastisement of a parent; theirs the unwelcome infliction of

a pedagogue. She knew well how far to go, and when to stop; if any grievance extorted murmurs which could not be despised, formal complaint was anticipated by a voluntary concession. Her successors never yielded till the time was past when concession would have been of the least avail. If the sway of her last few years was less parental than that of her better days, it should be remembered that forty-five years of such worship as no other human being ever received could hardly fail to have some effect in spoiling any child of man. Her popularity diminished, but it never quite wore out. No rejoicings masked joy at her death in acclamations at the accession of her successor.

But we have rather to deal with her in her more private and less worthy character. We are less concerned with the acclamations with which her rejoicing people welcomed her as she rode in royal pomp through the streets of London, than with the true royal tact and grace with which she took care that not a tribute of affection should be lost upon her, nor a single subject find a repulse at the hand of his chosen sovereign. Still more concerned are we with the fact that the person who rode next to her on the eleventh day of her reign was her Master of the Horse, the Lord Robert Dudley.

This name at once opens to us a whole train of inquiry with regard to the personal career of this mighty sovereign. We never picture Elizabeth in solitary greatness; she at once rises to our mind's eye as surrounded by a goodly band of statesmen and warriors, the sharers alike of the deliberations of royalty, and of the enjoyments of her lighter hours. And this illustrious train speedily divides itself into two widely distinct classes. The two Cecils, and Walsingham, and Davison, to say nothing of the great prelates who were her fellow-workers in her ecclesiastical reforms, never appear in any other light than the ordinary one of men intrusted with high political and religious functions. But Leicester and Raleigh and Hatton and Essex appear, on any showing, in a character for which the court of no other English queen has afforded a parallel; and the *chronique scandaleuse* of their own day went so far as to refer them to a class for which analogies must be sought in the Neapolitan court of the fifteenth century, or the Muscovite of the eighteenth. It is unquestionable that the one class were the ministers of the queen, the others were the favorites of the woman. It is no less certain that they all adopted the language of lovers, and that some at least seriously aspired

to a matrimonial crown. But their exact position with regard to their royal mistress remains somewhat of a mystery. That she indulged in strangely indecorous familiarities towards some of them is undoubted; that the breach of decorum ever developed into a breach of virtue has been often asserted, but never distinctly proved. Writers have generally assumed one side or the other, according to their religious views. Dr. Lingard probably made it a matter of principle to head a page—"Elizabeth. Her Paramours;" while Mr. Sharon Turner doubtless found it equally binding on his conscience to devote several pages of impassioned argument to the assertion of her undoubted right to her favorite and familiar title. An illustrious monarch of her own time—Henry IV. of France—on whom both creeds in succession sat somewhat lightly, settled, or rather unsettled, the question by his declaration, that of three inscrutable mysteries, one was, "to what religion he himself belonged," and another, "whether Queen Elizabeth were a maid."

Before we directly attempt to unravel this difficulty of Henri le Grand, we must distinguish between Elizabeth's mere suitors and those who were advanced to the higher rank of favorites. The former were of all nations; the latter, with a single exception, were supplied exclusively from among her own subjects. Her excessive love of admiration, combined with her no less excessive irresolution and procrastination, led her to look with a certain degree of complacency upon a vast number of suits on which it is clear that she never for a moment cast a serious thought. Yet even these form a curious feature in the great picture of her life and reign, and it may be convenient to clear them off our hands before we proceed to examine that succession of her favorites among whom the chronology of her reign may be divided.

First and foremost in the race after the new Atalanta was no other than Philip of Spain. The voice of scandal rumored that he had looked upon her with a favorable eye even during the lifetime of her sister; at all events, Mary could have hardly been in her grave before he was vigorously pressing his suit, whether of love or policy. How far a marriage between Philip and Elizabeth would have been abstractly lawful, we may leave to be argued between Dr. Pusey and Sir Frederick Thesiger on the one hand, and Mr. Binney and Mr. Stuart Wortley on the other; but it is clear that the daughter of Anne Boleyn could hardly have married her sister's

husband without tacitly assenting to her own illegitimacy. This argument was urged by her councillors, but, according to her invariable custom of never entering on the question of her mother's marriage, could not have well been openly set before Philip. His suit, however, came to nothing. The refusal of Elizabeth, as usual, was not very decided, but Philip seems not to have waited for a more explicit rejection.

Next came our old acquaintance, Eric of Sweden, who maintained a zealous and pertinacious courtship of three years. Gustavus allowed his younger son John, Duke of Finland, to go and plead the cause of his brother. This was in 1559; the death of their father next year did not interrupt the wooing, which lasted till 1562. Eric seems, indeed, to have been really and truly one

"Qui nunquam visæ flagravat amore puellæ."

His suit by proxy was rejected; he would come himself; he had loved her in adversity, he still loved her in prosperity; not for her rank, but for her person and her virtues. God had inspired his love; for her sake he would give up his country and all that he had. She answered in the negative, both in French and English; but Eric would not believe in his rejection; she wrote in Latin to Gustavus; Eric called his father's scholarship in question, and affirmed he had mistaken her meaning. Gustavus died; Eric imagined that his brother was supplanting him in his wooing, as he eventually did in his kingdom; he recalled him and pleaded by his ambassador; eighteen pied horses and two chests of bullion came as love-tokens; the lover himself was to follow. Public expectation was rife; painters went so far as to portray the majesty of Sweden and of England on the same canvas; the offending engravings were suppressed by proclamation, and Elizabeth's court and council were perplexed by the solemn question of etiquette, how the northern monarch was to be received, "the Queen's Majesty being a maid." One more letter, not of invitation, at last hindered his coming; the throne of the Goths and Vandals was finally shared by "Kate the nut-girl," while the crowns of England, France, and Ireland still remained as a glittering prize for all the adventurous spirits of Europe.

Philip, failing himself, recommended his cousin Charles of Austria. Jealousy of the Swede prompted a second northern prince to try the luck of his house in the person of his

nephew, Adolphus of Holstein. The Austrian wooed by proxy, and gained nothing whatever; the personal courtship of the Dane was at least rewarded with the knighthood of the Garter and a pension for life. There came also on the same bootless errand a Scottish subject, the Earl of Arran; but he retired at the first rebuff; so that Elizabeth complained that, while kings and princes continued their suits for years together, a private Scot could not condescend to ask a second time. Dearly must she have loved the process of wooing for its own simple sake.

We need not detain ourselves long with a son of the Elector of Saxony; with the second courtship of Charles of Austria, which was rather a political one on her own part; with Catharine de Medicis' offer of her son Charles, which was hardly serious, or with Elizabeth's coquetry with Henry IV. at the age of sixty-three. More singular than these is a mysterious offer from the Duke of Wurtemberg, of assistance to her Majesty, in case she designed to marry, which assistance she "graciously acknowledged, promising to deserve it hereafter." Anjou will take his place in the list of her most highly-favored suitors, and it is now time to run briefly through the list of her English admirers.

A simple knight, Sir William Pickering, was at one time deemed to have a fair chance of carrying off the prize which had been refused to the monarchs of Spain and Sweden. A subject of higher rank, the last Fitzalan, Earl of Arundel, ventured to imagine that his sovereign would condescend to occupy a place which had been previously filled by two successive countesses. The sentiments of this nobleman towards Elizabeth seem to have gradually verged from one extreme to the other. At one period of her sister's reign he had been urgent for her death; he then became the head of the party which supported her against the machinations of her enemies; and finally became a declared suitor for her royal hand. On Pickering the Queen may have cast a momentary glance of favor; the chances of Arundel seem to have existed entirely in his own imagination. But both of them were far outshone by the abiding influence of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester.

This man was the younger son of Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, and grandson of Dudley, the minister of Henry VII. Father and grandfather had alike expiated their crimes upon the scaffold, whither they had been followed by a more guiltless victim in the Lord Guildford Dudley, who for a mo-

ment held the place of king-consort of England. Robert escaped the fate of grandfather, father, and brother; for thirty years he was the most influential subject in England, and in his end, whether or no he escaped the malice of domestic treason, he at all events kept his head and quarters from that posthumous exhibition which was the ordinary fate of politicians of his father's generation, and was not without examples in his own. The influence which this celebrated man attained over the heart of Elizabeth is the most striking example of mere personal favoritism in the whole course of her reign; of her other favorites, most were men of respectable, some of illustrious, capacity; but neither at the council-board nor on the field of battle did Leicester exhibit powers sufficient to rank him with Essex, much less with Raleigh. His commanding person, his elegant accomplishments, his magnificent entertainments, and zealous profession of devotion to his sovereign, seem to have been the only merits by which he won his place in her court and councils. In the superstitution of the time it was held that some mysterious influence of the stars had united the destinies of a pair said to have been born in the same "auspicious hour." Certainly, if we were to trust the most elaborate portrait of him which has come down to us, it was not for his virtues of any description that he attained his place in the royal favor. According to the libellous author of "*Leicester's Commonwealth*," his habitual occupations were those of poisoning and adultery; the wrongs ordinarily perpetrated by a bad man in power, perversion of justice, removing landmarks, and the like, being rather thrown into the shade by his greater achievements in the other two lines. Desirous to marry the Queen, he made away with his first wife, Amy Robsart; but, not having then fully graduated in his art, he set about the business in a clumsy way—"she had the chance to fall from a pair of stairs, and so to breake her neck, but yet without hurting of her hood that stood upon her head." Grown more expert by converse with Italian professors, the death of no small number of eminent persons was "assisted" by his nefarious skill. Sir Nicholas Throckmorton was poisoned in a salad; Lady Lennox fell mortally ill soon after a visit from the Earl; the Earl of Sussex "received some dram that made him incurable;" Cardinal Chatillon, on the other hand, received a potion which killed him in a day. Lord Sheffield and the Earl of Essex paid the natural penalty of the beauty of their wives: in both cases the wife was se-

duced, the husband poisoned, the widow married. To add to all this, the second process took place during the lifetime of the victim of the first; but, to do the Earl justice, the license which he assumed to himself he granted also to others; he even procured the disgrace of the Archbishop of Canterbury for not allowing the practice of bigamy to his Italian favorite, Giulio.

The greater part of these accusations, and many more of the like sort, are evidently the mere slanders of an embittered enemy. The charge of wholesale poisoning is one so easy to make and so hard to disprove, that it should never be credited without the strongest evidence. But putting aside exaggerations of this outrageous description, Leicester's character still remains one of much evil and little good. Like the second Buckingham of the Stuart reigns, he was the great patron of the Puritan party; but, like him, at no time of his life does he ever appear to have been remarkable for puritanic strictness of morals. The piety of his discourse and letters was highly edifying; he was regarded as an oracle on points of theology and casuistry; grave divines sought his judgment on subtle questions as to matrimony and continence, on which he seems to have acted at once as the spiritual director and the "horrid example."

The particulars of the event which has left the darkest stain upon his memory—the supposed murder of his first wife, Amy Robsart, shortly after the accession of Elizabeth—have hitherto rested upon the reckless libels of the author of Leicester's Commonwealth, and the gossiping traditions collected by Ashmole on the scene of the tragedy, towards the close of the seventeenth century. Mr. Craik, however, discovered in the Pepysian Library a remarkable correspondence on the subject between Dudley himself and one Thomas Blount, which, though it presents the case for the defence, confirms in a singular degree the material circumstances which had been previously handed down to us. The first letter, dated Windsor, September 9th, 1580, is from Dudley, and commences thus: "Cousin Blount, immediately upon your departing from me there came to me Bowes, by whom I do understand that my wife is dead, and, as he saith, by a fall from a pair of stairs. Little other understanding can I have from him. The greatness and the suddenness of the misfortune doth so perplex me, until I do hear from you how the matter standeth, or how this evil should light upon me, considering what the malicious world will bruit, as I

can take no rest." In order, therefore, that "he may purge himself of the malicious talk that he knows the wicked world will use," he begs Blount to cause a coroner's inquest to be held, and to see that the jury is composed of men who will "search to the bottom of the matter." Already the case begins to wear a suspicious aspect. Dudley at once leaps to the conclusion that he will be held to be the instigator of the murder—a proof at least that his character and his circumstances were, by his own confession alone, sufficient to make it probable. Blount, again, by a curious coincidence, had just left the presence of his kinsman when Bowes arrived from Cumnor with the news, which renders it probable that Blount himself was the original and secret bearer of the intelligence, and that the accomplice had in reality been concerting with his principal the steps they were to take.

Two days afterwards, (September 11th,) Blount replies to the letter of Dudley, and relates the particulars he has gleaned. "Methink, said I," he represents himself as remarking to a person who had narrated to him the incident of the death, "that some of her people that waited upon her should somewhat say to this. No, Sir, said he, but little; for it was said that *they were all here [Abington] at the fair, and none left with her.* How might that chance? said I. Then said he, it is said how that she rose that day very early, and commanded all her sort to go to the fair, and would suffer none to tarry at home; and thereof is much judged." She is even represented as being very angry with any one who wished to stay behind, and the special witness named as attesting this improbable piece of passion for so motiveless a purpose, "is Mrs. Odingstells, *the widow that liveth with Anthony Forster.*" One Pirto, who appears to have been a female servant, is represented as confirming the tale.

On the 12th, Dudley again writes to Blount, and sends a message to the jury, inviting them "to deal truly in the matter;" the foreman of whom shortly afterwards put himself in communication with the suspected husband, while Blount assures his great kinsman that a portion of the twelve "are very enemies to Forster," and hints that they bear him "malice." In this, again, we have the overstatement of conscious guilt, for it is extremely unlikely, with a knowledge of the interest which Elizabeth herself would take in the inquiry, that the coroner would have ventured to select the notorious enemies of the presumed assassin to try the cause. A

verdict was given that the death was accidental; and as far as we can judge from the evidence which remains, no other could have been pronounced, for there was not a single syllable of direct testimony to prove that Forster was the author of the deed. But when we consider how opportunely the death of Amy Robsart occurred for the ambitious projects of Dudley; how singular was the mischance of her being killed by a fall from the stairs; how obviously the tale is devised to account for the marks of violence upon the body; how greatly the suspicion of foul play is increased by the event occurring at the convenient moment when every one except Forster had been sent to the fair; how improbable was the story that the angry determination of Lady Dudley herself was the cause of her being left unattended in the house; how still more unworthy of credit it becomes when it oozes out that the witness to the fact is the creature of the murder; when these and many other circumstances are considered, it is almost impossible to resist the conclusion that the wife was assassinated that the husband might be free to wed Elizabeth. Such at any rate continued to be the opinion of the public, in spite of the evidence delivered at the coroner's inquest; and among the reasons which Cecil urged upon the Queen in April, 1566, against her marrying the Earl of Leicester, this is one—that "he is infamed by the death of his wife."

So long as Dudley had the slightest hope of the coveted advancement, he naturally abstained from any matrimonial ties, though his courtship of the sovereign appears at no time to have interfered with his pursuit of the fairer beauties of her court. Lady Sheffield unquestionably bore Leicester a son in 1572, the year after her husband died; she affirmed that he was the fruit of a private marriage; the earl admitted the paternity, but denied the marriage, which the poor mother was at least unable legally to substantiate. She afterwards, during Leicester's life, married one Sir Edward Stafford; but she averred that she took the step only because she found her hair and nails falling off, owing to the earl's pernicious arts, and therefore thought it prudent to yield her claim to him and console herself with a more faithful husband.

This Lady Sheffield, née Douglas Howard, daughter of Lord Howard of Effingham, was a maternal cousin of Elizabeth's; so also was her rival the Countess of Essex. The maiden designation of the latter was Lettice Knollys,

daughter of Sir Francis Knollys, Treasurer of the Household, who is perhaps most celebrated as the stern Protestant at whose instigation the fool broke her Majesty's private crucifix. When her name is first brought into connection with that of Leicester, she was the wife of Walter, Earl of Essex, the first and greatest of the three heroes of Captain Devereux's biographies. At an earlier period Douglas is described as having an unsuccessful rival for Leicester's affections in her own younger sister; and from herself they wandered to the Countess Lettice, though the latter was several years her senior. Thus far the tale seems undoubted; but we are not called upon to believe the whole cycle of crime in the full proportions given to it by the author of the Commonwealth. In his envenomed pages Leicester and Lady Essex appear as something more than *Ægisthus* and *Clytæmnestra*, adding to the crimes of the latter another of which they are not accused, the destruction of their own unborn child. Mr. Craik admits the adultery, but acquits Lettice of a share in her husband's death, leaving the charge apparently "not proven" against Leicester. Captain Devereux rejects the whole story; and he certainly shows that the evidence tends to the belief that Earl Walter was not poisoned either by Leicester or the Countess. But we can hardly admit his argument, that if Leicester had won Lady Essex before her husband's death, he would not have married her two years after. The great obstacle to their marriage was clearly to be found in the hopes which Leicester had hitherto cherished of marrying the Queen; if these had vanished in the meanwhile, he may not have objected to a union which may have accorded with the dictates of his heart, while the lady would doubtless in any case have preferred to be lawfully married rather than remain a paramour. This requires us to look a little back.

For six years at least Leicester seems to have reigned undisturbed in the royal affections. In 1564 a new object crossed the path of Elizabeth. Christopher Hatton, afterwards Lord Chancellor, is commonly said to have danced himself into the Queen's favor. It is however certain, as Sir Harris Nicolas has shown, that he was not a mere dancer, that his abilities as a statesman were eventually found to be considerable, and that he possessed, if not learning, at least tact and sense enough to carry him respectfully through the arduous functions of the Marble Chair. But it is equally certain that Hatton's position seems to have been, more than that of any

other of Elizabeth's favorites, a strictly personal one. It may be remarked of all of them that they were seldom promoted to any of those great offices of state which were reserved for the Burghleys and Walsinghams. Hatton indeed proved in the end an exception, but his career of advancement was for a long time especially slow. For several years he attained neither rank nor distinguished office; yet he was high in the Queen's favor, which, in his case, took the very unusual form of munificence. He remained for some years only Mr. Hatton, the Gentleman-Pensioner, and then became Sir Christopher Hatton, the Vice-Chamberlain; but manors, church-lands and small lucrative offices flowed in upon him with a lavish stream, and his portion of plate on New-Year's Day averaged from twice to four times the allowance of the greatest nobles and highest favorites. The jealousy of Leicester was raised: * he is said by Lord Bacon to have introduced to the Queen a dancing-master whom he affirmed to be more worthy of her favor than Hatton, as being more skilful in the art by which the latter had won his place in her regard. "Pshaw," quoth her Majesty, "it is his *trade*." But, what is more important than anecdotes of this kind, we cannot fail to be struck with the fact that the year in which we first find Hatton at court is also the year in which Elizabeth made that proposal of a marriage between Dudley and the Queen of Scots, with regard to which so many conjectures have been hazarded. It is just possible that, if she were now smitten with a new passion, she may have really wished to provide her former lover with so honorable a place of banishment. Nor is the "playful tickling" of his neck, during the ceremonial of his investiture as Earl of Leicester, which most historians have recorded after Melvill, inconsistent with the supposition. The whole history of Elizabeth shows that the supremacy of one favorite did not exclude others from some share in her regard. Hatton may have been for the moment so far in the ascendant as to procure Leicester's removal, although some lingering affection for the latter may still have existed in her heart. In a word, she was not quite off with the old love, even when she was on with the new.

* Many years afterwards, (1584,) when the only legitimate son of Leicester died, Hatton wrote him a friendly and pious letter of consolation, to which the Earl replied in the same strain. The hopes of both were then at an end, and their old rivalry appears to have been succeeded by natural feelings of good-will.

Again, this very same year was the one in which she listened with so much more apparent seriousness than before to the suit of a foreign prince, Charles of Austria. Is it not possible that she may have felt her own weakness, and have wished to put an impassable barrier between herself and both her native admirers? That she did not persist in this purpose; that Leicester gained ground; that he ventured to ask for a final answer; that Burghley had seriously to argue against the marriage; that she finally promised at least to marry no other subject, are simply instances of her ordinary irresolution and change of purpose in such matters.

However this may be, Leicester and Hatton both continued to be favored by their royal mistress. In 1572 she appears to have bestowed her regard upon some fresh object, and Hatton consulted his friend Mr. Dyer upon the best means of maintaining his ground. It is evident from the reply that his own idea was to shame his fickle mistress by reproaches. His friend advised a submissive course, and urged, among other reasons, that "though in the beginning, when her Majesty sought you, (after her good manner,) she did bear with rugged dealing of yours until she had what she fancied, yet now, after satiety and fulness, it will rather hurt than help you." "You must consider," he said further, "with whom you have to deal, and what we be towards her; *who, though she do descend very much in her sex as a woman*, yet may we not forget her place, and the nature of it as our sovereign." In 1573 Hatton fell sick, and went abroad for his health, from whence he wrote some letters to the Queen, which confirm the inferences that would naturally be drawn from the language of Dyer; for they are the letters not of a subject to his sovereign, but of an ardent lover to his mistress. "Bear with me," is the conclusion of the first of these rhapsodies, "my most dear sweet lady. Passion overcometh me. I can write no more. Love me, for I love you. Shall I utter this familiar term, Farewell? Yea, ten thousand farewells! He speaketh it that dearly loveth you." A few days later, and he sends a second effusion, which contains these remarkable words:—"I would I saw your world at home, *how some seek that I have done*, which they shall find never. Some hope well and haste them on, but waste shall be their hire; and some despair, whom I allow the wisest, but not the most happy of these men. But, madam, forget not your lidds that are so often bathed with tears for your sake. *A more wise man may seek you, but a more*

faithful and worthy can never have you. Pardon me, my most dear sweet lady, I will no more write of these matters." Hatton was her Majesty's "sheep," as well as her "lidds"—a contraction for eyelids—and he delights in his correspondence to call himself by these familiar terms of endearment. Nothing can be plainer than that he sought the Queen in marriage, and that she had encouraged the courtship. Many years after (1584) he acknowledged his "too high presumptions towards her Majesty; but, madam," he added, "leave not the causes of my presumption unremembered; and though you find them as unfit for me as unworthy of you, yet, in their nature, of a good mind they are not hatefully to be despised." Suitor after suitor made the false but natural inference that when Elizabeth gave or seemed to give her heart, she would also give her hand.

During all this time Leicester never appears to have entirely abandoned hope till the crisis of the famous courtship of Anjou. This began to assume a more serious character in the summer of 1578: in September of that year Leicester married Lady Essex. We are told that he had previously married her privately, but that old Sir Francis, her father, being more wary than his daughter, and fearful that she might be cast away like her predecessor, insisted upon a second marriage, which was indeed to be kept secret, but of which the legal validity was placed beyond doubt. It strikes us that the synchronism this year is no less worth noticing than that which occurred fourteen years before. Is not the explanation something of this kind? Leicester had now for twenty years been in pursuit of his object; he had done all that mortal subject and lover could do: he had perhaps killed his first wife; he had certainly abstained from giving her an indubitably lawful successor; he had wooed and worshipped year after year, and all in vain; three years earlier, perhaps as a last desperate effort, he had given his sovereign such an entertainment as never sovereign had received before; his masques had been played, his bears had been baited, his fire-works let off, his purse emptied, and all to no purpose: he was neither the Queen's husband nor more likely to become so than at the beginning of his suit; and now, after so long an interval, she was again beginning seriously to listen to a foreign suitor. Meanwhile, if the attractions of the Queen still retained their force, those of the woman may be supposed, in the ordinary course of things, to have considerably decayed; if he had once loved Elizabeth

Tudor, he now loved Lettice Devoreux; he turned, in mingled despair and pique, from his old fruitless pursuit, and grasped the object within his reach. We do not wish to judge the fair Lettice harshly, but we can certainly see nothing in a marriage under these circumstances inconsistent with the supposed amour during her husband's lifetime. The main reason why he should prefer a mistress to a wife was at last removed, and she might easily insist upon a legitimate sanction being given to their connection.

But in any case the marriage was kept secret from the Queen, till Anjou's agent, Simier, revealed it. Elizabeth's vengeance seldom fell lightly on those about her who married without her consent, and a marriage between her lover and her cousin was likely to be visited with more than ordinary severity. Leicester's marriage, especially at such a moment, must have been felt as a most stinging offence. It was a direct satire on her irresolution and inconstancy; it was a public proclamation that she had ceased to charm, or, at least, that she was not worth waiting for indefinitely. Pique might have led him to the act, prudence might resume its reign and prompt its concealment. Simier, the deputy lover of Anjou, if not a lover on his own account, naturally strove to set Elizabeth against Leicester, and, to bring matters to a head, revealed that he was now actually again a married man. Her wrath at the intelligence was as violent as might have been expected; he was commanded to confine himself to Greenwich Castle while a berth in the Tower was preparing. It was only the intercession of his constant adversary, Radcliffe, Earl of Sussex, which saved him from a dwelling which so often proved a pathway to the block. The Countess herself, who had ventured thus openly to become the rival of her sovereign, was never afterwards, except upon a single occasion, permitted to appear at court. Yet the influence of the husband of Lettice was not permanently less than that of the wooer of Elizabeth; he still remained supreme in the court, and he tried his luck in the government of the camp. A patent was prepared, conferring on him the unheard-of title of Lord-Lieutenant of England and Ireland, and death alone seems to have hindered his actual investiture with its somewhat indefinite functions. Scandal affirmed that he fell into the snare which he had so often laid for others. In 1588 our friend Lettice, though now on the wrong side of forty, could, like the Queen herself, still command admirers. Christopher Blount,

afterwards her third husband, was reported to be already her lover, and Leicester was rumored to have drunk of the same cup which he had drugged for her first and noblest partner. Anyhow, he died suddenly; Elizabeth wept for the man, but the crown debtor was quite another being, and his goods were presently sold for the benefit of her exchequer. Lettice lived to see her last husband perish on the scaffold in the same cause as her celebrated son by the first; but she herself abode in the flesh till 1634, when, at the age of ninety-four, she could still walk "a mile of a morning." Few other subjects of Charles I. could probably remember the death of Henry VIII. Born in the year which saw the execution of Cromwell, Earl of Essex, she found the title revived in her own person; and had six more years been allowed to her, to live out her full century, she might have seen the commencement of the struggle in which another Essex, her own grandson, fought by the side of another Cromwell.

The courtship of the Duke of Anjou, younger brother of Charles IX. and Henry III., of France, is certainly one of the most curious features in the reign of Elizabeth. He was nearer obtaining the prize than any other pretender, native or foreign, and seems to have been the only foreigner who had any real chance at all. As a mere matter of negotiation, this courtship was spread over a great number of years, and its full length and tediousness may be followed in Sir Dudley Digges's folio, intitled "The Complete Ambassador." But its culminating point lasted from 1578 to 1582. Like Eric, Anjou at first wooed by deputy, but, like Eric too, beginning to suspect the presence of a rival in his agent, he came over to press his own cause. The story will be found in any history of England. Elizabeth in her forty-ninth year, was unquestionably enamored of the young prince about half her age; they were actually contracted, and it seems to have been as much as the arguments of her ministers, the entreaties of her personal attendants, and the general voice of the nation, could effect, to prevent this grotesque union from being actually accomplished.

During the latter part of her reign the Queen confined herself to favorites chosen from among her own subjects. They were, to the very last, required to assume the demeanor and language of lovers; but we hear no more of any serious or definite proposals of marriage. Raleigh shone for a while as the rival of Hatton, but the place of Leicester

passed, on his death, to his young step-son, Robert, Earl of Essex. As the son of Lettice Knollys, he was, of course, a distant cousin of Elizabeth's; and some surprise has been expressed that he never found the disgrace of his mother act as a bar to his advancement. The life and character of this celebrated man have been well traced out by his kinsman and biographer. He is one of those persons who just miss of being truly great. With an assemblage of individual qualities of the noblest kind, there was yet wanting some ruling principle to mould them into a character of harmonious excellence. He is, nevertheless, by far the most attractive hero of Elizabeth's reign. The wise men of her council, her Burghleys and Walsinghams, may be honored as they deserve in their own department; Leicester is more likely, on the whole, to excite censure than to win esteem; but for Essex we feel something like a personal affection. His frank and impetuous disposition, his personal accomplishments, his chivalrous daring in war, his more honorable mercy in the hour of victory, create an interest in him which mere statesmen and mere courtiers alike fail to excite. He obtained the rare distinction of being at once the favorite of the sovereign and the idol of the people; his personal qualities were those just suited to win the heart of the Queen, while his whole demeanor was no less adapted to conciliate popular affection. Even his foibles and vices were of a nature which the public at large is always willing to extenuate. He might be occasionally insolent and imperious alike to sovereign or subject; his gallantry in war might be but little tempered by the calm forethought of the true general; his gallantry in peace might often degenerate into licentiousness; but all these things might be readily forgiven in the young, high-spirited, and generous Earl. Like his step-father, he united a profession of religion with a neglect of its duties; but what in the one was probably but pharisaical hypocrisy, was in the other the common alternation of sinning and repenting. No man ever accused him of treachery, or duplicity, or secret poisoning; even in ordinary court intrigues he was liable to be distanced by every competitor. He probably never affected a sentiment which he did not feel, except—we cannot forbear the exception—when he employed the language of amorous devotion to his aged mistress. He died on the scaffold with more of legal guilt than most political victims of his age, but we may be sure with no treason or

conspiracy in his heart of hearts. Elizabeth loved him as she had loved no man before; his death embittered many succeeding moments of her life; and in the opinion of some about her, contributed to bring down her gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. More than a year after his execution, she told the French ambassador that nothing now contented her spirit, or gave her any enjoyment: she spoke of Essex with sighs, and almost with tears, and was so much moved that De Beaumont found it necessary to give the conversation another turn. Yet so inveterate was the passion of Elizabeth for the game of courtship, that six months later, the same ambassador announced that she had been seized with a new inclination for a handsome Irishman, the Earl of Clanricarde, who was said to resemble the ill-fated Essex. But he made no response to the advances of the Queen, who then declared that she could not love him because he recalled her sorrow for the man who had perished on the scaffold.

The main facts of the life of Essex are among the most familiar portions of English history, and for the details we cannot do better than refer our readers to the volumes of Captain Devereux. He has carefully investigated the well-known story of the ring, which Lady Nottingham is said to have kept back from the Queen, and thereby to have procured the Earl's death; but though nothing can be fairer than his statement of the evidence, we dissent from his conclusion that the tradition is true. But, instead of discussing these tempting questions, we must pass on to a more general estimate of the relations in which both Essex and his predecessors in the affections of Elizabeth actually stood to the sovereign, at whose court they were certainly something more than counselors or administrators of the royal will.

We have before observed that the private character of Elizabeth has been more frequently treated according to theological partisanship than weighed in the balance of historical impartiality. The delicate question of the exact relation between her and her favorites is one which, naturally enough, is rather evaded by both her female biographers, Miss Aikin and Miss Strickland. Dr. Lingard insinuates all he can to her prejudice; Mr. Sharon Turner takes up the gauntlet on her behalf with more zeal than discretion; Sir Harris Nicolas, perhaps in this matter a better authority than either, seems doubtful, but certainly inclines to the unfavorable view. Let us endeavor to look impartially on both sides. Were Leicester, Hatton, and the rest, more than the favorites—were they the actual

paramours of Elizabeth? That they were more than political counsellors, that they were personal favorites, is evident: and we think there can be no doubt that the Queen was, in the strictest sense, "in love with" more than one of their number. It is perfect nonsense to talk, as has been done both in her time and in our own, of Leicester standing to her in the relation of a friend and a brother; it is palpable that her feelings towards him were those of an enamored woman; and she repeatedly declared that, could she prevail on herself to marry at all, he would be the man. Now such a marriage would have been contracted in defiance of every consideration of political prudence, and could only have been the result of a real passion. To argue that Leicester was not on the footing of a lover, because Elizabeth did not invariably grant his requests, and because she even seems on some occasions to have designedly thwarted him, argues a strange ignorance alike of human nature and of the famous dictum of the Latin Grammar touching the "*amantium ira*." Because the daughter of Henry VIII. loved her royal power above all things, it does not follow that she did not love Robert Dudley second to it; because she fluctuated between the offended queen and the loving woman, it does not follow that the latter character never prevailed at all. Mr. Turner might as well argue that Henri le Grand had no love for the fair Gabrielle, because he told her that he had rather lose ten such mistresses as her, than one such counsellor as Sully. Hatton too, in the letters edited by Sir Harris Nicolas, addresses her with all the fervor of a real passion, widely different, as appears to us, from the affected and inflated language of Essex at a later period. Her love for Anjou led her to the brink of a marriage which would have made her the laughing-stock of Europe. When we come to Essex, the enormous disparity of years may perhaps have mingled a little of the tenderness of the grandmother with that of the mistress; but it is impossible to believe that her feelings towards him were exactly those which she entertained towards Lord Burghley or Archbishop Parker.

But because Elizabeth was deeply and passionately enamored of a succession of favorites, it is by no means necessary to leap to the conclusion that she actually sacrificed her honor to any one of them. Her calumniators and her admirers alike commonly argue as if passion implied vice; one side reasons that, because she was in love with Leicester, she must have been his mistress in

a criminal sense; the others argue that, because she was not such a mistress, he could have been only a friend or a brother. But surely it is very possible to entertain a strong passion, and yet, from various considerations, to abstain from either its lawful or its unlawful gratification. It is surely possible for men or women to go on for years under the influence of such a feeling, running themselves into danger, and yet actually avoiding destruction; indulging, it may be, in perilous familiarities, and yet never taking the final step. Elizabeth, we have no doubt whatever, ran herself into great danger; she indulged in most unbecoming and almost degrading familiarities; she went to the very verge of virtue; but there is no positive evidence that she ever actually overstepped the line.

The most definite accusations against her come from the pens of envenomed enemies, religious and political. The Spanish and Popish factions, the partisans of Mary Stuart, had every motive to blacken the character of their great adversary. It will not do to admit "scandal about Queen Elizabeth" on the testimony of Cardinal Allen, or of the famous letter of the Queen of Scots. Yet even statements of this kind have a certain weight; they prove, at least, that she was not qualified to have been the partner of Cæsar; she might be above crime, but she was not above suspicion. Mr. Turner, a loyal subject of King George III., asks indignantly whether any one would hearken to similar accusations if brought, upon similar testimony, against Queen Charlotte or any other equally respectable lady. Undoubtedly not; but then no calumniator—none certainly in the position of either the Scottish Queen or the English Cardinal—would be so devoid of worldly wisdom as to bring them. Mr. Turner seems not to have known that calumniators, of any skill in their trade, commonly observe a certain verisimilitude; they at least endeavor to hit a real blot. They distort and exaggerate; they improve follies into vices, and vices into crimes, but they seldom attribute qualities to which the character assailed absolutely presents no approximation whatever. Aristophanes never accused Nicias of foolhardiness, or Lamachus of addiction to the principles of the Peace-Conference; Punch never hints that Mr. Cobden is a pensioner of the Sultan, or that Lord Shaftesbury holds a private retainer from the Vatican. To take Mr. Turner's own example, we are not aware that any man ever breathed an insinuation against the spotless virtue of Queen Charlotte; but, if we are not mistaken, her Majesty's real foibles were often made the sub-

jects of exaggerated caricature. Elizabeth's calumniators must have had some ground to go upon; that is to say, her conduct was undoubtedly imprudent and unguarded; they of course chose to set it in the worst light, and probably invented the appropriate details. It is clear that rumor was sufficiently rife to be a matter of grave political consideration. One of Burleigh's objections to the marriage with Leicester was, that it would have been felt to be a confirmation of the prevalent reports that they had already dispensed with that ceremony. Camden, who was no Papist or Spaniard, testifies to the public jeering and scandal which followed, as was but natural, on the strange legislative enactment which denied all right to the succession to any but the Queen's "natural issue."

Mr. Turner gravely argues that Elizabeth's everlasting boasting and prating about her "virginity" is of itself a sufficient proof of her indubitable retention of that jewel. To us it seems that, except for the different manner of that age, it would have told entirely the other way. We should now-a-days immediately suspect a woman who perpetually sounded a trumpet before her on so delicate a subject. But such a conclusion with regard to Elizabeth would be as unreasonable as the opposite. Our notions on those matters have reached such a height of delicacy, that not only would no respectable woman go about asserting her own chastity, but she would even consider praise on that head as itself an insult, as implying the possibility of conduct of an opposite description. But such was hardly the feeling of Elizabeth's time. A lady then took it as a compliment to be addressed as "right virtuous;" and perhaps where Leicester had the ascendant it was consoling to be assured of the fact. Miss Strickland, with the notions of a lady of our times, is naturally scandalized at the fact that the Queen condescended to point out to a foreign ambassador that the position of their respective bedrooms showed the impossibility of the familiarity attributed to her and the Earl. A less delicate generation may have thought the surest proof the best. Elizabeth probably made these perpetual assertions of her own virtue as a sort of answer to the scandals against her; but it can really prove nothing either way that she wished the word "VIRGINITATEM" to appear in conspicuous letters upon her grave, or that she manifested a visible satisfaction of countenance when a Cambridge orator enlarged before her with great uncton on the excellence of that monastic perfection.

As for the more precise charges brought

against her, we may leave Dr. Lingard and Mr. Turner to discuss the exact topography of the palace after the changes which made the demonstration of royal chastity mentioned in the last paragraph no longer available. Leicester's chamber became after a while contiguous to her own—for a reason, according to Elizabeth herself, which neither friend nor foe seems willing to accept, namely, that his health suffered in his former quarters. The passages in the Hatton Correspondence have certainly also a suspicious air. And "If," says Sir H. Nicolas, "the expressions used by Dyer are to receive their usual interpretation, it is difficult to disbelieve the reports which were then so prevalent." We must confess that the dark hints contained in these letters have done more to shake our confidence in the perfect virtue of Elizabeth than all the minutiae of scandal preserved by the rival Queen. The most natural interpretation would, we agree with Sir H. Nicolas, be at least favorable to the character of Elizabeth. But it is not absolutely conclusive. It proves that Elizabeth's passion for Hatton had carried her to lengths quite unbecoming her position; it does not positively prove that it had carried her to the extreme lengths of all. On our notion of the relation between them, she did certainly "descend very much in her sex as a woman;" and perhaps "frailties," not used in the technical sense, might not be too strong an expression. Still this testimony is quite explicit enough to hinder us from pronouncing a positive judgment in her favor, though individually we certainly incline to that side of the balance, and they are almost damaging enough to convert our verdict of "Not Guilty" into one of "Not Proven."

But we think the more favorable estimate of Elizabeth's character in this respect is perfectly consistent with facts. She inherited the susceptible and inconstant disposition of her father and aunt, together with the levity of demeanor which brought her mother to the block. Passion led her to the very brink of vice; pride, prudence, and principle combined to keep her from actually passing it. But why did she not marry? That keen observer and pleasant gossip, Sir James Melvill, told her the reason very clearly: single, she was both king and queen; married, she would have been queen only. Strong as was her passion for her successive favorites, she had a stronger passion still, the love of rule inherent in her Tudor blood. Her father could gratify both at once; his Annes and Janes and Katharines never interfered with his undivided royalty; but the husband

of Elizabeth could hardly have failed to be, if not a master, at least a partner. Besides this, her egregious personal vanity delighted in the mere process of courtship; the maiden queen was the mistress and lady-love, the Aslauga and Gloriana of every man who chose to turn troubadour in her cause; the wife of Eric or Anjou, of Leicester or Hatton, must have been content with a more practical and decorous homage. In earlier days she diligently inquired of Melvill as to the comparative beauty of herself and her Scottish rival; she diverted her diplomatic cares by taking the ambassador's opinion as to the respective merits of the French, English, and Italian "weeds;" hearing that Mary was her superior in height, she pronounced her stature in excess, as surpassing that measure which was "neither too low nor too high." She not only refused the Swedish king a share in her portraiture, but she suppressed by proclamation all the efforts of the limner to depict her countenance as unworthy of the original, and put forth her own likeness by authority for the admiration of her loving subjects. And this weakness grew upon her with her age. Even when her face was "wrinkled," her teeth "darkish," her hair "tawny, but not her own,"* she still loved to hear how her ambassador in France set light by the beauty of Gabrielle, because of the far more excellent mistress whom he served. It gladdened her heart to hear how Gabrielle's lover himself took her picture, ("which nevertheless came far short of her perfection of beauty,") "beheld it with passion and admiration, kissed it, vowed that he would not forego it for any treasure, and that to procure the favor of the lively picture he would forsake all the world." She was not easily satiated with hearing how Raleigh "could not live alone in prison while she was afar off;" how he had been "wont to see her riding like Alexander, (?) hunting like Diana, walking like Venus, the gentle wind blowing her fair hair about her pure cheeks like a nymph, sometimes sitting in the shade like a

* Hentzner, p. 34. Allusions to her age were not over likely to be hazarded in her presence, except through inadvertence, as in the instance reported to his master by the Scotch ambassador, Lord Somers of Beltheis, in 1599, and quoted by Miss Strickland. "At her Majesty's returning from Hampton Court, the day being passing foul, she would, as her custom is, go on horseback, although she is scarce able to sit upright, and my Lord Hunsdon said, 'It was not meet for any one of her Majesty's years to ride in such a storm.' She answered in great anger, 'My years! Maids, to your horses quickly;' and so rode all the way, not vouchsafing any gracious countenance to him for two days."

goddess, sometimes singing like an angel, sometimes playing like Orpheus." She forgot the queen in the woman when Essex told her that he "had been more subject to her natural beauty, than as a subject to the power of a king; for her own justice did conclude this within law, but the other his affection made to be infinite." She rejoiced to hear how he "preferred her beauty above all things;" how, "since he was first so happy as to know what love meant, he was never one day, nor one hour, free from hope and jealousy." Under her frowns he was "overcome with unkindness as before he was conquered by beauty;" when on foreign service, "he spiritually kissed her fair royal hands, and thought of them as a man should think of so fair flesh." But how great must have been the disappointment of their owner to find that, in his private discourse, she was described as "an old woman as crooked in mind as in body." Surely, by her own reasoning, this treason against her "natural beauty" might be held as more worthy of the block than any dereliction in the duty of "a subject to the power of a king."

Closely connected with Elizabeth's celibacy were two singular features in her character which are closely interwoven with one another; her dislike to marriage in others, and her unwillingness to declare her successor. The former, though one of the least amiable features of her character, seems to us to tell in her favor with regard to her own personal virtue. It was the happiness of lovers in any form, lawful or unlawful, to which she had so rooted an objection; in others, clearly because it was a satisfaction which she had denied to herself. If she frowned on Leicester for marrying her cousin, she imprisoned Raleigh for seducing her maid of honor. But the hardest measure she ever dealt was to the Earl of Hertford and Lady Katharine Grey, her persecution of whom really justifies the strong expression of Captain Devereux,* "that of all the generous and kindly emotions which warm the human heart, not one, as far as we know, ever found a resting-place in her bosom." A furtive marriage in one so near to the royal house as Katharine, hurried her and her husband to the Tower, and by a still more cruel mockery, their inability to bring legal evidence of the ceremony was visited by an ecclesiastical process for incontinency. The poor lady sank, under her wrongs, falling a victim to the refined malices of Elizabeth, as her elder sister had done to the open severity of Mary.

There was probably no time when it was less clear to whom the reversion of the royal estate of England lawfully appertained. Claimants there were in abundance — Mr. Hallam enumerates fourteen — but there was some objection to every one. Many of the claims, many of the objections, were indeed alike utterly futile; still there was enough to be said for and against each to render the question extremely complex, and to make a legislative settlement highly desirable. Hereditary right was in favor of the Scottish line, the descendants of Margaret, the elder daughter of Henry VII.; but Henry VIII., in pursuance of the power specially vested in him by Parliament, had preferred those of his younger sister Mary, the widow of Louis XII., and wife of Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. But there were doubts whether the descendants of Margaret's first husband, King James, were not excluded as aliens, while her second marriage with the Earl of Angus, from which the house of Lenox derived its claim, was very commonly regarded as invalid. In opposition to the rights of the Suffolk family, doubts were alleged whether Henry's will was duly signed. It was further whispered that Charles Brandon was at the time of his marriage with Mary the husband of another woman, in which case that princess would have left no legitimate descendants at all. Passing by this question, her line was scattered through various families, noble and ignoble, some of whose pretensions, as we have just seen in the case of the Hertford branch, met with but poor acknowledgment at Elizabeth's own hands. With the events of the previous century before their eyes, men might well dread the prospect of a civil war between the royal lines of *Stokes** and Stuart, to say nothing of the more distant rights of the Infanta of Spain, or the claims of the Holy See to the lapsed fief with which of old it had invested John Lackland. The Houses of Parliament, naturally enough, continually

* Let it not be forgotten that Frances Brandon, Duchess of Suffolk, daughter of Mary the French queen, and next in succession to Elizabeth under the will of Henry VIII., took for her second husband her Master of the Horse, Adrian Stokes. By her first marriage Frances had only daughters — Lady Jane Grey and two others; and at the time of her second, she was by no means so old as to render it improbable that she might become the mother of a son, who would have been at once the heir-apparent to the house of Stokes, and the heir-presumptive to the crown of England. Unluckily, however, the marriage did not prove fruitful, so that in a few years all chance of a *Stokes* dynasty succeeding to those of Plantagenet and Tudor passed away, probably for ever. See *Romance of the Peerage*, ii. 268.

petitioned her Majesty either by her marriage to give the country a rightful and indubitable heir, or at least to allow some definite settlement of the succession. The Journals of Parliament of those days, which may be studied in the folio of Sir Symonds d'Ewes, contain some of the richest pieces of quaintness that we have ever come across. The two Houses in Elizabeth's time seem to have dreaded nothing so much as the old stigma of "*Parliamentum indoctum*." They ransacked the history of all nations that ever existed, and of some which we suspect never existed, to find precedents for their proceedings, and above all, arguments to prove that Queen Elizabeth ought to marry. In 1562, Mr. Speaker Williams, after offering her Majesty one subsidy and two-fifteenths, exhorts her to select a husband; but not till after he has likened her to Cyrus and Alexander, and "Etheldred, a king in this realm," and has even dived farther into a still more remote antiquity, quite beyond our powers of research. She is compared to "Palestina the queen, reigning before the deluge, who made laws as well concerning peace as war;" to "Ceres the queen, which made laws concerning evil-doers;" and to "Marc, wife of Bathilicus, mother to Stillicus the king, who enacted laws for the maintenance and preservation of the good and well-doers." This last reference is quite above us, but we suppose there is a delicate hint as to the desirableness of another King Stillicus being brought into the world to carry on his mother's good government over England and Ireland. In 1566 the Houses are content to draw their instances from events better known to ordinary understandings. The Lords prove by the instances of Abraham, Hannah, and Elizabeth, ("whose name your Majesty beareth,") the advantages of leaving posterity; by those of the Empress Constance, and of Pedro, King of Aragon, that even religious votaries may for the good of kingdoms enter into the nuptial bond: by those of Moses and David, they demonstrate the advantages of naming a successor; by those of Alexander and Pyrrhus the evils which result from the contrary course. Mr. Speaker Onslow follows in the same vein, but confines himself to a single precedent; as her Majesty has defended the faith of Abraham, her faithful Commons trust that she may share Abraham's desire of issue. But neither prayers nor precedents, nor the plainest dictates of policy, could never induce her to name a successor; she would give no one a direct interest in her death, while she continued to

look with an evil eye upon all the numerous claimants of her heritage. In utter defiance not only of the extreme theory of divine right, but of the commonest principles of an hereditary monarchy, it was made a matter of imprisonment and *præmunire* to maintain any one to be her heir, except that mysterious "*naturalis ex ipsius corpore soboles*," of which we have already heard. Never till her death-bed, at least, would she entertain the question, and even her dying declaration in favor of the King of Scots is now held by the best historians to be apocryphal.

In money matters Elizabeth does not shine. She boasted of sparing her subjects' pockets, but she certainly sometimes personally accepted of their gold and silver under circumstances which, according to our notions, were hardly princely. It was objected that her numerous progresses were often dictated by a desire to spare her exchequer by quartering herself upon her wealthy and hospitable subjects. To receive Elizabeth was a costly honor, which sometimes entailed the ruin of the entertainer. Her Majesty went beyond the precedent of King Xerxes himself; she not only exacted both dinner and supper for many succeeding days, but a well-filled purse of gold had to be prepared against her departure, to serve as the viaticum of the royal guest. A gift of the like nature, paid in hard cash into the royal palm, was also commonly expected when any municipal body was formally admitted to the royal presence. Yet were these very progresses among the surest means by which her nobler kinglycraft sought to maintain the popularity which she so dearly loved. Not a subject was repulsed from her presence; every Englishman might have a personal audience, and personally plead his grievance before the English queen. On such occasions her tongue was kept back from curses, and her hands from blows; these were the portion of courtiers; good words and gracious smiles were the portion of her people. Prelates, and earls, and councillors trembled before her, but she knew well how to avoid the fatal rock of sovereigns; she took care never

'*cedonibus esse timenda*.'

In the particular department of finance no claim of service or familiarity was admitted. Debts were rigorously exacted from the dead Leicester and the living Hatton; but the strangest tale of all is that of her pecuniary dealings with the first and noblest Earl of Essex. This gallant nobleman, on his expedition to Ireland, entered into a partnership

with the Queen, by which they were to divide its expenses; but as the Earl wanted ready money, he borrowed 10,000*l.* of the Queen at 10 per cent., and mortgaged various estates, under penalty of annual forfeiture of a manor of 50*l.* yearly rent. The details may be studied in Captain Devereux's volume; suffice it to say, that many a fair manor had to be sold to defray the cravings of the royal money-lender, and that his young successor inherited "little or nothing towards the reputation of an earl's estate."

Elizabeth was coarse and savage in her personal tastes; we should almost think beyond the standard of her time, though from her capacity she might be fairly expected to have risen above it. We are told that she never mentioned the name of God without a marked pause and the addition of the epithet Creator; but there must be an implied exception of those cases in which the name was employed as the vehicle of the frightful oaths in which she constantly indulged. It was the vice of the age, but a vice from which a woman, a queen, and such a queen, might have been reasonably expected to be free; a vice which we can hardly conceive attaching to her sister or to her sister's victim. The same may be said of the barbarous nature of her favorite diversions. The reign of a maiden queen might well have been selected as the period to wipe out the national disgrace that the pleasures of Englishmen invariably involved pain to some living creature. But Elizabeth delighted in bull-baitings and bear-baitings beyond all recorded example; even the harmless ape was called upon to contribute by its sufferings to the royal diversion. In the nobler sports of the field the skill and excitement seem to have been less prized than the actual butchery; the stag, hunted down by man and beast, was brought to receive its death-wound from a hand which might more gracefully have been raised to command its deliverance. On some occasions she strangely mingled devotion and cruelty, while she ransacked the frozen zone to find objects for her inhuman pastime. She went to hear a sermon at St. Mary's, Spital, two white bears following in a cart—we need not say for what purpose they were destined at the conclusion of the discourse. Did the Church of England contain a divine courageous enough to have filled up the interval with an exhortation from the text—"The righteous man regardeth the life of his beast; but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel?"

From the inferior animals the step was in

those days counted but small to the inferior types of the human race. Here Elizabeth has the additional guilt, not merely of continuing, but of commencing iniquity. In her reign, and under her auspices, England became first infected with the guilt of the slave-trade.

Such were the many failings which disfigured the fair fame of "Elizabeth, by the grace of God, Queen of England, France, and Ireland, Defender of the true, ancient, and Catholic Faith: most worthy Empress from the Orcade Isles to the mountains Pyreneæ."* We have had to deal mainly with her private and personal character; her more strictly political crimes or errors—if the first we must mention deserve either name—the imprisonment and death of the Queen of Scots, the embowellings of the Papist, and the burnings of the Anabaptist, are beyond the limits of our present subject. We have only to conclude with the remark already made, that her very failings form, in truth, the clearest testimony to her general greatness. The more we condemn the woman, the more we must admire the queen. Vain, irresolute, capricious, mean, cruel, jealous; jeoparding, if not surrendering, the choicest jewel of the female character, she never lost the love and veneration of her people; she has never failed to shine among the most glorious lights in the page of history. How great, then, must have been the intellectual grandeur, the capacity for government, the discernment of merit, which have in the eyes alike of her contemporaries and her successors obliterated moral failings of so deep a dye! Her faults are not even on the grand scale of criminality which might have seemed in a manner in harmony with the grandeur of her nobler qualities. They are the petty vices and weaknesses of a vain, malicious, and mean-spirited woman. Yet this same woman takes her place, by common consent, among the very ablest of our rulers; forty-five years of glory did England owe to her, between the contemptible administration of her immediate forerunner and her immediate successor; and the longer we contemplate her checkered nature, the more we are impressed with the truth of the dictum which we quoted at starting, that in Elizabeth there were two wholly distinct characters, in one of which she was greater than man, and in the other less than woman.

* Such was the style of her proclamation. See Strickland, vol. vi. p. 66.

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

A TOSS-UP FOR A HUSBAND.

CHAPTER I.

THE marchioness was at her toilet. Florine and Aspasia, her two ladies'-maids, were busy powdering, as it were with hoar-frost, the bewitching widow.

She was a widow, this marchioness, a widow of twenty-three; and wealthy, as very few persons were any longer at the court of Louis XV., her godfather.

Three-and-twenty years earlier, his majesty had held her at the baptismal font of the chapel at Marly, and had settled upon her an income of 100,000 livres, by way of proving to her father, the Baron Fontevrault, who had saved his life at the battle of Fontenoy, that kings can be grateful, whatever people choose to say to the contrary.

The marchioness then was a widow. She resided, during the summer, in a charming little chateau, situated half-way up the slope overhanging the water, on the road from Bougival to Saint Germain. Madam Dubarry's estate adjoined hers; and on opening her eyes she could see, without rising, the white gable-ends and the wide-spreading chestnut trees of Luciennes, perched upon the heights. On this particular day—it was noon—the marchioness, whilst her attendants dressed her hair and arranged her head-dress with the most exquisite taste, gravely employed herself in tossing up, alternately, a couple of fine oranges, which crossed each other in the air, and then dropped into the white and delicate hand that caught them in their fall.

This sleight-of-hand—which the marchioness interrupted at times while she adjusted a beauty-spot on her lip, or cast an impatient glance on the crystal clock that told how time was running away with the fair widow's precious moments—had lasted for ten minutes, when the folding-doors were thrown open, and a valet, such as one sees now only on the stage, announced with pompous voice—"The King!"

Apparently, the marchioness was accus-

tomed to such visits, for she but half rose from her seat, as she saluted with her most gracious smile the personage who entered.

It was indeed Louis XV. himself—Louis XV. at sixty-five; but robust, upright, with smiling lip and beaming eye, and jauntily clad in a close-fitting pearl-gray hunting-suit, that became him to perfection. He carried under his arm a handsome fowling-piece, inlaid with mother-of-pearl; a small pouch, intended for ammunition alone, hung over his shoulder.

The king had come from Luciennes, almost alone, that is to say, with a captain of the guard, the old Marshal de Richelieu, and a single equerry on foot. He had been amusing himself with quail-shooting, but a shower of hail had surprised him, and his majesty had no relish for it.

Fortunately, he was but a few steps from the gateway of the chateau when the shower commenced. He had come therefore to take shelter with his god-daughter, having dismissed his suite, and only keeping with him a magnificent pointer.

"Good morning, marchioness," said the king, as he entered, putting down his fowling-piece in a corner. "I have come to ask your hospitality. We were caught in a shower, at your gate—Richelieu and I. I have packed off Richelieu. But don't put yourself out of the way, marchioness. Let Aspasia finish this becoming pile of your head-dress, and Florine spread out with her silver knife the scented powder that blends so well with the lilies and the roses of your bewitching face. . . . Why, marchioness, you're so pretty, one could eat you up!"

"You think me so, sire?"

"I tell you so every day. Oh, what fine oranges!"

And the king seated himself upon the roomy sofa, by the side of the marchioness, whose rosy finger-tips he kissed with an in-

finitude of grace. Then taking up one of the oranges that he had admired, he proceeded leisurely to examine it.

"But," said he at length, "what are oranges doing by the side of your Chinese powder-box and your scent-bottles? Is there any connection between this fruit and the maintenance, easy as it is, marchioness, of your charms?"

"These oranges," replied the lady, gravely, "fulfilled just now, sire, the functions of destiny."

The king opened wide his eyes, and stroked the long ears of his dog, by way of giving the marchioness time to explain her meaning.

"It was the countess who gave them to me," she continued.

"Madame Dubarry?"

"Exactly so, sire."

"A trumpery gift, it seems to me, marchioness."

"I hold it, on the contrary, to be an important one; since I repeat to your majesty, that these oranges decide my fate."

"I give it up," said the king.

"Imagine, sire; yesterday I found the countess occupied in tossing her oranges up and down, in this way." And the marchioness recommenced her game with a skill that cannot be described.

"I see," said the king; "she accompanied this singular amusement with the words, 'Up, Choiseul! up, Praslin!' and, on my word, I can fancy how the pair jumped."

"Precisely so, sire."

"And do you dabble in politics, marchioness? Have you a fancy for uniting with the countess, just to mortify my poor ministers?"

"By no means, sire; for, in place of Monsieur de Choiseul and the Duke de Praslin, I was saying to myself, just now, 'Up, Menneval! up, Beaugency!'"

"Ay, ay," returned the king; "and why the deuce would you have them jumping, those two good-looking gentlemen—Monsieur de Menneval, who is a Cæsar, and Monsieur de Beaugency, who is a statesman, and dances the minuet to perfection?"

"I'll tell you," said the dame. "You know, sire, that Monsieur de Menneval is an accomplished gentleman, a handsome man, a gallant cavalier, an indefatigable dancer, witty as Monsieur Arouet, and longing for nothing so much as to live in the country, on his estate in Touraine, on the banks of the Loire, with the woman whom he loves or will love, far from the court, from grandeur, and from turmoil. Nor are you unaware, sire, that Monsieur de Beaugency is one of the most

brilliant courtiers of Marly and of Versailles; ambitious, burning with zeal for the service of your majesty, as brave as Monsieur de Menneval, and capable of going to the end of the earth—with the title of ambassador of the King of France."

"I know that," chimed in Louis XV. with a laugh. "But, alas, I have more ambassadors than embassies. My antechambers overflow every morning."

"Now," continued the marchioness, "I have been a widow these two years past."

"A long time, there's no denying."

"Ah," sighed she, "there's no need to tell me so, sire. But Monsieur de Menneval loves me—at least he says so, and I am easily persuaded."

"Very well; then marry Monsieur de Menneval."

"I have thought of it, sire; and, in truth, I might do much worse. I should like well enough to live in the country, under the willow trees, on the borders of the river, with a husband, fond, yielding, loving, who would detest the philosophers and set some little value on the poets. But," added the dame, "Monsieur de Beaugency loves me equally well."

"Ah ha! the ambitious man!"

"Ambition does not shut out love, sire. Monsieur de Beaugency is a marquis; he is twenty-five; he is ambitious. I should like a husband vastly who was longing to reach high offices of state. Greatness has its own particular merit."

"Then marry Monsieur de Beaugency."

"I have thought of that, also; but this poor Monsieur de Menneval——"

"Very good," exclaimed the king, laughing; "now I see to what purpose the oranges are destined. Monsieur de Menneval pleases you; Monsieur de Beaugency would suit you just as well; and since one can't have more than one husband, you make them each jump in turn."

"Just so, sire. But observe what happens."

"Ah! what does happen?"

"That, unwilling and unable to play unfairly, I take equal pains to catch the two oranges as they come down; and that I catch them both, each time."

"Well, are you willing that I should take part in your game?"

"You, sire! Ah, what a joke that would be!"

"I am very clumsy, marchioness. To a certainty, in less than three minutes Beaugency and Menneval will be rolling on the floor."

"Ah!" exclaimed the lady: "and if you have any preference for one or the other?"

"No; we'll do better. Look, I take the two oranges—you mark them carefully; or, better still, you stick into one of them one of these toilet-pins, making up your own mind which of the two is to represent Monsieur de Beaugency, and leaving me, on that point, entirely in the dark. If Monsieur de Beaugency touch the floor, you shall marry his rival; if it happen just otherwise, you shall resign yourself to become an ambassadress."

"Excellent! Now, sire, let's see the result."

The king took the two oranges and plied shuttle with them above his head. But, at the third pass, the two rolled down upon the embroidered carpet, and the marchioness broke out into a merry fit of laughter.

"I foresaw as much," exclaimed his majesty. "What a clumsy fellow I am!"

"And we more puzzled than ever, sire!"

"So we are, marchioness; but the best thing we can do is to slice the oranges, sugar them well, and season them with a dash of West India rum."

"And Monsieur de Menneval? and Monsieur de Beaugency?" said the marchioness, in piteous accents. "How is the question to be settled?"

Louis XV. began to cogitate.

"Are you quite sure," said he, "that both of them are in love with you?"

"Probably so," returned she, with a little coquettish smile sent back to her from the mirror opposite.

"And their love is equally strong?"

"I trust so, sire."

"And I don't believe a word of it."

"Ah!" said the marchioness, "but that is,

in truth, a most terrible supposition. Besides, sire, they are on their way hither."

"Both of them?"

"One after the other; the marquis at one o'clock precisely; the baron at two. I promised them my decision to-morrow, on condition that they would pay me a final visit to-day."

As the marchioness finished, the valet who had announced the king came to inform his mistress that Monsieur de Beaugency was in the drawing-room, and solicited the favor of admission to pay his respects.

"Capital!" said Louis XV., smiling as though he were eighteen; "show Monsieur de Beaugency in. Marchioness, you will receive him, and tell him the price that you set upon your hand."

"And what is this price, sire?"

"You must give him the choice—either to renounce you, or to consent to send in to me his resignation of his appointments, in order that he may go and bury himself with his wife on his estate of Courlac, in Poitou, there to live the life of a country gentleman."

"And then, sire?"

"You will allow him a couple of hours for reflection, and so dismiss him."

"And in the end?"

"The rest is my concern." And the king got up, taking his dog and his gun, and concealed himself behind a screen, drawing also a curtain, that he might be completely hidden.

"What is your intention, sire?" asked the marchioness.

"I conceal myself, like the kings of Persia, from the eyes of my subjects," replied Louis XV. "Hush! marchioness."

A few moments later, and Monsieur de Beaugency entered the room.

CHAPTER II.

THE marquis was a charming cavalier; tall, slight, with a moustache black and curling upwards, an eye sparkling and intelligent, a Roman nose, an Austrian lip, a firm step, a noble, imposing presence.

The marchioness blushed slightly at sight of him, but offered him her hand to kiss, and begged him by a gesture to be seated.

"Marchioness," said Monsieur de Beaugency, as he held in his hands the rosy fingers of the lovely widow, "it is fully a week since you received me!"

"A week! why, you were here yesterday!"

"Then I must have counted the hours for ages."

"A compliment which may be found in one of the younger Crebillon's books!"

"You are hard upon me, marchioness."

"Perhaps so; it comes naturally;—I am tired."

"Ah, marchioness! Heaven knows that I would make of your existence one never-ending *fête*!"

"That would, at least, be wearisome."

"Say a word, madam, one single word, and my fortune, my future prospects, my ambition!"—

"You are still then as ambitious as ever?"

"More than ever, since I have been in love with you."

"Is that necessary?"

"Beyond a doubt. Ambition—what is it but honors, wealth, the envious look of impotent rivals, the admiration of the crowd, the favor of monarchs? And is not one's love unanswerably and most triumphantly proved in laying all this at the feet of the woman whom one adores?"

"You may be right."

"I may be right, marchioness! Listen to me, my fair lady-love."

"I am all attention, sir."

"Between us, who are well-born, and content not with plebeians, that vulgar and sentimental sort of love which is painted by those who write books for your mantuamakers and chambermaids, would be in exceedingly bad taste. It would be but slighting love and making no account of its enjoyment, were we to go and bury it in some obscure corner of the provinces, or of Paris—we, who belong to Versailles—living away there with it, in monotonous solitude and unchanging contemplation."

"Ah!" said the marchioness, "you think so?"

"Tell me, rather, of *fêtes* that dazzle one with lights, with noise, with smiles, with wit, through which one glides intoxicated, with the fair conquest in triumph on one's arm. Why hide one's happiness, in place of parading it? The jealousy of the world does but increase, and cannot diminish it. My uncle, the cardinal, stands well at court. He has the king's ear, and better still, the countess's. He will, ere long, procure me one of the northern embassies. Cannot you fancy yourself Madame the Ambassadors, treading on the platform of a drawing-room, as royalty with royalty, with the highest nobility of a kingdom—having the men at your feet, and the women on lower seats around you, whilst you yourself are occupant of a throne, and wield a sceptre?"

And as Monsieur de Beaugency warmed with his own eloquence, he gently slid from his seat to the knees of the marchioness, whose hand he covered with kisses.

She listened to him, with a smile on her lips, and then abruptly said to him: "Rise, sir, and hear me in turn. Are you in truth sincerely attached to me?"

"With my whole soul, marchioness!"

"Are you prepared to make every sacrifice?"

"Every one, madame."

"That is fortunate indeed; for to be prepared for all, is to accomplish one, without the slightest difficulty; and it is but a single one that I require."

"Oh, speak! Must a throne be conquered?"

"By no means, sir. You must only call to mind that you own a fine chateau in Poutou."

"Pooh!" said Monsieur de Beaugency; "a shed."

"Every man's house is his castle," replied the widow. "And having called it to mind, you need only order post-horses."

"For what purpose?"

"To carry me off to Courlaac. It is there that your almoner shall unite us, in the chapel, in the presence of your domestics and your vassals, our only witnesses."

"A singular whim, marchioness; but I submit to it."

"Very well. We will set out this evening.—Ah! I forgot."

"What, further?"

"Before starting, you will send in your resignation to the king."

Monsieur de Beaugency almost bounded from his seat.

"Do you dream of that, marchioness?"

"Assuredly. You will not at Courlaac be able to perform your duties at court."

"And on returning?"

"We will not return."

"We will—not—return!" slowly ejaculated Monsieur de Beaugency. "Where then shall we proceed?"

"Nowhere. We will remain at Courlaac."

"All the summer?"

"And all the winter. I count upon settling myself there, after our marriage. I have a horror of the court. I do not like the turmoil. Grandeur wearies me. I look forward only to a simple and charming country life, to the tranquil and happy existence of the forgotten lady of the castle. What matters it to you? You were ambitious for my love's sake. I care but little for ambition; you ought to care for it still less, since you are in love with me."

"But, marchioness——"

"Hush! it's a bargain. Still, for form's sake, I give you one hour to reflect. There, pass out that way; go into the winter drawing-room that you will find at the end of the gallery, and send me your answer upon a leaf of your tablets. I am about to complete my toilet, which I left unfinished to receive you."

And the marchioness opened a door, bowed Monsieur de Beaugency into the corridor, and closed the door upon him.

"Marchioness," cried the king, from his hiding-place and through the screen, "you

will offer Monsieur de Menneval the embassy to Prussia, which I promise you for him."

"And you will not emerge from your retreat?"

"Certainly not, madame: it is far more amusing to remain behind the scenes. One

hears all, laughs at one's ease, and is not troubled with saying any thing."

It struck two. Monsieur de Menneval was announced. His majesty remained snug, and shammed dead.

CHAPTER III.

MONSIEUR DE MENNEVAL was at all points a cavalier who yielded nothing to his rival, Monsieur de Beaugency. He was fair. He had a blue eye, a broad forehead, a mouth that wore a dreamy expression, and that somewhat pensive air which became so well the troubadours of France in the olden time.

He was timid, but he passionately loved the beautiful widow; and his dearest dream was of passing his whole life at her feet, in well-chosen retirement, far from those envious lookers-on who are ever ready to fling their sarcasms on quiet happiness, and who dissemble their envy under cloak of a philosophic scepticism.

He trembled as he entered the marchioness's boudoir. He remained standing before her, and blushed as he kissed her hand. At length, encouraged by a smile, emboldened by the solemnity of this coveted interview, he spoke to her of his love, with a poetic simplicity and an unpremeditated warmth of heart—the genuine enthusiasm of a priest who has faith in the object of his adoration.

And as he spoke, the marchioness sighed, and said within herself: "He is right. Love is happiness. Love is to be two indeed, but one at the same time; and to be free from those importunate intermeddlers, the indifference or the mocking attention of the world."

She remembered, however, the advice of the king, and thus addressed the baron:

"What will you indeed do, in order to convince me of your affection?"

"All that man can do."

The baron was less bold than Monsieur de Beaugency, who had talked of conquering a throne. He was probably more sincere.

"I am ambitious," said the widow.

"Ah!" replied Monsieur de Menneval, sorrowfully.

"And I would that the man whom I marry should aspire to every thing, and achieve every thing."

"I will try so to do, if you wish it."

"Listen; I give you an hour to reflect. I am, you know, the king's god-daughter. I have begged of him an embassy for you."

"Ah!" said Monsieur de Menneval, with indifference.

"He has granted my request. If you love me, you will accept the offer. We will be married this evening, and your excellency the ambassador to Prussia will set off for Berlin immediately after the nuptials. Reflect; I grant you an hour."

"It is useless," answered Monsieur de Menneval; "I have no need of reflection, for I love you. Your wishes are my orders: to obey you is my sole desire. I accept the embassy."

"Never mind," said she, trembling with joy and blushing deeply. "Pass into the room wherein you were just now waiting. I must complete my toilet, and I shall then be at your service. I will summon you."

The marchioness handed out the baron by the right-hand door, as she had handed out the marquis by the left; and then said to herself: "I shall be prettily embarrassed if Monsieur de Beaugency should consent to end his days at Courlaac!"

Thereupon, the king removed the screen and reappeared.

His majesty stepped quietly to the round table whereon he had replaced the oranges, and took up one of them.

"Ah!" exclaimed the marchioness, "I perceive, sire, that you foresee the difficulty that is about to spring up, and go back accordingly to the oranges, in order to settle it."

As his sole reply, Louis XV. took a small ivory-handled penknife from his waistcoat pocket, made an incision in the rind of the orange, peeled it off very neatly, divided the fruit into two parts, and offered one to the astonished marchioness.

"But, sire, what are you doing?" was her eager inquiry.

"You see that I am eating the orange."

"But——"

"It was no manner of use to us."

"You have decided then?"

"Unquestionably. Monsieur de Menneval loves you better than Monsieur de Beaugency."

"That is not quite certain yet; let us wait."

"Look," said the king, pointing to the valet who entered with a note from the marquis. "You'll soon see."

The widow opened the note, and read as follows:

"Madame, I love you—Heaven is my witness; and to give you up is the most cruel of sacrifices. But I am a gentleman. A gentleman belongs to the king. My life, my blood are his. I cannot, without forfeit of my loyalty, abandon his service—"

"Et cetera," chimed in the king, "as was observed by the Abbé Fleury, my tutor. Marchioness, call in Monsieur de Menneval."

Monsieur de Menneval entered, and was greatly troubled to see the king in the widow's boudoir.

"Baron," said his majesty, "Monsieur de Beaugency was deeply in love with the marchioness; but he was more deeply still in love—since he would not renounce it, to please her—with the embassy to Prussia. And you, you love the marchioness much

better than you love me, since you would only enter my service for her sake. This leads me to believe that you would be but a lukewarm public servant, and that Monsieur de Beaugency will make an excellent ambassador. He will start for Berlin this evening; and you shall marry the marchioness. I will be present at the ceremony."

"Marchioness," whispered Louis XV. in the ear of his god-daughter, "true love is that which does not shrink from a sacrifice."

And the king peeled the second orange and ate it, as he placed the hand of the widow in that of the baron.

Then he added:

"I have been making three persons happy: the marchioness, whose indecision I have relieved; the baron, who shall marry her; and Monsieur de Beaugency, who will perchance prove a sorry ambassador. In all this, I have only neglected my own interests, for I have been eating the oranges without sugar—and yet they pretend to say that I am a selfish monarch!"

From the Quarterly Review.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.*

A good many years have elapsed since the attention of the country was very earnestly fixed upon the House of Commons, and during that period its place of meeting has been entirely changed, and some alterations have been introduced into its customs. As the generation which has arisen since 1832 is one which especially clamors for "facts," and is hardly satisfied to take a pin without being conducted through every room of the manufactory, and witnessing the process of wire-drawing, clipping, head-twisting, silvering, and sorting, let us so far fall into the habit of the day as to conduct Young England through the principal part of the Manufactory of Statute Law.

The manufactory itself, as is generally known, is situate on the left bank of Thames, close to the foot of the now doomed Westminster Bridge. It is a magnificent pile, of enormous extent, covering in fact nearly eight

acres, and was erected to replace the parliamentary buildings which were consumed by fire on the 16th of October, 1834. There are nearly as many opinions on the character of the edifice as there are in regard to what goes on within its walls. Its Gothic architecture delights those who see in it a stone embodiment of our Constitution—the slow, irregular, but picturesque growth of ages; but, on the contrary, excites the animadversion of others, who conceive that a national building should be the type of a national civilization, or who, more probably rejecting any such sentimentality, simply prefer the comfortable apartments and well-fitting windows of our modern houses to the imposing chambers and obscuring lattices of our ancestors. The Earl of Ellenborough's proverbial simplicity of taste, which is conspicuous in the chaste and closely-reasoned speeches that have long made him a principal ornament of the distinguished assembly to which he belongs, recently induced his Lordship to say that "he should have liked to have seen a more severe style of architecture

* *The House of Commons.* By Charles R. Dod, Esq. London. 1852-53.

adopted—one which would have been more fitting for the purpose to which it was to be devoted, and which should have had stamped upon it the appearance of that eternity which we all desire our institutions should possess." And Lord Brougham, while paying a hearty tribute to the artistic skill displayed in the building, has "always been of opinion that it was barbarous in the extreme to erect a Gothic structure for parliamentary purposes in the middle of the nineteenth century, and would infinitely have preferred some more sober style." On both sides of this subject, as on every other, a great many strong and sensible things may be said. Those who have lost themselves in Sir Charles Barry's labyrinths—

"Whose wandering ways and many a winding fold
Involve the weary feet, without redress,
In a round error, which denies recess"—

who have shivered in his lofty chambers, and murmured at the early darkness of his cells, have often wished that the multifold magnificence of the New Palace had been exchanged for the convenience and comfort of a modern structure, where the feudal system had been less thought of than easy communication and practical accommodation. On the other hand, those whom Lord Willoughby d'Eresby's cards have admitted to the House of Lords on the day when her Majesty attends to open or to close the sitting, who have witnessed the splendid and significant spectacle which is afforded upon such an occasion, warmly contend that no architectural arrangement could offer so fit a setting for the scene as the gilded and painted roof, the colored windows gleaming with royal effigies, the illuminated heraldry, and the alternating glow and sparkle of that glittering chamber.

There are malcontents of another kind, who allow the propriety of Gothic, but who raise objections to the way in which the subject has been treated. They allege, for instance, that the river front of the manufactory is a mistake, inasmuch as it is a long unbroken frontage, in a style which is beautiful chiefly from its breaks and variations, and that seen from the Thames, the façade reminds the irreverent of a Birmingham steel fender, the small turrets at corners doing duty for the places where the fire-irons repose. But while admitting that there may be some force in various objections of detail which are urged to the edifice as seen at present, we must contend that no final judgment ought to be passed until the completion of the building permits the architect to say that, having at

length done justice to himself, he demands it of the spectator. We believe that it is impossible to estimate by anticipation the effect of the grandest feature of the work, the colossal Victoria tower; and at the slow rate at which its richness creeps skyward, six or seven years must still elapse before the crowning stone is laid. This gigantic column, aided by the effect of the graceful clock-tower, may, and probably will, so dwarf details into insignificance, that fault-finders will thenceforth be ashamed of their vocation. Meantime, the only word for Sir Charles Barry is—*excelsior*.

But it is to a single chamber in this mighty pile that we have to conduct the young Englishman, who, having seen in the outside world innumerable specimens of the way his country's laws are broken, has a laudable curiosity to see how they are made. We might begin with a pleasant picture of that youthful inquirer himself, and imagine him to be an ingenuous youth of agreeable countenance, and country education, who has a befitting veneration for the British Constitution, for patriotism, and for statesmanship, and who has committed to his plastic memory the best passages from Demosthenes, Cicero, and Chatham, and in whom not even the scenes at the elections for the borough near his own quiet home have been able to shake the abstract reverence in which he holds the collective wisdom of the nation. But an Ingenuus of this kind is not easily found in these days of precocity. There was a poor old woman, nearly blind, who used to wander about Smyrna, with one thought only to trouble her fast waning intellect, which was evinced in the ever-recurring moan:—"Where are all the children gone? There are no children now." With much less melancholy note—for we believe the hearts of the youth of England to be as sound and as noble as ever—we may ask, "Where are all the boys gone?" Railway communication, popular literature, and adventurous tailors do wonders for the rising generation, and there seem to be no boys. One day you are helping a flaxen-curled child to turn summersaults on a grass-plot, or to put together a dissected puzzle of Joseph, and the next time you meet, behold a young gentleman in an evening dress, with a faultless cravat, and a grave smile, who asks you, with some concern, whether it is really to be Madame Grisi's last season. So, if we take Ingenuus with us to the House, it is not in the hope that he will meet many of his kind in the galleries or the lobbies.

As Parliament usually meets at the end of

January or the beginning of February, to rise about the second week in August, (the accession and fall of the late Derby administration temporarily deranged the practice,) it may be held to be an afternoon towards the middle of the session, some time in the month of May. We enter the Hall, remarking as we go that Barry's adaptation of his design to the purpose not only of preserving the glorious hall but of making it a grand feature of the Palace deserves all plaudit. There is a long curved line of idle people, drawn up from the door to the "Members' entrance," broken through the left side of the hall, and they stand there to see the members go in, while another detachment wait outside in the air to behold the senators come up in their carriages or on their horses. But we will not linger here, agreeable as it may be to gaze upon the notabilities of the House, or the graceful figures and pleasant faces of less known representatives, but will mount the steps at the upper end of Westminster Hall, and turn to the left. This is St. Stephen's porch; and it leads us into St. Stephen's Hall, of which we have only time to say as we traverse it that it stands upon the site of St. Stephen's Chapel, words so long the penny-a-liner's synonyme for the House of Commons. The statues are those of Hampden, Falkland, Clarendon and Walpole, and eight other worthies are to share the proud distinction. Enter this noble central octagon hall, into which the electric telegraph is laid, with wires to the clubs, so that a man may save his dinner and his country too, by keeping his eye on the regularly transmitted messages: "9.30. *Colonial Churches. Mr. Nimbus, still. Is reading a great number of extracts from Commissioners' Reports. House very empty.*" Or, "11.45. *Conduct of Ministers. Mr. Disraeli just up. Is taunting the Government with having been beaten seven times in eight days. House crowded.*" We are between two corridors. That to the right leads to the House of Lords, that to the left, along which we are to go, to the House of Commons. Thus, at a prorogation, the Queen on her throne and the Speaker in his chair face each other at a distance of some four hundred and fifty feet, and the eagerness of the Commons in their race from their own House to the bar of the Lords has more than once amused their Sovereign Lady. It used indeed to be an open race, but the start is now so managed that the Speaker and the Parliamentary leaders first "touch wood," as schoolboys say.

Through the corridor we enter the Commons' Lobby. Here Ingenius will perceive

considerable bustle. Members are perpetually coming in and out, and as the doors swing open, he gets a momentary view of the Speaker actively presiding over the House. Of the people in the lobby, some want orders for the gallery, some wish to know whether certain petitions have been presented, or certain questions asked, and those who are waiting for the Irish representatives are probably either gentlemen who correspond with the Dublin newspapers, and have come to get the latest political intelligence, or Hibernian adventurers who "depend" upon their friends to obtain them some place or other, "and in the mane time to lind them a thrifle." The good-nature of the Irish members is sorely taxed by this class of hangers-on, who stand here fidgeting and smirking to catch the patron's eye while he is talking to more distinguished acquaintances; but, on the other hand, the poor fellows are most reliable vassals, and their "Sure I will," on being asked to undertake any service, is a pledge always redeemed, unlike many another pledge to which they are frequently driven while waiting the emoluments of office. There is a post-office in this lobby for the convenience of members, which affords great facilities as regards hours—a fact, Ingenius, which you will do well to conceal from your amiable wife, (should you marry and settle in Parliament,) as the old excuse for not writing to her—that you had to be down early at the House—is, you will perceive, untenable, if the truth be known to her.

A stranger is usually sent to the Strangers' Gallery, or, under more favorable circumstances, to the gallery below it, to which the Speaker's name is given. It is probable that before the night is over we may find it desirable to ascend to the former, but for the present, thanks to the agency of a member, we can enter the body of the House, and sit in one of those pews, or pews, by the side of the door. These are privileged places: members who require cramming by well-informed outsiders put their tutors here; here, too, are to be seen strangers who are personally interested in a discussion, as Baron Rothschild during the Jew debate—the London sheriffs in red gowns, when they bring up a civic petition—and on a field-night, still more illustrious visitors.

Behold yourself, Ingenius, at last in the principal chamber of the manufactory of statute law. The apartment itself is not very imposing, but the dark oak and dark green benches give it a good business-like aspect. The chamber, as Sir Charles Barry planned

it, was far more handsome, and not an unworthy working-day companion to the House of Lords. Instead of that roof, which looks like the inside bottom of a huge barge, and which slopes at a rapid and unsightly angle to the windows, which are mean, there was once a fine room here. An experimental sitting, however, was held on the morning of Thursday, the 3d of May, 1850, and, after this and some subsequent meetings, it was found that the fine room would not do. The principles of acoustics had not been studied, and Opposition members were incessantly rising and attacking clauses which the Government had struck out ten minutes before, while the supporters of Ministers were defying their antagonists to divide on amendments of which they had announced the withdrawal. It was felt that either the architectural beauty of the chamber must be sacrificed, or pantomime and the speaking-trumpet must be introduced into the British Constitution. Sir Charles Barry haunted the House in sorrow, as every successive debate more and more convinced him that his design would be disfigured; and though, no doubt, he believed in his heart that the Commons could hear quite as much as was good for them, he was obliged to give way. Let us record therefore, in justice to him, that on the date we have mentioned this was a bold and well-proportioned chamber, with a lofty ceiling, tall windows, and a mass of Gothic tracery in white stone. The only drawback was, that it was a place for debate, and that no debate could be heard. The barge roof was put on, the lowest division of the windows was alone left, and a still greater ruin was wrought, which is not visible from this part of the House. The end of the chamber on the gallery floor was occupied by a beautiful Gothic screen, whose tracery completed the character of the apartment. The barge roof has now hidden all the ornamental part of this screen, and the lower portion is a formal glazed partition, behind which strangers go to their gallery.

This then is the room in which laws are made for some hundred and forty millions of people, and in which through ages to come, in all human probability, laws will continue to be made for Britain and her dependencies. Ingenuus naturally supposes that the inauguration of such a building, the first piece of legislative business transacted in it, would be of an important kind; the fact being that the first petition presented was from an Irish provincial town about an impost which not one person in five hundred knows any thing about; the first speech delivered was by Mr.

Wilson Patten upon formalities connected with the obtaining local acts, and the first division was upon the question whether Mr. A. Hastie should or should not be excused from attending a committee. The numbers may be worth mentioning as showing the attendance,—they were 183 to 41. Even the first formal debate was upon no more imposing a subject than an Irish Elections Bill. Such is the sensible and business-like way in which Englishmen are accustomed to manage serious affairs.

Opposite to Ingenuus sits the Speaker, Mr. Shaw Lefevre, an able man, whom everybody likes. Mr. Serjeant Yelverton being, in Queen Elizabeth's time, nominated to the office, rose and with much mock modesty disavowed his possession of any qualifications for the chair, "for," he said, "he that supplieth this place ought to be a man big and comely, stately and well-spoken, his voice great, his courage majestical, his nature haughty, and his purse plentiful and heavy." The "haughtiness" alluded to by Yelverton may be supposed to have meant loftiness, rather than the objectionable quality now implied in the word, and the whole description may be fairly applied to the present First Commoner. He was originally elected Speaker in 1839 on the retirement of Mr. Abercromby, upon which occasion he was chosen by 317 votes against 299 given for Mr. Goulburn. Since that time he has been thrice re-elected without opposition. When in active politics, the right hon. gentleman voted for Short Parliaments. Possibly his experience, in the chair, of the time it takes to drill a political recruit into a practical statesman, may have induced the gallant Lieutenant-Colonel of the Hampshire Yeomanry to reconsider the question. To his right—and to our young friend's left—sit the Ministers on the foremost bench in front of a huge table. That is Lord John Russell with the large hat. On one side of him sits Mr. Gladstone in black, and beyond is Lord Palmerston; on the other side of him are the lawyers and Sir James Graham. They are backed by the regular supporters of Government. Fronting them sit Her Majesty's Opposition: Mr. Disraeli, bounded by Sir John Pakington on this side and Mr. Walpole on the other, forms the centre, and beyond the latter gentleman is Mr. Henley. The Conservative Opposition fill the benches behind. Two gangways occur, one on each side of the House, and below these and nearer to Ingenuus, on the Government side, sit the Manchester school, and, on the front row, men of some mark. The good Sir Robert Inglis

used to occupy one of these seats. His successor, Sir William Heathcote, sits on one of the back rows opposite, near the Irish ultramontane party, of whom Mr. Lucas, an Englishman, is the only one of any real parliamentary talent. Some of the Irish members are below the gangway, on the Government side of the House—the O'Connells for instance, and others. The galleries along the sides of the House are for the members, who sleep there a good deal, and the gallery behind the Speaker is exclusively devoted to the members of the press. The brass grating above the reporters' sanctum conceals a row of very comfortable nooks in which, by favor of the Serjeant-at-Arms, ladies are placed. Little can be seen of them, a white handkerchief or a bright ribbon just making itself visible in the gloom, but they can both see and hear very well; and it would be better if they confined themselves to these two gratifications, instead of talking and laughing so emphatically. The putting them behind a grating, which really excludes them from the chamber, may perhaps be held their justification for considering that they are entitled to comport themselves as they please. Ladies are admitted into the House of Lords, and conduct themselves with a decorum which proves that the Commons might have ventured on a similar courtesy.

Almost every member is armed with a document of which he appears anxious to be rid as soon as possible. This is the time for presenting petitions. Ingenuus has seen the process of getting up a petition in his quiet country house, and remembers the pains that were bestowed upon the phraseology, the grave discussion whether it might not seem more respectful to the Commons to use the word "regret" instead of "deplore," and what a struggle there was to get the phrase "Roman Catholic brethren" inserted instead of "Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen," and how the curates opposed it and the surgeon and lawyer supported it, and how, after a long squabble, they compromised with the "Roman Catholic population of these islands." How beautifully the petition was engrossed on parchment by one of Mr. Pounce's clerks, and how solemnly the leading signatures were affixed. How Mr. Hairsplit, the retired and serious attorney, signed, but affixed a protest that he did so in a sense only, and added several references to texts, that the House of Commons might look them up and quite understand his motives. How Mr. Quaver, the nervous gentleman, signed, but immediately afterwards wrote a long letter withdrawing his

signature, and ultimately came to the post-office to affix it again, just as the petition was going away. And Ingenuus recollects, no doubt, the rest of the fidgeting, and hesitation, and self-complacency, and pomposity, with which the various other petitioners, according to their natures, performed the important duty, and how, finally, the solemn document was forwarded to the county member with letters, one to his club, the other to his private house, begging him instantly to acknowledge it, and to present it the first practicable moment. Now listen, for here comes a petition which has been prepared with similar awful care.

"Mr. Jones," cries the speaker.

Up gets Mr. Jones. "A petition, Sir, from the inhabitants of (name utterly inaudible) praying that the House will (several words utterly inaudible) Roman Catholics." And Mr. Jones hurries up with the document while the Speaker is putting the formal question that it do lie upon the table, and a clerk seizes it and rams it into a carpet-bag, and when the bag is quite full of petitions, it is carried out of the House; and it is our firm belief that not one member ever read your petition, Ingenuus, or looked out one of Mr. Hairsplit's texts, but that it was hurried up and carried out in precisely the same ignominious way. See how fast the process is going on, and how the members run up, throw down their petitions, and run back.

But this does not prevent petitions from being sent up by the thousand. Look into the papers to-morrow morning and you will see a list, a column long, in which the requisitions of the United Kingdom are specified with great precision. It may be observed that in the inverse proportion to the significance of the petitioners is the magnitude of the demands they make. The teachers and children of the Primitive Methodist (Anglican, Ranters) Sunday-school of Aberdwyllenthewyddyl, North Wales, petition for the abolition of the Church of England, the expulsion of the Bishops from the House of Lords, and the instant withdrawal of our armies from the cause of the infidel Mahometans. A society called the Inherent-Manly Right-Assertion Association, meeting at the Free-thinkers' Casino, (dancing after debates,) Clerkenwell Green, submit a plan for remodelling the Constitution, giving every man of twenty-one a vote, and abolishing all taxes except on landed property. The Mechanics' Institute and Literary Forum of a Manchester suburb require a new system of Municipal

Corporations, of which "skilled labor" is to be the basis, and which shall furnish every man with such a trade as he may select, buy him tools, and advance him capital to begin with. It will be admitted that the persons who thus "humbly pray the honorable House" receive no great injustice at its hands. Then again it has been of late years the fashion to estimate the feeling of the country by the number of petitions and signatures, instead of weighing the character, education, and position of the petitioners; consequently it is a point, when a political battle is being fought, to bring up these documents by hundreds, and members may be seen rising with large bundles. "I have, Sir, one hundred and sixty-three petitions from parishes in Yorkshire against the proposed — tax;" or one of enormous bulk will be heaved up: "A petition, Sir, with 17,191 signatures, from inhabitants of the manufacturing districts, against compulsory vaccination." For the Reform Bill of the present year there were *eleven* petitions, of which *four* only were absolutely in favor of a measure so much demanded by the nation. As to the miscellaneous subjects in which the aid of Parliament is prayed, the list of a single night's petitions shows that the celebrated simile of the elephant's trunk, that can pick up a pin or root up an oak, precisely indicates the popular notion of the powers of the House of Commons. On the self-same night it is prayed to against church-rates, against poor-rates, against highway-rates, against direct taxes, against indirect taxes, against the police, against interments in towns, against the closing of burial-grounds, against public houses, against the licensing system, against explosions in mines, against Temple Bar, against paper duties, against the war with Russia, against Lord Aberdeen, against the Court of Chancery, against tenants having to pay rent in Ireland, against keeping Sunday, against working over-hours; that the master of Killybolscoyne workhouse may be discharged; that the British Museum may be open seven days in the week; that the classics be no longer taught in public schools; that the brewers may be deprived of their monopoly; that British and not foreign music may be performed at Her Majesty's dinner-parties; that third-class railway carriages may be made as luxurious as first-class; that primogeniture may be abolished; that a man may be at liberty to marry his grandmother; and that no person shall be hanged under any circumstances whatever.

Ingenuus will probably ask how this list is obtained, for he finds that it is quite impossible to hear what is said at the presentation, and he sees that the reporters are talking to one another, and, apparently, taking few notes, or none. They are saved this trouble by an officer of the House, who obtains from any member who desires that it should be known that he has discharged his trust, a memorandum of his name, that of the petitioning locality, and the purport of the prayer. The list thus made out is handed to the leading newspapers.

But now comes a more stirring time. Questions are to be asked, and the Ministers are to answer them. There is a certain document, called "the paper," which is in everyone's hand, and which is the programme of the business of the evening—a parliamentary play-bill. It is printed every day, and retains the Latin heading, "*Saturni, 29 die Aprilis, 1844*," supposing that such Saturday were the day of sitting. Saturdays, however, are seldom invaded until late in the session. On this paper, after the orders of the day, comes a list of questions of some such description as the following:

Mr. Lucas. To ask the First Lord of the Admiralty whether he has heard the report that a midshipman of H. M. S. Roarer, off the West India coast, remarked to a companion that the image of the Virgin in one of the Catholic churches at the Havana reminded him of the black doll over a marine store-shop, and whether such midshipman is still retained in Her Majesty's service.

Mr. Williams. To ask the Chancellor of the Exchequer whether the sums of money which he is perpetually advertising as receipts from Tender Consciences are really received, and if so, what is done with the money; and whether any instructions are given to the police to trace the senders, who, having obviously long pursued a dishonest career, seek to quiet their self-reproaches by such reimbursements.

Mr. F. French. To ask Lord John Russell whether he has any objection to explain to the House the whole designs of our Government in the conduct of the war, and to produce copies of all the secret instructions given to our commanders.

But all the questions are not placed upon the paper. Of some the interrogator gives private notice to the minister whom he designs to question, and others are asked without notice, either on the ground that the events occasioning them (as the arrival of tidings of a battle) have only just occurred,

or in the hope that no preparatory notice will be required. It is hardly necessary to say that the form of the answer depends at least as much on the character of the respondent as upon the nature of the subject. As regards the present Cabinet, the difference is considerable. Even if Lord John Russell intends to reply to the question at all, he usually speaks in rather an under-voice, and is moving from the table to sit down before he has quite done, by which means his last words are often lost. With attention, however, and if not very far off, you can make out his meaning; but if it is a case in which he does not particularly care about being heard and reported, the articulation is most artistically confused. As a rule, and unless the proposed question be a means of enabling the Government to state what it wishes should be known, Lord John Russell, doubtless without intending it, contrives to convey the impression that the interrogating a Minister of the Crown is, after all, rather taking a liberty. Not so Lord Palmerston. He springs to his feet, as if quite glad to have an opportunity of satisfying so very reasonable a curiosity as that of the honorable member who has asked the question. He then states the matter in his own way, makes the House feel that every thing is quite right, or if otherwise, that it is not Lord Palmerston's fault, and adroitly seasons the explanation with some jocose but good-natured allusion to the querist, which calls up a laugh. No man, however, can give, upon a serious question, a better weighed or manlier reply than the Home Secretary; but he well understands the art of silencing those whom his friend Mr. Canning used to call the yelpers. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is grave enough. He poises himself upon the green box, and points his finger, as one who is not going to let you off until you quite understand the subject, and then he explains it to you at such length, and with such a *copia verborum*, that you feel quite ashamed of the unreasonable trouble you have given to a man who has so much else to attend to. He presents you with such an elaborate essay on the matter, looking at it in various lights, and analyzing its various bearings, doing it withal in so pleasant a voice and with so gentlemanly a manner, that you receive the address as a personal compliment. His answers contrast a good deal with those of Lord Palmerston. Supposing each minister were asked what day the session would be over, the Viscount would reply that it was the intention of Her Majesty to close the session on the 18th of August. Mr. Glad-

stone would possibly premise that inasmuch as it was for Her Majesty to decide upon the day which would be most acceptable to herself, it was scarcely compatible with parliamentary etiquette to ask her ministers to anticipate such decision; but presuming that he quite understood the purport of the right honorable gentleman's question, of which he was not entirely assured, the completion of the duties of the House of Commons, and the formal termination of the sitting of the Legislature, being two distinct things, he would say that Her Majesty's Ministers had represented to the Queen that the former would probably be accomplished about the 18th of August, and that such day would not be unfavorable for the latter, and therefore, if the Sovereign should be pleased to ratify that view of the case, the day he had named would probably be that inquired after by the right honorable gentleman. Sir James Graham's long experience and shrewd practical habit of mind enable him to give one of the best answers which is heard in Parliament; but the low voice in which he usually replies prevents the House from having the full advantage of his information. The law answers of the Cabinet are given by the Attorney-General with promptness and clearness, and by the Solicitor-General with more elaboration, and with a precision most acceptable in print, but marred into apparent pedantry to the ear by the singular delivery of this accomplished lawyer.

Petitions and questions having been disposed of, and notices of motion given—that is, members having announced that on a certain day they intend to move for leave to bring in a bill, or for the appointment of a committee, or that a certain resolution be agreed to—what comes next? This is a Government night, which means that the business of the nation, as administered by the Government, is discussed before private members are entitled to be heard. The difference is enormous. For example, on Tuesday, which was not such a night, and private members had a right to begin the evening with their own subjects in the order in which they stood on the paper for that *Dies Martis*, a melancholy event occurred. Two liberal members, both patriots of great merit, and both dreadful bores, had motions on the paper. The subjects were very important. Ingenious would have felt that out of the 654 members of the House, at least 650 should have attended, and if the other four were ill, they should have sent medical certificates.

1. Mr. Proser. To call the attention of

the House to the want of educational provision for the humbler classes.

2. Mr. Droner. To call the attention of the House to the circumstances attending the arrest of a Jew pedlar, called Moses Shobbus, who on the 27th of March last was taken into custody at Ditchford fair while pursuing his regular and licensed business, and who was committed by Col. Baffy and the Rev. Peter Brown, magistrates, to the county jail on a charge of embezzlement, of which he has been ascertained to be innocent.

To constitute a House, there must be forty members present, including the Speaker; and when he took his chair at four o'clock, and began counting with his three-cornered hat, there were but twenty-three. It is even said that members who had come down to the House had not only refused to go in themselves, but had prevented others from entering until the counting was over. At least so Mr. Proser asserted, when on another night he adverted with patriotic wrath to the subject, and desired that Government would give him one of their own nights for his discourse, a proposition which was very unfavorably received. It may be well to add that undue blame must not attach to Parliament for this and similar occurrences. It was felt that Mr. Proser was of all men the most unfitted to deal usefully with a great subject; it was known that he had taken it up for the sake of promoting his own reputation, and it was foreseen that after a couple of hours or more of dreariness, citations from blue-books, and common place oratory, Mr. Proser would have sat down, and been told by a member of the Ministry that his good intentions were appreciated, and that the facts he stated were admitted, but that the subject must be dealt with by Government, and not by a private member. These considerations it might be felt justified the no-house as regarded Mr. Proser; but how 654 members, less 23, could stay away when such a case as that of Moses Shobbus called for their indignation, Ingenius must discover for himself.

There is no fear of such a catastrophe to-night, for it is, as we have said, a Government night, and the Secretary to the Treasury, that restless, pleasant-looking person, who is here, there, and everywhere, (his appearance has reminded somebody of Napoleon, with a tight boot on his mind,) has seen to his duty. "The clerk will now proceed to read the orders of the day," says Mr. Shaw Lefevre. Supposing it were pos-

sible to "take" them all, there would be a goodly night's work before us; but the fact is, that the time will be almost exclusively occupied with a discussion on the second:

1. Ways and Means.

2. Criminals' Enfranchisement Bill.

Second reading.

The homely-sounding phrase, "Ways and Means," which is the first item in the list, implies the machinery by which the funds are raised for meeting the national expenditure. In a Committee of Ways and Means the Chancellor of the Exchequer makes his proposals for taxation, and when the Committee has agreed to resolutions in favor of his propositions, they are re-cast, as bills, and are regularly passed by both Houses, the hereditary legislature having the right to throw them out altogether, but not to alter them. This committee is frequently the arena of a grand battle, but to-night it will not occupy more than five minutes, a merely formal vote being taken. Mr. Hume, however, interrupts, in order to ask the Chancellor of the Exchequer whether he has introduced his promised alteration as to certain drawbacks, and the Chancellor courteously assures him that the subject has not been forgotten, but that some technical difficulty has prevented the blanks from being as yet filled up. Mr. Hume complains that this is really sadly irregular—here is another stage passed through, and nobody knows what he is voting—but, though disapproving, allows the matter to pass. The gentleman in wig and gown comes round to the front of the table, lifts up the mace, and restores it to its place; for when the House is in Committee the mace is off the table, but when the Speaker resumes his chair, the emblem of dignity is again laid before him. But perhaps the most amusing ceremony in which "the Bauble" figures is when a Master in Chancery comes with a message from the Lords. The Serjeant-at-Arms goes reverently up to the Speaker and announces the fact, and the Speaker kindly lends him the mace, that he may receive the Master in a more imposing manner. Armed with—almost staggering under—the gilded load, the Serjeant walks down the House to fetch the Master. The pair form in line, and come marching up to the table, the Master being more splendid in regard to costume, but the Serjeant borrowing the reflected glory of the mace. They bow at various stages of the journey, and the Master, having arrived, delivers the message of the Lords, the Serjeant standing by him with his grand weapon, and

looking as if he were ready to castigate him on the spot if he should show any lack of reverence. Then they retreat, *pari passu*, bowing whenever it occurs to them, and in this retrograde movement the Serjeant has an advantage, his legs being unincumbered, whereas the heels of the other are in chancery, and his gown is traitorous. However, we have never seen a Master fall down, and perhaps the dexterity of the official is due to long rehearsals. Finally, the Serjeant having seen his companion back to the bar, comes up again with more reverences to return the Speaker his mace, and then bows himself back to his own chair, after these six promenades. Strangers do not always look respectfully upon this ceremonial, but nothing is so wholesome as etiquette between neighbors.

But now comes the real battle of the evening. The second reading of the Criminals' Enfranchisement Bill is called. The process of considering an act of parliament is this: The measure, if an important Government one, is probably recommended, either specifically or by implication, in the Speech from the Throne. Early in the session the leader of the House usually announces the order in which the propositions will be introduced. He mentions that on a certain day he shall move for leave to bring in a bill for conferring the electoral franchise on certain criminals. A hear, hear, usually follows from his own side of the House, echoed by another from the opposition in a tone which intimates that there will be something to say against the measure. The notice duly appears in the paper, and on the appointed night the Minister explains the nature of his bill. Unless a very important principle is involved in the measure, and one which is patent at first glance, it is usual, after a brief discussion, which almost takes on the part of the opposition the nature of a provisional protest, to allow the bill to be introduced. But there are frequent and significant exceptions to this rule. Supposing, however, that, as in the present case, the bill was duly introduced and read a first time, (*that reading being a form*.) the question was fought out upon the second reading. It may be convenient to add here, that if the second reading be carried, the bill is subsequently discussed in committee, clause by clause, and this process frequently occupies many sittings, any member being at liberty to propose amendments,—debates and divisions often taking place on each. Sometimes those who could not defeat a measure on the second reading,

succeed in so modifying it in committee, as to deprive it of much of its original and, to them, objectionable character. The bill is printed in a form which affords every assistance for reference. Not only the pages and clauses, but the lines being numbered at intervals, like those of a classic poet, and a synopsis being prefixed as an index, it is not difficult for a legislator of ordinary intelligence and power of attention to know what is going on in committee. Nevertheless, blunders do occur, and members rise and proceed to discuss clauses which, as they are presently informed with some good-natured tartness by their chairman, have been agreed to already, or have not been reached. Finally, the bill gets through committee, it is "reported" with amendments to the Speaker, it is "considered, as amended," and, if the House agrees to the measure as thus altered, it is set down for a third reading. It is even now open to fresh alterations; but supposing that it is at length deemed a perfect piece of parliamentary workmanship, or those who are still dissatisfied despair of further improvement, the question is put "that the bill do pass." It has then to be christened, and we have heard disputes among the sponsors, some declaring that the original name ought to be retained, and some asserting that the nature of the measure has been so totally changed that in common consistency it must have a new title. When the bill is named, the House of Commons has done with it. As we are reminded by Mr. Dod, (the author of the trim and accurate little volume which, reëdited year by year, has been the Parliamentary Hand-book since the Reform Bill Lord John *did* pass,) there may be seven divisions taken on a bill, exclusively of divisions on the question what days the bill should be discussed, and on questions of adjournment of debate, and exclusively also of proceedings in committee and on amendments. These seven epochs in the life of a law are, 1st, on the second reading; 2d, that the bill be committed; 3d, that the report of the committee be received; or 4th, that the bill be recommitted; 5th, that it be read a third time; 6th, that it do pass; 7th, on the title. This list excludes the possible division on the very first stage, when, as we have said, the bill may be eliminated, or thrust away from the parliamentary threshold.

The Criminals' Enfranchisement Bill, for giving votes in parliamentary elections to certain convicts, is a scheme of the Government for meeting a demand which has been

rather clamorously urged by some of its supporters; and although the Ministry may not expect or even desire to pass the measure, they must at least go through the necessary formalities. It may be regarded as a type of a genus of propositions on which the course of Parliament is usually similar. An *habitué* could almost improvise the debate which will take place; and notwithstanding that we select an extreme and fictitious case, we believe that those who have been accustomed to listen to the discussions in the Commons will not the less readily recognize that it is no inaccurate epitome of the hackneyed style of argument which is reproduced session after session by some of the standing speakers of the House. The debate will therefore be a bore to old members, but to the new men it will be improving, as showing how easily and plausibly almost any thing can be opposed or supported by trained advocates.

The leader of the House—he happens at this time to be a Whig nobleman, with an historical name—on hearing the order of the day, merely moves that the bill be read a second time. He makes no speech now, but reserves himself for the reply. The question is put, and an opposition speaker rises to begin the debate. The Speaker calls to him by name. It is Sir Frederic Thesiger, who has put on the paper a notice, that on the second reading of this bill being moved, he shall move as an amendment that it be read a second time that day six months. His seat is in the front opposition row—he was Lord Derby's Attorney-General—and he moors himself to one of the two green buoys which lie right and left of the Speaker, and which are full of Testaments, and cards on which the Members' oaths are printed. The lawyers usually speak well, but they all speak too long, the common law being, however, less prolix than the Chancery. Sir Frederic is an able and a fluent advocate, who does full justice to his brief; but though he is by no means one of the most lengthy, and though his impressive manner prevents his losing your attention, he would be more effective if he condensed his speeches. He is now delivering a damaging address, hacking the bill to pieces in a merciless manner, and urging against it the slight objections—first, that it is utterly unconstitutional; secondly, that it is inconsistent with other legislation; thirdly, that it is exceedingly absurd; and lastly, that it cannot possibly work. There is a great appearance of earnestness about him, and he seems most desirous to

convince the author of the bill (the noble lord," with a curious emphasis on the noun) of its extreme badness. When he sits down, he has forestalled and exhausted most of the objections which subsequent speakers will take to the bill, and refuted by anticipation not a few of the pleas in its favor. As soon as he has done, (and he has been speaking nearly two hours,) the members wait to hear who comes next, and finding that a gentleman of very enduring powers of talk gets up on the Ministerial side, there is a simultaneous uprising and departure, and the House, in which there were just before three hundred and fifty members, now contains perhaps sixty. The Conservative benches are nearly deserted, most of the Irishmen are gone, and a large number of the supporters of Government. The only part of the House which shows any thing like a cluster of members is behind the bench where the Administration sits, or rather sat, for the Ministers have also departed, except two, who mount guard. Where are they all gone? Gone for that which the ingenious Dr. Doran contends derived its name from a corruption of the words indicating the time at which in old Norman days it was taken—Dinner, or *dixième heure*. All those carriages, and cabs, and broughams, and glistening steeds, that waited in compact array in Palace Yard, are hurrying away with legislators; some hastening to their homes, some to the clubs. There are refectories too in the House itself, where the wine is better than the cookery, and wires laid to all the important parts of the building will warn you, should your party need your presence as a talker or a voter.

But the member who has got up to answer Sir Frederic, and who enacts what is irreverently called "dinner-bell," bears this rudeness on the part of the House so patiently, waits so composedly until the noise of departing members is over, and then addresses himself to his work so prosily, that it would be unkind to name him. He sends up a glance at intervals to the representatives of the press, but they know better than to give him more than about a couple of lines every ten minutes; and you may now and then see a reporter, when relieved by his colleague, give the latter a congratulatory nod as he takes his seat, to hint that the duties of the moment are not very heavy. This speaker, who commenced about half-past seven, prosed on until a quarter to nine. The Speaker selects an opposition bore to follow, for the breed is plentiful; and some

of the class have made a hasty dinner, and come back, in the hopes of getting a hearing while the great-guns are away. Two or three speakers of no great mark thus draggle on the debate till ten o'clock.

The House, which met in a blazing afternoon, has sat out the sun, and the chamber was in a pleasant *demi-jour*, just light enough to be comfortable to the eyes, when one of the bores began to read documents; but as he was reading the paper very badly, the Speaker took compassion on him, and the faintest little tingle of a bell was heard. Before its sound had ceased, the House was filled with the pleasantest artificial light in the world. The flat central portion of the large ceiling was removed by the last experimentalists on the lighting of the apartment, and its place supplied with those sixty-four squares of ground-glass, slightly painted with the floral ornaments which decorate the rest of the roof. Above this is a system of Bude lights which kindle up in a moment, and thus, although not a lamp or a spark of fire is seen, there is sent down a supply of cool, mild, soft light, very comforting to the eyes of sexagenarians. There is another device which escapes general notice. The light we have mentioned, being above the roof, does not illuminate it; but several carved and adorned pendants, which hang down from the ceiling, bear bright lights, quite invisible to the House, and throw up their flame upon the painted roof, that would otherwise be in gloom. If Parliaments should exist a hundred years, we disbelieve, making all reverent allowance for the march of improvement, that the House of Commons will be better lighted in 1954 than it is in 1854; and, we having sat in that chamber through hundreds of weary nights, our gratitude for the present system may be accepted as a testimony to its merit.

Ten o'clock, and no one, except the bores, has followed the distinguished advocate. We may make an exception in favor of a middle-aged gentleman, but a very young member, who has delivered his maiden speech, and managed to settle his rank in the senate for the rest of his legislative life. He is a dull, good sort of tradesman, who was making his fortune by honest, plodding industry, when somebody was inconsiderate enough to die and leave him a legacy; and, being much respected in his native borough, he has managed to get himself returned. He has put on a very fine waistcoat, and has learned his speech very perfectly, especially his introductory sentence, in which he states

that he had no intention of addressing the House that evening, but feels it his duty to his constituents to answer the remarks of the preceding speaker, a promise which he does not attempt to keep. The studied paragraphs come out very rollingly and neatly up to a certain point, when his memory fails him, (he bitterly remembers how, rehearsing before the glass, he *always* broke down at that fine image of the onward wave of enlightenment sweeping bigotry into the vortex of forgetfulness,) and he begins to stammer and pause. The House, with the instinct of gentlemen, give a cheer to the struggling man; but this kindness flusters him the more—he looks helpless, and then he nervously extracts a small paper from his pocket, and standing sideways, looks at it stealthily. He is too much agitated, however, to recover his lost clue: a few more sentences begun and not ended, and he “will not intrude any longer upon the attention of the House.” Another slight, encouraging cheer, and he sits down very hot, and begins energetically to explain to the honorable members right and left what he intended to say, and how he came to forget; and, having thus consoled them, he rushes out of the House in much discomfort. He fully expects that a failure which seemed so dreadful to himself will be eagerly pounced upon by everybody else, and half fears to open his newspaper next morning, lest he should find the leader beginning, “Of all the ridiculous exhibitions of imbecility which the House of Commons have ever witnessed, last night afforded,” &c. But he is not assailed by the editor; and it is with a grateful heart that he reads in the reporting column, that Mr. Boggle briefly supported the second reading of the bill. All maiden speeches are not like this; and few things are more pleasant than to hear the young inheritor of a distinguished name show himself worthy of it, by a modest but spirited inauguration of his parliamentary career, or to listen to an earnest, practical, self-made senator, who rises for the first time, and, believing that he is talking on serious business to serious men, discards the idea of speech-making, and delivers his opinion as coolly and rationally to the House of Commons as he would have done to his Board of Directors or commercial associates.

But the House has filled up again, the curtains are drawn, the much-enduring Speaker has taken his few minutes of refreshment, strangers have stretched their legs, and wondered to whom the right honorable gentleman called on leaving the chair;

a doubt now solved by his inviting Mr. Henry Drummond to rise. The fine bald head and intellectual features of that eccentric speaker are seen to advantage, as he occupies a corner of the front bench, below the Ministerial gangway, and he steps forward upon the floor. The House always listens to him, for they are sure of something quaint and amusing, and are almost equally sure of something which will hit very hard. He has not much to say about the Criminals' Enfranchisement Bill—it is all a part of the modern system of taking thought for scoundrels, instead of against them, as our ancestors used to do; but he wishes to know why the proposed enfranchisement is restricted to those who have been guilty of offences against property? Why is not the right of voting given to those who have committed crimes against the person? Does the noble lord, the victim of Manchester, mean to say that Mammon is more sacred than human life? And down sits Mr. Drummond, with a mischievous glance at the cotton gentlemen behind him. Sir John Pakington rises next, at the opposition green box. His exordium is perhaps a little more solemn than is necessary; and that apology for troubling the House is certainly needless from a man who will as certainly inform it. After that you have excellent sense, and a view of the case derived from experience. He has been chairman of quarter-sessions—he knows a great deal about our criminals, and he has long directed his attention to the educational problem. His objections to the bill are derived from the conviction that it will be mischievous; for, though not undervaluing constitutional theories, he tells you that he conceives we have a right to apply a more practical test than that of mere symmetry. You are going to give criminality a *status*, with rights and privileges, and you will encourage claimants for such honors, while breaking down the wholesome rule, that social advantages shall accompany moral conduct. Several barristers who have obtained their own consent to be Solicitors-General in due time, rise to win their spurs by a reply; but the gentleman who has beaten them in the race will save them the trouble. Mr. Solicitor admits that the question of morals is the all-important one, but remarks that a system which tends to render the vicious hopeless is in itself highly immoral. Sir Richard is a courageous speaker, despite his mincing manner, and taking a bold view of his case, he enlarges with great tact upon the cruelty which thrusts back an erring

man from all the advantages of society, and the impolicy which thereby arms him against it. He disdains to meet a speech upon the principle of a measure with any thing else than principles, while smaller advocates imagine it a feat to lead the House away from principle to detail, and cite long arrays of figures to show that out of 2571 criminals convicted between September and July, only 1233 had ever been on any poll book at all, and of these, 289 had been struck out by the revising barrister.

Sir Richard's speech calls up Mr. Henley, who speaks very shrewdly in a tone of good-natured grumbling. He demolishes the Government theory after the Socratic method, and in colloquial fashion inquires whether they mean to tell him that a thief ought to stand at a polling-booth and register a vote which shall have equal weight with that of an honest man. Nor can he avoid a quiet fling at gentlemen opposite, and he informs the advocates of the ballot that they ought to go one step farther, and put the disreputable vote into an envelope as well as the cowardly vote. Up, in great readiness, springs Mr. Bright, who asserts that, if the ballot had been law years ago, we should have had no criminals, because the people would have elected members who would have promoted education; and the honorable member is not of old Richard Baxter's opinion, who says, "We mistake men's diseases when we think nothing more is necessary to cure them than the evidence of truth." He takes this opportunity of showing that we spend ten times as much money in jails as in schools, and of expressing his belief that if newspapers were made cheap—newspapers, of course, that express the views of Manchester, for the hon. member's notions of dictatorship in such matters are said to be decided—we should do away with one great cause of crime among the working classes, namely, their lack of means to know what is going on in Parliament. Several Irish members rise, and the one selected by the Speaker complains that Ireland is excluded from the operation of the bill, which is a crying injustice, as Ireland contributes at least her share of criminals to the jail return of the United Kingdom. Had the bill been a Conservative one, he could have traced in the exclusion the bigoted hatred of ultra-Protestants to those who might be supposed to be influenced by the teaching of the Catholic clergy; but, coming from the champion of civil and religious liberty, he cannot comprehend it. This offers an ex-

cellent opportunity for a diatribe against the system of jail chaplains, which the honorable member contends is most oppressive as regards Catholics, and he reads a variety of papers to illustrate the case of a poor Irish felon, named Patrick M'Murtagh, who, being confined in an English prison for murder, had woke horror-stricken from his sleep and demanded the instant presence of his priest. The hour being midnight, the governor of the prison refused to send for the clergyman until the morning; and this frightful case of persecution had been discussed in all the Irish papers, a Roman Catholic bishop had set a great \times against it, and now it was brought before the British legislature. No Irish representative ever speaks without being followed and contradicted by another, the process going on until the House interferes; and accordingly an honorable and legal member, who happened to have prosecuted M'Murtagh, has his version of the story, and an allegation that, if the priest had been sent for, he was too tipsy to come. This brings up Mr. Lucas, who declares his disbelief that any Catholic priest ever got tipsy, and adds, that this is not a question in which a Catholic can take much interest, because no Catholic ever was a criminal. Mr. Whiteside must answer this, and without the slightest wish to impugn the veracity of Mr. Lucas, enumerates ten cases in which he had himself convicted Papists, and transported them; and adds that, in his Italian travels, he had seen many priests who had all the marks of having passed a very convivial evening. Mr. John Fitzgerald protests rather pathetically that "the terrums applied by the honorable and learned member to the clergymen of his (Mr. Fitzgerald's) Church are calculated to make Catholics rise in arms against such treatment, besides that they are not the least in the worruld necessary in a discussion on this beel." This latter remark would perhaps apply to a good deal else that has been said, and the House is of the same opinion, for there are impatient cries of "Question;" and, on another Irish member rising to confute Mr. Fitzgerald, the exclamations grow so loud that Ireland feels she has had all the share of the debate she is likely to get that night.

But it is now late, and the Leader of the Commons, glancing round and satisfying himself that nobody else wants to speak whom the House wants to hear, touches his hat. "Lord John Russell," says the Speaker. There is a cry of "Order, order,"—men address themselves to listen, and cough, that

they may have done with that English preliminary. Some slip up into the gallery, and hasten round so as to get opposite to Lord John. The reporters, who have been taking it easily, now look out for real work, and his Lordship lays his hat upon the table and begins. He confesses that he might have felt some difficulty in dealing with the multiplied objections which had been made to his bill, if, fortunately, many of them did not answer others, and the rest refute themselves. But he does proceed to "take all their points in his target," and deals with them with no small adroitness. He is happier, however, at demonstrating the weakness and inconsistency of an antagonist than in establishing a proposition of his own—a characteristic supposed to be especially Whiggish. He therefore dwells on the various objections, and, with a "Well, then," either effects a *reductio ad absurdum* in each case, or imagines himself to have done so. He next shows that the Government, having inserted in the Royal Speech a recommendation that extension of the suffrage to persons at present unqualified should be considered, it was strictly in accordance with precedent to introduce this measure. He refers to various historical cases in which ministers, especially Mr. Fox and Lord Grenville, have brought in similar bills, at exactly the same distance from the beginning of the session as the present time; and, if the House escapes a reference to Magna Charta, it will hardly get off without a mention of Lord Somers. He warms a little as he gets on; refers to his own successes in extending the franchise; and though he is obliged (he retains some old phrases and old sounds, appoints debates for to-morrow se'nnight, and speaks of Room when alluding to the Scarlet Lady) to admit that this is not a large measure, it is, he contends, a safe, a just, and a constitutional one. He relies upon the support of the House in carrying out a policy which tends to the establishment of our institutions on a broader basis, and to enable the country the better to carry out the great duty committed to her by Providence—a peroration so often repeated that it might also be kept stereotyped at Messrs. Hansard's. His Lordship takes his hat from the table and sits down, and some people think that, the minister having replied, the debate ought to be over, and the verdict taken. Mr. Disraeli is of a different opinion, and has established for himself a precedent of always replying upon the Government. He begins very distinctly, but very quietly. Perhaps the art of

compelling a hearer to listen to every word spoken by an orator was never carried to higher perfection—we do not refer to the internal power of his oratory, but to its manner. He had not intended to speak, (he is frequently in this case,) but—there is some reason why he should. If a tax question is on, he thinks it would be disrespectful to the sovereign as he has been Chancellor of the Exchequer, if he did not offer a few observations. If a privilege question, of course, one who had led the House of Commons may naturally be expected to take an interest in a subject affecting its rights. If there be no other reason for frustrating his own intention to avail himself (as the Frenchman said) of a great opportunity of holding his tongue, it is to be found in the strange and unexampled doctrine of the noble lord. The well-prepared attack is then delivered. The House is requested to go back a few months. The history of the session is traced, sarcastic comments upon each legislative act or attempt enlivening the story, and complaints of long-forgotten personalities coming up like new grievances, but so dexterously introduced that the hearer who relishes what he affects to condemn is inwardly glad they have rankled so long. Then the measure before the House is shown not to be a mere isolated endeavor to capitalize a little popularity by pandering to a party whim, but a link in a long chain of unconstitutional practices, for which impeachment would be so much too mild a treatment that he will not even propose a vote of want of confidence. Towards the end of his speeches, Mr. Disraeli gets very loud, but his voice takes a purely artistic tone—passion has nothing to do with it—and he drops from an angry clamor to a smooth colloquialism, just as cleverly as Mr. Macready used to do in *Lord Tennyson*, when, in the scene where he is upbraiding his wife, a servant enters, and the highly-bred man, not choosing that a menial should witness his anger, forces his voice down into the gentlest, “Desire Mr. Manley to walk up stairs.” But that last taunt sounds like a termination—or is there another bang in the squib?—yes, one more, and with a capitally constructed closing sentence, of which the last syllable rings as distinctly in the ear as the first, the leader of her Majesty’s Opposition sits down. There are loud cries for a division, but the gallant Colonel Sibthorp will be heard, and the House humors him, knowing that he will be brief. He has nothing to say, except that he considers the ministry to be the most shuffling, vacillating, contemptible gang—yes, Sir, gang—ever as-

sembled, and that *timet Danaüs et dona ferentes*. The Speaker then proceeds to put the question.

Although the old rule of turning strangers out of the House during the mystic process of division has been rescinded, it is with an exception as regards those who sit in the Speaker’s gallery, and who might cause inconvenience by getting among the members. So, that declaration, “Strangers must withdraw,” though a *brutum fulmen* for the strangers above, turns Ingenius out. He must therefore hasten up stairs, and watch the proceedings from the privileged gallery.

There is a sand-glass on the Speaker’s table, and this is turned over when the debate concludes, and during the two minutes that the sand is running, members, duly warned, hurry up from the library, smoking-rooms, dining-rooms, and the Thames promenade, where, at high-water, and when the wind does not bring over the reek of those foul manufactories, a senator’s lounge is not unpleasant—the accessories of the scene being the sparkling lights, plashing river, and a good cigar. The time is up, everybody has been whipped in, and see how the bar is crammed, and how the foremost ranks press forward towards the centre of the House. The Speaker orders the door to be closed. He then puts the question. Its form is mystic, as are many things here, but there is no great danger of a mistake, whippers-in being alert, and members knowing the advantage of following their leaders. The proposal was, that the Criminals’ Enfranchisement Bill should be read a second time. Sir F. Thesiger’s amendment was, that instead of the words “a second time,” there should be inserted “this day six months.” The question is, whether the words proposed to be left out, namely, “a second time,” shall stand. “Those who are of that opinion, say ‘Aye.’”

“Aye,” say a great many voices on the Government side.

“Those who are of a contrary opinion, say ‘No.’”

“No!” comes in thunder from the Opposition, who have better lungs than the Ministerialists. The Speaker then casually remarks, “I think the Ayes have it.”

He is, however, instantly and flatly contradicted by various Noes, and without contesting the point, he exclaims—

“The Ayes to the right, the Noes to the left.”

All the members come down from their seats, and the floor is crowded. They are making their way, slowly, to the lobbies ap-

propriated to them. The Speaker nominates two tellers on each side, whose business it is to ascertain the numbers—a couple of Government men, and the mover and seconder of the amendment. While the House is clearing, the four tellers linger and exchange jokes. A member is taking the opposite side to that of his party, and a teller calls after him that he is going the wrong way. A young gentleman with a large paletot has arrived in a Highland dress, from some masked ball, and one of the four, as he passes, invites him to take off the paletot, in order to delight the Speaker's eyes with a view of his costume. As soon as the House is reported clear, the tellers follow to do their work.

Now the members, having voted, begin to reënter in single file, and return to their seats. A clerk in wig and gown goes to the Opposition green box to be ready to take the numbers. Sir Frederic Thesiger comes in, looking quite triumphant, walks up to the clerk and speaks—a sensation round the House, and then a tremendous Opposition cheer. Enter Mr. Hayter, the Secretary to the Treasury, not looking quite so well pleased, and he also approaches the clerk. The four tellers then form in line, and retire, backing. As they do so, their position indicates the victory. The right-hand man of the four belongs to the winning side, and in that station is the tall form of Sir Frederic Thesiger. Another tremendous Opposition cheer, and the four go bowing up to the table, and Sir Frederic reads from a paper—

"The Ayes to the right were 220, the Noes to the left, 234." Terrific cheering. Government beaten by 14, and the Criminals' Enfranchisement Bill lost.

For a few minutes business is suspended, members laugh over the victory and defeat, and ministers are seen in converse. Ingenious may suppose that they are consoling one another under the painful catastrophe; but it is more probable that they are arranging what other business shall be taken that night. The door having been reopened, members depart, though so large a House usually leaves a pretty large fragment up to the time of adjournment.

The other orders are now read by the Speaker.

If there is an Irish bill on the list, seven members of the Emerald Isle will start up with protests against proceeding with Irish business at that unseasonable hour, and it is just as probable that if they had not protested, the measure would have been postponed. But when Lord Palmerston moves the second

reading of the "Thames Purification Bill," and Mr. Somebody, whose friend is the owner of filthy works which befoul the river, is sure that the Home Secretary will not press so important a measure at such an hour, the Viscount is justly obdurate, and says that the smell is horrible, and that London cries out for vengeance. Some matter-of-course bill will next go through committee with inconceivable rapidity, the clerk who lifts up the mace not thinking it worth while to put it down, but merely holding it off the table until Mr. Bouverie has rattled through the clauses, (there are but three,) and then replaces it. The paper being exhausted, various members of the Government walk to the end of the House, and are called to by name.

"Sir James Graham."

"Papers, Sir, by command of her Majesty."

"Bring them up." And Sir James bows, and deposits the papers, which are for the information of the House. The same ceremony is performed in the case of a bill. The clock now says III., and Mr. James Wilson takes off his hat, and remarks—

"I move that this House do now adjourn."

The Speaker catches at his robe, and, with a bow, descends and disappears, and the members rush to the door. The strangers have dribbled away long ago, except two or three, who wish to see the very last of it, and the wearied reporters are hurrying up their note-books and starting off for their respective newspapers. Ingenious is glad that he has witnessed the scene, but does not want to come again—at least such is the sentiment we have often heard from similar visitants.

More lively, if less conventionally dignified, are the very important discussions that take place in Committee of the whole House. Had the second reading of the Criminals' Enfranchisement Bill been carried, the Committee would have been its next stage; but the reading having been lost, there is an end of the present attempt upon the Constitution. We have described the mode of procedure in a committee on a bill; but there are various kinds of sittings of this nature; such, for instance, as the Committee of Supply. This deals with the estimates, which comprise a vast variety of subjects, including the entire expenses of the Army, the Navy, the Ordnance, and the Civil Service. It is obvious, that with such topics to discuss, there must be a world of small talk expended along with the public money, especially as members have a right to be heard in committee as often as they please. On the other hand, there is not much "set speaking," though a senator will

sometimes leave the conversational tone in which all real business is done, and grow didactic and declamatory. In battling over these accounts, topics must arise on which the least informed and least fluent member can contribute an opinion or a fact. On the Civil Estimates, and especially on that ample field, the Miscellaneous Estimates, the talkers pop up and down incessantly. Every item is *apropos* to something which has lain in somebody's mind, and of which he must now be relieved. On the Army and Navy Estimates, the gentlemen connected with those professions are usually heard to advantage, a few garrulous and crotchety officers excepted; but on these subjects there are also lay members, and especially reformers, who utter a good deal of plausible matter, which gives great umbrage to the men of routine. The Speaker is exempt from the endurance of this gossiping audit; and at present the Hon. Edward Bouverie, Chairman of Committees, presides, due compensation being made to him for his pains.

The going into supply is a favorite opportunity for a member with a grievance or a whim; and it is competent to any one to "call attention" to the fact that an insufficient provision of umbrellas was made on board Waterman No. 12, the last time the House of Commons accompanied the Queen to a launch; or to the desirability of establishing a circulating library for the recreation of the felons in the model prisons, and for having occasional theatrical performances and promenade concerts for their comfort. We have known a whole night, which was destined for the estimates, occupied by such discussions; and then, when twelve o'clock came, Mr. Hume very properly objected to opening a new debate, and expending public money, at a time when the House was too weary to be on the alert. There is, however, a limitation to the number of such interruptions, though of course their length cannot be prescribed; and among recent suggestions, prompted by the inconvenience which is produced by this interference with public business, is one for abolishing the system altogether. But supposing that the gentlemen with notices give way to the public appeal of a minister, or to the private blandishment of a Secretary to the Treasury, or that the questions so interpolated have been disposed of, the mace descends from the table, the House goes into a Committee of Supply, and the report next day would read thus:—

The first vote proposed was, that the sum

of 135,863*l.* be granted to her Majesty to defray the expenses of the royal palaces.

Mr. Wise wished to know why the front of the Buckingham Palace had been painted. It looked very ugly; and painting stone was quite ridiculous.

Sir William Molesworth said that the process had been rendered necessary, because the stone-work had suffered from weather.

Mr. Hume said that was no answer. Bad materials must have been furnished; and there must have been somebody on duty to see that the materials were good. Whose business was it?

Lord Seymour said that stone was a very hard thing (a laugh) to get good.

Mr. Williams said that was because application was not made in the right quarter. Private individuals could get good articles; but Government had the monopoly of being ill served.

An honorable member said that his house was built of very good stone.

Mr. Wilson said that he was very glad to hear it, he was sure; but honorable members would see that this was no reason why her Majesty should not have the necessary repairs executed.

The vote was agreed to.

Mr. Bouverie.—Order, order. The next vote was that 66,585*l.* should be granted for keeping in repair the lodges, fences, roads, and paths in the royal parks and pleasure-grounds.

An honorable member took this opportunity of calling attention to the disgraceful fact, that he saw a boy in St. James' Park, on Thursday last, pitching little pebbles into the mouth of the great mortar. A policeman was standing at Storey's Gate, but did not interfere. Now, at a time like this, when we were spending millions on our ordnance, he thought that this neglect was, to say the least of it, very inconsistent.

Sir William Molesworth said that unluckily the mortar could hardly be called a public statue, and therefore the new Act for the Protection of the Statues did not allow him to interfere; but the police should be spoken to.

Another honorable member wished to know whether the public had a right to the chestnuts that fell from the trees in Bushby Park. He mentioned this, because in riding through the park he had frequently seen numbers of pic-nic parties collecting them in large numbers and carrying them away in pocket-handkerchiefs. He did not intend to move any amendment, but wished the Government to be aware of the fact.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer said that Government had to thank the honorable member for bringing the subject forward. Difficulty had arisen in legislating on the subject, on account of the articles in question being entirely useless to everybody; but the ranger had taken the matter into consideration, and he hoped that ere long a satisfactory regulation would be affixed on the park-gates.

The vote was agreed to.

This kind of small-talk, with frequently far more puerile variations, usually lasts for five or six hours, and is renewed, *de nocte in noctem*, until the estimates are gone through. It is hardly necessary to add that not a twentieth part of what is said is given in the newspapers, which condense the observations made in committee in a mode which it would be very desirable to adopt in regard to the formal debates. It is not to be denied, however, that these desultory discussions are of great advantage. In addition to the check which they impose upon any recklessness or jobbery on the part of the administration, they afford a very convenient opportunity for forcing upon the attention of Parliament suggestions of real utility, but which are of too small or special a character to be brought forward in an isolated shape; and although the parliamentary privilege of unlimited gossip is exercised to the utmost upon these occasions, it would be very undesirable that the House, in a sudden fit of impatience, should seek to curtail its estimate colloquies.

In the corner of New Palace Yard, beyond Star Chamber Court, (Sir Charles Barry has done well to preserve these old historical names,) is the door leading to the reporters' gallery. As we leave that of the strangers, there is a little crowd of gentlemen of the press coming out, and they look with some compassion at us who remain, voluntarily, to hear debates at such an hour. Here are the men for whom, and to whom, Parliament talks so lengthily. The reporters' gallery is the filter through which the senatorial eloquence is percolated for the public. And the illustration really "holds water," for the press can only do what a filter does. It purifies the speeches from bad grammar, and nonsense, and iteration, and, in short, renders them fluent and presentable; but it can do nothing towards making the article wholesome. Ditch-water will be dull, though filtration may have made it translucent, and it is the same with Boggle's platitudes, Azote's scepticism, and Myope's political philosophy.

The parliamentary reporter is now as regularly recognized an official of the House as the Serjeant-at-Arms. It was not always so. Without becoming historical (a process we have determined to avoid upon this occasion) and recurring to Dr. Johnson and the Gentleman's Magazine, we may mention that up to the time of the destruction of the Houses by fire, the reporters merely occupied the back of the gallery appropriated to strangers. In this inconvenient station they wrote with their note-books on their knees. They had upon special occasions to fight the public for their places, when members, exercising their right of causing the gallery to be opened at early hours, poured in their friends, and threatened to swamp the limited space. But when the temporary House was being constructed, a separate gallery was built for the accommodation of the press. It is but justice to state that this advantage was claimed for them by the author of the Parliamentary Companion, who, from having been a member of the reporters' gallery for thirty-seven years, (during the latter portion of which time he has been the manager of the reporting staff of the *Times*,) is now regarded as its representative when questions of its comfort and convenience arise. In the present edifice, a still more commodious gallery has been reserved for their use, with a set of retiring and refreshment-rooms; and a messenger of the House is constantly on duty for the purpose of carrying on communication between the reporters and members whose documents they may desire to borrow, or whose quotations may be too far-fetched (a rare occurrence) for easy verification. The good Lord Eldon is said to have finally and formally recognized the press, by having, when Chancellor, picked up a reporter's note-book, which had fallen over the bar of the House of Lords, and returned it to the owner, without expressing a single "doubt" as to whether the right of ownership still remained in the latter, after that discontinuance, or whether the party who swept the floor had not acquired an equitable interest in such a waif; an interest which Heaven forbid John Scott should treat lightly! Mr. S. Carter Hall is, we believe, the gentleman who thus afforded Lord Eldon the opportunity of recognizing the *status* of stenography.

To sit in the members' gallery and observe the reporting system in action, is interesting. There are about a dozen stalls in front of the press gallery, which is immediately over the Speaker, and these look comfortable, high-backed niches. They are always occu-

pied. Behind them is a row of seats on which the immediate successors of the reporters who are on duty wait until the moment for relieving guard arrives, and sometimes the editors of the leading London journals appear there in person, when a ministerial crisis, or some other *nodus dignus* justifies the avatar. Each portion of note-taking is called a "turn." We are informed that in the case of some, if not all, the daily journals, the first turn of the evening is an hour, and that at five o'clock the first man is relieved. As the finger of the clock opposite approaches the last minute, you may see the finger of the successor held over the acting reporter's shoulder, and at the precise moment the signal falls and the two gentlemen exchange places, the new one takes up the speaker at his next sentence, and the old one departs to the newspaper office to write out his "turn"—that is, to translate short-hand into English, for the printers. The length of the turns, we understand, varies in different papers, but during the early part of the night they are either three-quarters of an hour or half an hour, and later they shorten to turns of half an hour and twenty minutes. About one hundred words in a minute is as much, we are apprised, as the fastest short-hand writer can take; and Sir George Grey probably utters one hundred and twenty or one hundred and thirty; but his delivery is somewhat preternatural. The time required for the transcription of the turn varies with the closeness with which the report has been taken, and, of course, with the rapidity of the writer; but on an average, it probably takes about five times as long as the short-hand writing. As fast as the transcriber throws off a page it is hurried away to the compositor, and a large portion of a long speech is in print before the orator is thinking of his peroration. When the list of reporters is exhausted, the first man recommences, and so on until the House rises; and in a fierce campaign a reporter will not unfrequently have three and even four turns. But the reporters, like other people, thank Providence there is a House of Lords, for a similarly organized staff is sent by each newspaper to that assembly; but as the Lords have no constituents to talk to and no speeches to make merely as political capital, their sittings on the average are very brief, and therefore the reporters who are not needed in the Upper House come in to share the labors of their colleagues in the Commons. But their duties on any night of a debate are heavy as well as responsible; and, as a general rule, these

gentlemen well deserve the tribute paid to them by Mr. Sheil, who (as cited by Mr. Dod) said, in his income-tax speech, in March, 1845, "There are men in that gallery of liberal education, and of minds embellished with every literary adornment, who by great labor, by great wear and tear of body and mind, acquire an income which falls within the range of the tax, although it is far from being commensurate with the ability or the usefulness of a class to which some of the first men in England have belonged." He might have named, among others, Lord Chief Justice Campbell, the late Serjeant Spankie—(the lamented Mr. Justice Talfourd, who worked in the law courts for the *Morning Chronicle*, has been authoritatively, but erroneously, described as a Parliamentary reporter)—Mr. Charles Dickens, and others of the *ornatissimi*. The allusion was, we doubt not, applauded; for the members of the British senate have a lively sense of the value of a newspaper to their reputation, and of the ability and judgment with which the staff in the gallery discharge their functions.

Besides the reporters who are constantly appearing and disappearing, we may remark among the occupants of the stalls some gentlemen who write comparatively little, but who remain the whole evening and watch the entire debate. These are the writers of summaries, whose office would seem to have been called into existence by the enormous length at which newspapers deem it desirable to give the parliamentary debates, and the consequent inability of a large class, and unwillingness of a larger, to spend upon these gigantic reports the time necessary to extract their pith. Each of the leading papers is supplied with one of these writers, whose task is to listen to a speech, and to condense its points into as brief a space as possible, preserving its color and style—if it have any, and the speaker's grade entitle him to such consideration—and in ordinary cases to indicate the line taken by each member, with such a *résumé* of his argument as may show the reasons which prompt, or are stated to prompt him. Mr. Horace Twiss was, we believe, the first gentleman who devoted himself to this branch of reporting. The summaries of the best papers are executed in a masterly manner; and, in nine cases out of ten, make a reference to the debate *in extenso* unnecessary. As we have already intimated, we are inclined to believe that, if the system were much more freely introduced into the ordinary reports than at present, the House would be spared a world of what the Ameri-

cans call *Bunkum*. The men who "cram" themselves with facts that they may discharge them in speeches, and speak that they may be reported, would eat their dinners with their wives and children in comparative calmness, if those magnificent senatorial efforts were discouraged:—*e.g.*: "Mr. Chatterby then sketched the history of the question, in a speech of an hour and a quarter, and, reserving to himself the right of dissenting from details, supported the bill." This would save Mr. Chatterby a great deal of mnemonic promenading about his library, and many impassioned appeals to his arm-chair as Mr. Speaker.

In the course of the parliamentary debates, the House is occasionally indulged with provincialisms and vulgarisms. The great majority of the members speak as educated men should do; but there are a few gentlemen who are somewhat "too appy to leave the matter in the hands of the Ouse." More than one of these is a Conservative. The Scotch accent and the Irish brogue may of course be heard—the latter at most times, and in strange varieties, from the nipping, sneaking Dublin brogue to the rich low-comedy voice of the West. The Scotch members speak very little; they are understood to hold private Parliaments of their own on Scotch bills, which are there discussed in a business-like and sensible manner by those who understand them; and the House, which of course does not, is relieved from the trouble of doing much more than passing the measures, as it generally does about two in the morning.

Of Parliamentary eloquence we would rather decline to speak. When there were such things as grand speeches—we are willing to believe they were very grand—they had seldom reporters with short-hand pens, and most of them died. Assuredly the art is extinct, and there are no great speeches now. There are long speeches, and sarcastic speeches, and crack speeches, but they are not such speeches as fell from the lips of Burke, Pitt, and Fox, or, more recent still, from Canning and Brougham. We have in our time heard five orations, whose united lengths would rather exceed the twenty-four hours. They were of very different calibre. One was Lord Palmerston's most able exposition of his whole foreign policy, in the summer of 1850, an effort—we speak without political reference—worthy of the energetic and accomplished man who made it. Another was a speech by Mr. Vincent Scully, an Irish member, who spoke avowedly against time for the express purpose of obstructing busi-

ness, and who occupied, if we remember aright, a whole morning sitting. Two others were Budget speeches, by Messrs. Disraeli and Gladstone, of five hours each; and the fifth was that of Sir Charles Wood's, "a good man, but a little o'ertasked," when he laid the East India Bill before the House. These are the great talking feats of late days. Lord Palmerston does not affect eloquence, but usually speaks in a frank, English manner, the franker that he frequently hesitates over a word, making no secret of the fact that he wishes to select the best. His action is energetic, even in giving a brief explanation. His long experience of business and of the House, combined with his own keen insight into character, tell him at a glance what manner of man his antagonist is, and in what way it would be acceptable to the House to have him treated. Though he is personally fearless, and never hesitates to close when the fight demands a grapple, it is evidently pleasanter to Lord Palmerston merely to exchange a few knightly blows with a worthy assailant, and then to charge upon the field, after the manner of one of the Froissart heroes, so much admired by John Graham of Claverhouse. Of Mr. Disraeli's masterly, passionless, finished delivery, we have already spoken. Like the warrior to whom Norna chants her witch-song, seldom

"Lies he still, through sloth or fear,
When point and edge are glittering near."

An ever-ready speaker, his premeditated orations, that is to say, those over which he has had some time—no matter how short—to ponder, are nevertheless infinitely better than those prompted by the exigency of the moment. He will sometimes from this cause reply better to the earlier part of an antagonist's argument than to its close; and his own peroration is seldom so effective as what, in dramatic language, may be called the crisis of his speech. Unprepared, he has a tendency to verbiage, and to a repetition of the same idea, without a sufficient variety of treatment; prepared, and not a blow misses; not a platitude irritates; not a sarcasm is impeded by a weakening phrase. The arrow, stripped of all plumage except that which aids and steadies its flight, strikes within a hair's breadth of the archer's aim; whether it finds the joint of the harness, or shivers on the shield, is occasionally matter of opinion: but that it often wounds deeply would seem to be proved by the exceeding ferocity with which, out of the House, Mr.

Disraeli is assailed. In the House, it is rare for any one but Mr. Gladstone to meddle with him. Mr. Macaulay's voice is now so seldom raised in Parliament that there is little to be told of him, save what was well known long ago. Twice only has he been heard of late: once on the India Bill, when some persons expected a masterly survey of Indian history and politics, and an eloquent prophecy of the future, and were compelled to content themselves with some pleasant and sensible observations on education. His other effort was on the Judges' Exclusion Bill, when he spoke vigorously, and brought back reminiscences of old parliamentary battles which were wont to stir the pulses of the listeners. We hoped to have been gratified by a specimen of his ever-welcome eloquence on the Scotch Education Bill, seeing him in his place; but he came only to present the opinions of other people on the measure. Sir Bulwer Lytton, who early won reputation by his speeches in Parliament, has distinguished himself since his recent return to the House in the conservative ranks; and has more than once been appointed to the post of honor, and shown himself worthy of it. His trained intellect, great energy, and command of language, make him formidable, both in attack and in defence; and we presume that as there are few other achievements he has not accomplished, we shall one day see him holding the Castle Dangerous of office. Mr. Gladstone is the most polished speaker in the House of Commons. His verbal resources are as remarkable as his management of them; and his manner is invariably that of a gentleman. He is charged with "subtlety" by coarser minds, but we fancy that the English intellect, which is not distinguished for its analytical power, treats the subject in a somewhat jumbling fashion. Mr. Gladstone inclines to the Tractarian party—Tractarians are no better than Jesuits—Jesuits are proverbially subtle—and, therefore, when Mr. Gladstone is defining, very elaborately, the difference between long annuities and deferred annuities, he is talking jesuitically. We believe that Mr. Gladstone would be a more popular orator if he would be less explicit; but, while he exhausts the subject, he sometimes exhausts the listener. His refined and scholarly periods—the creation of the moment, but as elegantly balanced and as keenly pointed as if they had been written and studied—are always marvels of fluency, and often specimens of eloquence.

Mr. Walpole's earnest, thoughtful, gentle-

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manly style, is a model for young members; and, though a lawyer, he never metes out lawyer measure. His rising commands instant and respectful attention, and we never heard an unkind thing said by or to the late Home Secretary. Lord Stanley inherits his father's intellect, but not his declamatory power; he is, however, struggling successfully against a difficulty of delivery, and speaks so well, that no one grudges the trouble of following him. We incline to think he will achieve a distinguished position. Mr. Bright, notwithstanding the disadvantage of advocating opinions which are often extravagant, is among the very ablest speakers in the House. Though it is a general remark, that his tone during the present session has been less defiant than formerly, his worst defect is still the arrogance and intolerance of his language, insomuch that a friend is reported to have said of him that, had he not been a Quaker, he would have been a pugilist. On the other hand, he is extremely ready, and can both reason and declaim with unusual power. Mr. Cobden has a down look, and a manner which is neither masculine nor polished. He hammers away, with a narrow, niggling action of the fore-arm; and his arguments partake of the same small but continuous character; till at the close you find that, despite your dislike at being jolted onwards in such fashion, he has proved his case from his premises. The ultra-montane champion, Mr. Lucas, has a disagreeable, vinegar voice; but his taste for superstition makes him so habitually wrathful with every thing Protestant, that the voice is amusingly suitable to the themes he chiefly selects. He is one of the few smart agents of the priests; and his perverse oratory, which hurts nobody but himself and the Roman Catholic interest, is always a relief from the average dulness of the House. Mr. Bernal Osborne used to be a showy declaimer, and a capital hand at letting off prepared fireworks; but he has taken office; and whereas in that very 1850 debate, of which we have spoken before, he assailed Sir James Graham mercilessly, and ridiculed his career and consistency, calling him the successor to Mr. Urquhart, in 1854 he is Sir James's decorous First Secretary, and squib-beth no more. Sir James's own style of speaking is pretty well known. A perfect master of his subject and of himself, and by no means afraid to use a strong word upon occasion, he is among the most dangerous antagonists in the House. The steam-engine rapidity of Sir George Grey, whose concentrated energy of speech is a curiosity—the exuberant action of Lord Claude Hamilton, faintly imitated by Mr.

Apsley Pellatt—the tears in the voice of Lord Bernard, the downright groan of Mr. Edward Ball, the continuous garrulity of Mr. Aglionby when once set going—the ill-rewarded efforts of Mr. Miall to speak effectively on a subject on which he has thought earnestly—the twelve or fourteen perorations of Mr. Hume to every speech the veteran delivers—may be matter of good-natured note, but they have, of course, little to do with oratory. There are some earnest men, chiefly young, who are “coming up,” and will, we trust, do good service; for they speak as single-minded English gentlemen, who eschew quackery and cant. Lord Stanley, on one side, and Mr. Layard, “the member for Nineveh,” on the other, are excellent types of a class to which we look with hopefulness, for the world is very weary both of Red Tape and of Cotton Twist.

We have frequently heard it asked whether there is much wit in the House, and have never known any variation in the reply. Very seldom, indeed, is “a good thing” said within these walls. Yet the House of Commons is an indulgent audience, where it likes the speaker; but it is here as elsewhere, the most senile anecdote, execrably told, will be endured from a favorite, while an unknown man will receive a groan in return for an epigram. The last deliberately-conceived neat thing within our recollection was said by the late Mr. Sheil, who, complimenting a noble lord who is ever active in the cause of Christian civilization, said that he “had made Humanity one of Shaftesbury’s Characteristics.” One jest delights the House very much; indeed, it never fails; and it must have been heard a good many thousand times. It is when a speaker confuses the name of the member to whom he refers with that of the place for which that gentleman sits. Accidentally, or (such things are) by design, let a senator speak of the noble lord the member for Palmerston, or the honorable baronet the member for Molesworth, and the House goes off into a roar. It is a safe point, like Mr. Hardcastle’s anecdote of Old Grouse in the gun-room: “your worship must not tell that story, if we are not to laugh; I can’t help laughing at that: we have laughed at it these twenty years.” Among the smaller recreations of the House is the

raising a terrific cry when a member new to parliamentary manners accidentally walks between the Speaker and the member speaking. This unpardonable violation of etiquette brings from all sides the most indignant exclamations.

The puzzled look of the criminal as he sits down: that “what *have* I done?” is part of the sport; and we almost fear that by publishing the secret we shall be depriving the House of one of its innocent diversions.

We originally proposed to speak of the House of Commons only, and have endeavored to restrict ourselves to that single topic—one which can never be otherwise than interesting to Englishmen. We have wished to treat the subject on the *Trosvé*, *Tyriusve* principle, so unhesitatingly laid down by the father of gods and men in a case reported by a Latin author of eminence; and if we have deviated from impartiality, it is because it is with opinions as with the rays of light, that the distortions produced by the medium through which they pass are not apparent to our perceptions. It is possible that our sketches may facilitate, with those who have not, like Ingenius, paid a visit to the House, the future studies of

The grand debate,
The popular harangue, the tart reply.

But, inasmuch as we have talked only of those who talk, we cannot find it in our hearts to conclude without a tribute to the invaluable men who do not talk, and who follow the advice of John Locke, given to his cousin, Mr. King:—“I would not have you speak in the House, but you can communicate your light and apprehensions to some honest speaker who may make use of it. For there have always been very able members who never speak, who yet, by their penetration and foresight, have this way done as much service as any within those walls.” These are truly excellent men, and would there were more of them! Let it not be forgotten that when the present universe is brought to the close predicted by the northern legends, a new system is to be established, of which the grand principle is to be Silence. If the new system includes a Parliament, we shall canvass the electors.

From the Eclectic Review.

HENRY ROGERS.*

MR. ROGERS has only risen of late into universal reputation, although he had long ago deserved it. It has fared with him as with Thomas Hood and with some others who had for many years enjoyed a dubious and struggling, although real and rising fame, till some signal hit, some "Song of the Shirt" or "Eclipse of Faith," introduced their names to millions who never heard of them before, and turned suddenly on their half-shadowed faces the broadest glare of fame. Thousands upon thousands who had never heard of Hood's "Progress of Cant" or his "Comic Annuals," so soon as they read the "Song of the Shirt" inquired eagerly for him, and began to read his earlier works. And so, although literary men were aware of Mr. Rogers' existence, and that he was an able contributor to the "Edinburgh Review," the general public knew not even his name till the "Eclipse of Faith" appeared, and till its great popularity excited a desire to become acquainted with his previous lucubrations. We met with the "Eclipse of Faith" at its first appearance, but have only newly risen from reading his collected articles, and propose to record our impressions while they are yet fresh and warm.

Henry Rogers, as a reviewer and writer, seems to think that he belongs to the school of Jeffrey and Macaulay, although possessed of more learning and imagination than either, of a higher moral sense and manlier power than the first, and of a freer diction and an easier vein of wit than the second; and the style of deference and idolatry he uses to them and to Mackintosh, might almost to his detractors appear either shameful from its hypocrisy, ludicrous from its affectation, or silly from the ignorance it discovers of his own claims and comparative merits. We defy any unprejudiced man to read the two volumes he has reprinted from the "Edinburgh Review," and not to feel that he has

encountered, on the whole, the most accomplished, manliest, healthiest, and most Christian writer who ever adorned that celebrated periodical. If he has contributed to its pages no one article equal in brilliance to Jeffrey's papers on Alison and Swift, or to Macaulay's papers on Milton and Warren Hastings, his papers, taken *en masse*, are more natural, less labored, full of a richer and more recondite learning, and written in a more conversational, more vigorous, and more thoroughly English style. His thought, too, is of a profounder and, at the same time, clearer cast. Jeffrey had the subtlety of the lawyer rather than the depth of the philosopher. Macaulay thinks generally like an eloquent special pleader. Henry Rogers is a candid, powerful, and all-sided thinker, and one who has fed his thought by a culture as diversified as it is deep. He is a scholar, a mathematician, a philosopher, a philologist, a man of taste and *virtu*, a divine, and a wit; and if not absolutely a poet, yet he verges often on poetical conception, and his free and fervid eloquence often kindles into the fire of poetry.

Every one who has read the "Eclipse of Faith"—and who has not?—must remember how that remarkable work has collected all these varied powers and acquisitions into one burning focus, and must be ready to grant that since Pascal no knight has entered into the arena of religious controversy better equipped for fight, in strength of argument, in quickness of perception, in readiness and richness of resource, in command of temper, in pungency of wit, in a sarcasm which "burns froze" with the intense coolness of its severity, and in a species of Socratic dialogue which the son of Sophroniscus himself would have envied. But as the public and press generally have made up their minds upon all these points, as also on the merits of his admirable "Defence," and have hailed the author with acclamation, we prefer to take up his less known preceding efforts in the "Edinburgh Review," and to bring their merits before our readers, while, at the same time, we hope to find metal even more

* *Essays, selected from Contributions to the "Edinburgh Review."* By Henry Rogers. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Longman & Co.

attractive in the great names and subjects on which we shall necessarily be led to touch, as, under Mr. Rogers' guidance, we pursue our way. We long, too, shall we say, to break a lance here and there with so distinguished a champion, although assuredly it shall be all in honor and not in hate.

From his political papers we abstain, and propose to confine ourselves to those on letters and philosophy. His first, and one of his most delightful papers, is on quaint old Thomas Fuller. It reminds us much of a brilliant paper on Sir Thomas Browne, contributed to the same journal, we understand, by Bulwer. Browne and Fuller were kindred spirits, being both poets among wits, and wits among poets. In Browne, however, imagination and serious thought rather preponderate, while wit unquestionably is, if not Fuller's principal faculty, the faculty he exercises most frequently and with greatest delight. Some authors have wit and imagination in equal quantities, and it is their temperament which determines the question which of the two they shall specially use or cultivate. Thus Butler, of "Hudibras," had genuine imagination as well as prodigious wit, and had he been a Puritan instead of a Cavalier, he might have indited noble, serious poetry. Browne, again, was of a pensive, although not sombre disposition, and hence his "Urn-burial" and "Religio Medici" are grave and imaginative, although not devoid of quaint, queer fancies and arabesque devices, which force you to smile. Fuller, on the other hand, was of a sanguine, happy, easy temperament, a jolly Protestant father-confessor, and this attracted him to the side of the laughing muse. Yet he abounds in quiet, beautiful touches both of poetry and pathos. Burke had, according to Mr. Rogers, little or no wit, although possessing a boundless profusion of imagery. To this we demur. His description of Lord Chatham's motley cabinet, his picture in the "Regicide Peace," of the French Ambassador in London, his description of those "who are emptied of their natural bowels and stuffed with the blurred sheets of the 'Rights of Man,'" his famous comparison of the "gestation of the rabbit and the elephant," his reply to the defence put in for Hastings that the Hindoos had erected a temple to him, ("He knew something of the Hindoo mythology. They were in the habit of building temples not only to the gods of light and fertility, but to the demons of small pox and murder, and he, for his part, had no objection that Mr. Hastings should be admitted into such a Pan-

theon,") these are a few out of a hundred proofs that he possessed that most brilliant species of wit which is impregnated with imagination. But the truth is, that Burke, an earnest if not a sad-hearted man, was led by his excess of zeal to plead the causes in which he was interested in general by serious weapons, by the burning and barbed arrows of invective and imagination rather than by the light-glancing missiles of wit and humor. Jeremy Taylor, with all his wealth of fancy, was restrained from wit partly by the subjects he was led through his clerical profession to treat, and partly from his temperament, which was quietly glad rather than sanguine and mirthful. Some writers, again, we admit, and as Mr. Rogers repeatedly shows, vibrate between wit and the most melancholy seriousness of thought; the scale of their spirits, as it rises or sinks, either lifts them up to piercing laughter or depresses them to thoughts too deep and sad for tears. It was so with Plato, with Pascal, with Hood, and is so, we suspect, with our author himself. Shakespere, perhaps alone of writers, while possessing wit and imaginative wisdom to the same prodigious degree, has managed to adjust them to each other, never allowing either the one or the other unduly to preponderate, but uniting them into that consummate whole which has become the admiration, the wonder, and the despair of the world.

Mr. Rogers, alluding to the astonishing illustrative powers of Jeremy Taylor, Burke, and Fuller, says finely, "Most marvellous and enviable is that fecundity of fancy which can adorn whatever it touches, which can invest naked fact and dry reasoning with unlooked-for beauty, make flowerets bloom even on the brow of the precipice, and, when nothing better can be had, can turn the very substance of rock itself into moss and lichens. This faculty is incomparably the most important for the vivid and attractive exhibition of truth to the minds of men." We quote these sentences not merely as being true, so far as they go, (we think the imagination not only *exhibits*, but *tests* and *finds* truth,) but because we want afterwards to mark a special inconsistency in regard to them, which he commits in a subsequent paper.

We have long desired to see what we call *ideal geography*, i. e., the map of the earth run over in a poetical and imaginative way, the breath of genius passing over the dry bones of the names of places, and through the link of association between places and

events, characters and scenery, causing them to live. Old Fuller gives us, if not a specimen of this, something far more amusing; he gives us a geography of joke, and even from the hallowed scenery of the Holy Land he extracts, in all reverence, matter for inextinguishable merriment. What can be better in their way than the following? "Gilboa.—The mountain that David cursed, that neither rain nor dew should fall on it; but of late some English travellers climbing this mountain were well wetted, David not cursing it by a prophetic spirit but in a poetic rapture. Edrei.—The city of Og, on whose giant-like proportions the rabbis have more giant-like lies. Pis-gah.—Where Moses viewed the land; hereabouts the angel buried him, and also *buried the grave*, lest it should occasion idolatry." And so on he goes over each awful spot, chuckling in harmless and half-conscious glee, like a schoolboy through a *morning* churchyard, which, were it midnight, he would travel in haste, in terror, and with oft-reverted looks. It is no wish to detract from the dignity and consecration of these scenes that actuates him; it is nothing more nor less than his irresistible temperament, the boy-heart beating in his veins, and which is to beat on till death.

Down the halls of history, in like manner, Fuller skips along, laughing as he goes; and even when he pauses to moralize or to weep, the pause is momentary, and the tear which had contended, during its brief existence, with a sly smile, is "forgot as soon as shed." His wit is often as withering at it is quaint, although it always performs its annihilating work without asperity, and by a single touch. It is just the tap of the keeper on the shoulder of the escaped lunatic. Hear this on the Jesuits: "Such is the charity of the Jesuits, that they never owe any man any ill will—making present payment thereof." Or this on Machiavel, who had said, "that he who undertakes to write a history must be of no religion;" "if so, Machiavel himself was the best qualified of any in his age to write an history." Of modest women, who nevertheless dress themselves in questionable attire, he says, "I must confess some honest women may go thus, but no whit the honester for going thus. That ship may have Castor and Pollux for the sign, which notwithstanding has St. Paul for the lading." His irony, like good imagery, often becomes the short-hand of thought, and is worth a thousand arguments. The bare, bald style of the schoolmen he attributes to design, "lest any of the vermin of equivocation should hide them-

selves under the *nap* of their words." Some of our readers are probably smiling as they read this, and remember the *DRESS* of certain religious priests, not unlike the schoolmen, in our day. After commenting on the old story of St. Dunstan and the Devil, he cries out, in a touch of irony seldom surpassed: "But away with all suspicions and queries. None need to doubt of the truth thereof, finding it on a sign painted in Fleet street, near Temple Bar."

In these sparkles of wit and humor, there is, we notice, not a little consciousness. He says good things, and a quiet chuckle, a gentle *crow*, proclaims his knowledge that they are good. But his *best* things, the fine serious fancies which at times cross his mind, cross it unconsciously, and drop out like pearls from the lips of a *blind* fairy, who sees not their lustre, and knows not their value. Fuller's deepest wisdom is the wisdom of children, and his finest eloquence is that which seems to cross over their spotless lips, like west winds over half-opened rose-buds,—breathings of the Eternal Spirit, rather than utterances of their own souls. In this respect, and in some others, he much resembled John Bunyan, to whom we wonder Rogers has not compared him. Honest John, we verily believe, thought much more of his rhymes, prefixed to the second part of the "Pilgrim's Progress," and of the little puzzles and jokes he has scattered through the work, than of his divinely artless portraiture of scenery, passions, characters, and incidents, in the course of the wondrous allegory. Mr. Rogers quotes a good many of Fuller's precious prattlings; but Lamb, we think, has selected some still finer, particularly his picture of the fate of John Wickliff's ashes. Similar touches of tender, quaint, profound, and unwitting sublimity, are found nearly as profusely sprinkled as his jests and clenches through his varied works, which are a perfect quarry of sense, wit, truth, pedantry, learning, quiet poetry, ingenuity, and delightful nonsense. Rogers justly remarks, too, that notwithstanding all the rubbish and gossip which are found in Fuller's writings, he means to be truthful always; and that, with all his quaintness and pedantry, his style is purer and more legible than that of almost any writer of his age. It is less swelling and gorgeous than Browne's, but far easier and more idiomatic; less rich but less diffuse than Taylor's, less cumbered with learning than Burton's, and less involved, and less darkened with intermingling and crossing beams of light than that of Milton, whose

poetry is written in the purest Grecian manner; whilst his English prose often resembles not Gothic, but Egyptian architecture in its chaotic confusion and mis-proportioned magnificence.

Mr. Rogers' second paper is on Andrew Marvel, and contains a very interesting account of the life, estimate of the character, and criticism of the writings of this "Aristides-Butler," if we may, in the fashion of Mirabeau, coin a combination of words, which seems not inapt to represent the virtues of that great patriot's life, and the wit and biting sarcasm of his manner of writing. He tells the old story of his father crossing the Humber with a female friend, and perishing in the waters; but omits the most striking part of the story, how the old man, in leaving the shore, as the sky was scowling into storm, threw his staff back on the beach, and cried out—"Ho for heaven!" The tradition of this is at least still strong in Hull. Nothing after Marvel's integrity, and his quiet, keen, caustic wit, so astonishes us as the fact, that he never opened his lips in Parliament! He was "No-speech Marvel." He never got the length of Addison's "I conceive, I conceive, I conceive." There are no authentic accounts of even a "Hear, hear," issuing from his lips. What an act of self-denial in that den of bad measures and bad men! How his heart must sometimes have burned, and his lips quivered, and yet the severe spirit of self-control kept him silent! What a contrast to the infinite babblement of senators in modern days! And yet was not his silence very formidable? Did it not strike the Tories as the figure of the moveless Mordecai at the king's gate struck the guilty Haman? There, night after night, in front of the despots, sat the silent statue-like figure, bending not to their authority, unmovable by their threats, not to be melted by their caresses, not to be gained over by their bribes, perhaps with a quiet stern sneer resting as though sculptured upon his lips; and doubtless they trembled more at this dumb defiance, than at the loud-mouthed attacks and execrations of others; the more, as, while others were sometimes absent, he was always there, a moveless pillar of patriotism, a still libel of truth, for ever glaring on their fascinated and terror-stricken eyes. Can we wonder that they are very generally supposed to have removed him from their sight, in the only way possible in the circumstances, by giving him a premature and poisoned grave?

In his third paper Rogers approaches a

mightier and more eloquent, but not a firmer or more sincere spirit than Marvel—Martin Luther. Here he puts forth all his strength, and has, we think, very nobly vindicated both Luther's intellectual and moral character. Hallam (a writer whom Rogers greatly over-estimates, before whom he falls down with "awful reverence prone," from whom he ventures to differ with "a whispered breath and bated humbleness," which seem, considering his own calibre, very laughable, yet of whose incapacity as a literary critic, and especially as a judge of poetry, he seems to have a stifled suspicion, which comes out in the paper on Fuller, whom Hallam has slighted) has underrated Luther's talents, because forsooth his works are inferior to his reputation. Why, what was Luther's real work? It was the Reformation. What library of Atlas folios—ay, though Shakspeare had penned every line in it—could have been compared to the rending of the shroud of the Christian Church? As soon accuse an earthquake of not being so melodious in its tones as an organ, as demand artistic writings from Luther. His burning of the Pope's bull was, we think—and Mr. Rogers thinks with us—a very respectable review. His journey to Worms was as clever as most books of travel. His marriage with Catherine Bora was not a bad epithalamium. His rendering of the Bible into good German was nearly as great a work as the "Constitutional History." Some of those winged words which he uttered against the Pope and for Christ have been called "half-battles." He held the pen very well too, but it was only with one of his hundred arms. His *works* were his actions. Every great book is an action; and the converse is also true—every great action is a book. Cromwell, Mr. Rogers says, very justly, cannot be judged by his speeches, nor Alexander. Neither, we add, could Cæsar by his "Commentaries," which, excellent as they are, develop only a small portion of the "foremost man of all this world;" nor could Frederick of Prussia by his French verses; nor could Nelson by his letters to Lady Hamilton; nor could even Hall, Chalmers and Irving by their orations and discourses. There is a very high, if not the highest order of men, who find literature too small a sheath for the broadsword of their genius. They come down and shrink up when they commence to write; but they make others write for them. Their deeds supply the material of ten thousand historians, novelists, and poets. We find Lord Holland, in his "Memoirs," sneering at Lord Nelson's talents, because his

writings were careless and poor. Nelson did not pretend to be a writer or an orator; he pretended only to do what he did—to sweep the seas with his cannon, and be the greatest naval commander his country ever produced. Mungo Park and Ledyard were no great authors, but they were what they wished to be—the most heroic of travellers. Danton never published a single page, but he was incomparably a greater man than Camille Desmoulins, who wrote thousands. Would it have added an inch to the colossal stature, or in any measure enhanced the lurid grandeur of Satan, had Milton ascribed to him the invention not of fire-arms but of the printing-press, and made him the author of a few hundred satires against Omnipotence? Channing, in his essay on Napoleon, has contributed to the circulation of this error. He gives there a decided preference to literary over other kinds of power. But would even he have compared Brougham or Daniel Webster to Washington? It seems to us that the very highest style of merit is when the powers of actions and authorship are combined in nearly equal proportions. They were so in Milton, who was as good a schoolmaster and secretary as he was an author. They were so in Bacon, who was an able if not a just chancellor and statesman, as well as the first of modern philosophers. Notwithstanding Mr. Rogers, they were so, we think, in Napoleon, whose bulletins and speeches, though often in false taste, were often as brilliant as his battles. They were so in Burke, who was a first-rate business man and a good farmer, as well as a great orator, statesman, and writer. They were so in poor Burns, who used the plough as well as he used the pen. And they were so in Scott, who was an excellent Clerk of Session and capital agriculturist and landlord, besides being the first of all fictionists, except Cervantes, who, by the way, fought bravely at Lepanto, as well as wrote Don Quixote. Even in Luther's case, Mr. Hallam is proved by Rogers to be sufficiently harsh in his judgment. Luther's productions, occasional as most of them, and hastily written as all of them were, are not the mediocre trash which Hallam insinuates them to be. If tried by the standard of that species of literature to which they all in reality belong, they will not be found wanting. They are all letters, the shorter or longer epistles of a man greatly engrossed during his days, and who at evening dashes off his careless, multifarious, but characteristic correspondence. Mark, too, every thing he wrote was sent, and sent instantly, to the press.

Who would like this done in his case? What divine, writing each week his two sermons, would care about seeing them regularly printed the next day, and dispersed over all the country? Who, unless he were a man of gigantic genius and fame, would not be sunk under such a process, and run to utter seed? The fact that Luther did publish so much, and did nevertheless retain his reputation, proves, that although much which he wrote must have been unworthy of his genius, yet, as a whole, his writings were characteristic of his powers, and contributed to the working out his purpose. They were addressed, Mr. Rogers justly says, chiefly to the people, and many of his strangest and strongest expressions were uttered on plan. His motto, like Danton's, was, "to dare—and to dare—and to dare." He felt that a timid reformer, like a timid revolutionist, is lost, and that a lofty tone, whether in bad or good taste, was essential to the success of his cause. Even as they are, his writings contain much "lion's marrow," stern truth, expressed in easy, home-spun language; savage invective, richly deserved, and much of that noble scorn with which a brave honest man is ever fond of blowing away, as through snorting nostrils, those sophistries, evasions, and meannesses in controversy which are beneath argument, baffle logical exposure, and which can only be reached by contempt. Add to all this the traditionary reputation of his eloquence, and those burning coals from that great conflagration which have come down to us uncooled. For our part, we had rather possess the renown of uttering some of these than have written all Chillingworth's and Barrow's controversial works. Think of that sentence which he pronounced over the bull as he burned it, surely one of the most sublime and terrible that ever came from human lips:—"As thou hast troubled and put to shame the Holy One of the Lord, so be thou troubled and consumed in eternal fires of hell;" or that at Worms—"Here I stand; I cannot do otherwise: God help me." Such sentences soar above all the reaches of rhetoric, of oratory, even of poetry, and rank in grandeur with the great naked abstractions of eternal truth. They thrill not the taste, nor the passions, nor the fancy, but the soul itself. And yet they were common on the lips of Luther, the lion-hearted—the

"solitary monk that shook the world."

Mr. Rogers, besides, culls several passages from his familiar epistles, which attain to lofty eloquence, and verge on the finest prose

poetry. His occasional grossness, truculence, and personality, are undeniable, but they were partly the faults of his age, and sprung partly from the vehemence of his temperament, and the uncertainty of his position. He was during a large section of his life *at bay*, and if he had not employed every weapon in his power, his teeth, his horns and his hoofs, to defend himself, he had inevitably perished. We have not time to follow farther Rogers's defence of Luther; suffice it to say, that he does full justice to Luther's honesty of purpose, his deep religious convictions, and his general wisdom and prudence of conduct. His errors were all of the blood and bodily temperament, and none of the spirit. Cajetan called him "a beast with deep-set eyes, and wonderful speculations in his head." If so, he was a noble savage—a king of beasts, and his roar roused Europe from its lethargy, dissolved the dark spell of spiritual slavery, and gave even to them all the vitality it has since exhibited. He resembled no class of men more than some of the ancient prophets of Israel. He was no Christian father of the first centuries, sitting cobwebbed among books—no evangelist even of the days of the apostles, going forth meek and sandalled, with an olive-branch in his hand—he reminds us rather, in all but austerity and abstinence, of the terrible Tishbite conflicting with Baal's prophets on Carmel, and fighting with fire the cause of that God who answereth by fire from heaven. But, unlike him, Luther came eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, and has been reproached accordingly.

Mr. Rogers's next paper is on Leibnitz, whom he justly ranks with the most wonderful men of any age—and who, in that variety of faculty—that plethora of power—that all-sidedness which distinguished him—resembled a monster rather than a man. A sleepless soul, who often, for weeks together, contended himself with a few hours' slumber in his arm-chair, without ever discomposing his couch! A lonely spirit—with no tender family ties—but entirely devoted to inquiry and investigation, as though he had been one vast separated eye, for ever prying into the universe! A wide, eclectic, catholic mind, intermeddling with all knowledge, and seeking, if possible, to bind mathematics, metaphysics, poetry, philology, all arts and sciences, into the unity of a coronet around his own brow! A soul of prodigious power, as well as of ideal width; the inventor of a new and potent calculus—the father of geology—the originator of a

new form of history, which others have since been seeking to fill up—and the author of a heroic, if not successful, effort to grapple with the question of questions—the problem of all ages—"Whence evil, and why permitted in God's world?" A genius for whom earth seemed too narrow a sphere, and threescore and ten years too short a period, so much had he done ere death, and so much did there seem remaining for him to do—in truth, worthy of an antediluvian life, and in many of his thoughts before all ages! A mind swarming, more than even that of Coleridge, with seed-thoughts, the germs of entire encyclopedias in the future; and, if destitute of his magical power of poetic communication, possessed more originality, and more practical energy. A man who read every thing and forgot nothing—a living dictionary of all the knowledge which had been accumulated by man—and a living prophecy of all that was yet to be acquired—a universal preface to a universal volume—"a gigantic genius, born to grapple with whole libraries." Such is Leibnitz known by all scholars to have been. His two positive achievements, however, the two pillars on which he leans his Samson-like strength, are the differential "Calculus" and the "Theodicee." Mr. Rogers's remarks on both these are extremely good. In the vexed question as to the origination of the Calculus, between Leibnitz and Newton, he seems perfectly impartial; and while eagerly maintaining Newton's originality, he defends Leibnitz, with no less strength, from the charge of surreptitious plagiarism from Newton. Both were too rich to require to steal from one another. In "Theodicee" Leibnitz undertook the most daring task ever undertaken by thinker, that of explaining the origin of evil by demonstrating its necessity. That he failed in this, Voltaire has proved, after his manner, in "Candide," the wittiest and wickedest of his works, and Rogers, in a very different spirit and style, has demonstrated here. Indeed, the inevitable eye of common-sense sees at a glance that a notion of this earth being the best of all possible worlds is absurd and blasphemous. This system of things falls far below man's ideal, and how can it come up to God's? The shadows resting upon its past and present aspect are so deep, numerous, and terrible, that nothing hitherto but—1st, simple, child-like faith; but, 2dly, the prospect of a better time at hand; and, 3dly, the discoveries of Jesus Christ, can convince us that they do not spring either from malignity of intention

or weakness of power. The time has not yet come for a true solution of this surpassing problem; which, moreover, though it were given, would not probably find the world ripe for receiving it. We are inclined, in opposition to Mr. Rogers, to suppose that it shall yet be solved; but to look for its solution in a very different direction from the ground taken, whether by Leibnitz, by Bailey of "Festus," or by the hundred other speculators upon the mysterious theme. Meanwhile, we may, we think, rest firmly upon these convictions: first, that evil exists is a reality, not a negation or a sham; secondly, that it is not God's; and that, thirdly, it shall yet cease, on earth at least, to be man's. All attempts to go farther than this have failed; and failed, we think, from a desire to find a *harmony* and a *unity* where no such things are possible or conceivable.

One is tempted to draw a kind of Plutarchian parallel between Leibnitz and Newton — so illustrious in their respective spheres, and whose contest with one another in their courses forms such a painful yet instructive incident in the history of science. Newton was more the man of patient, plodding industry; Leibnitz the man of restless genius. Newton's devotion was limited to science and theology; Leibnitz pushed his impetuous way into every department of science, philosophy, and theology; and left traces of his power even in those regions he was not able fully to subdue. Newton studied principally the laws of matter; Leibnitz was ambitious to know these chiefly that he might reconcile, if not identify them with the laws of mind. Newton was a theorist — but the most practical of theorists. Leibnitz was the most theoretical of practical thinkers. Newton was the least empirical of all philosophers; Leibnitz one of the most so. Newton shunned all speculation and conjecture which were not forced upon him; Leibnitz revelled in these at all times and on all subjects. Newton was rather timid than otherwise; he groped his way like a blind Atlas while stepping from world to world; Leibnitz *saw* it as he sailed along in supreme dominion on the wings of his intellectual imagination. Newton was a deeply humble — Leibnitz a dauntless and daring thinker. Newton *did* his full measure of work, and suggested little more that *he* was likely to do; Leibnitz, to the very close of his life, teemed with promise; the one was a finished, the other a fragmentary production of larger size. The one was a rounded planet, with

its corner-stones all complete, and its mechanisms all moving smoothly and harmoniously forward; the other, a star in its nebulous mist, and with all its vast possibilities before it. Newton was awe-struck, by the great and dreadful sea of suns in which he swam, into a mute worshipper of the Maker; Leibnitz sought rather to be his eloquent advocate —

"To assert Eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to man."

To Pascal, Mr. Rogers proceeds with a peculiar intensity of fellow-feeling. He has himself, sometimes, been compared to Pascal, both in the mirthful and the pensive attributes of his genius. Certainly, his sympathies with him are more thorough and brotherly than with any other of his poetico-metaphysico-theosophical heroes. He that loves most, it has often been said, understands best. And this paper of Rogers sounds the very soul of Pascal. Indeed, that presents fewer difficulties than you might at first suppose. Pascal, with his almost superhuman genius, was the least subtle and most transparent of men. In wisdom almost an angel, he was in simplicity a child. His single-mindedness was only inferior to, nay, seemed a part of his sublimity. He was from the beginning, and continued to the end, an inspired infant. A certain dash of charlatanerie distinguishes Leibnitz, as it does all those monsters of power. The very fact that they can do so much tempts them to pretend to do and to be what they cannot and are not. Possessed of vast knowledge, they affect the airs of omniscience. Thus Leibnitz, in the universal language he sought to construct in his "swift-going carriages," in his "Preestablished Harmony," and in his "Monads," seems seeking to *stand behind* the Almighty, to overlook, direct, or anticipate him at his work. Pascal was not a monster; he was a man — nay, a child; although a man of profoundest sagacity, and a child of transcendent genius. Children feel far more than men the mysteries of being, although the gayety and light-heartedness of their period of life prevent the feeling from oppressing their souls. Who can answer the questions or resolve the doubts of infancy? We remember a dear child, who was taken away to Abraham's bosom at nine years of age, saying that her two grand difficulties were, "Who made God, and how did sin come into the world?" These, an uncaused cause, and an originated evil, are the great difficulties of all thinking men, on

whom they press more or less hardly in proportion to their calibre and temperament. Pascal, adding to immense genius a child-like tenderness of heart and purity of conduct, was peculiarly liable to the tremendous doubts and fears forced on us all by the phenomena of man and the universe. He felt them, at once, with all the freshness of infancy, and with all the force of a melancholy manhood. He had in vain tried to solve them. He had asked these dreadful questions at all sciences and philosophies, and got no reply. He had carried them up to heights of speculation where angels bashful look, and down into depths of reflection such as few minds but his own have ever sounded, and all was dumb. Height and depth had said, "Not in us." The universe of stars was cold, dead, and tongueless. He felt terrified at, not instructed by it. He said, "*The eternal silence of these infinite spaces affrights me.*" He had turned for a solution from the mysterious materialism of the heavenly bodies to man, and had found in him his doubts driven to contradiction and despair; he seemed a puzzle so perplexed, a chaos so disorderly. He was thus rapidly approaching the gulf of universal scepticism, and was about to drop in, like a child over a precipice, when hark! he heard a voice behind him; and turning round, saw Christianity, like a mother, following her son to seek and to save him from the catastrophe. Her beauty, her mildness of deportment, her strange yet regal aspect, and the gentleness of those accents of an unknown land, which drop like honey from her lips, convince him that she is divine, and that she is his mother, even before he has heard or understood her message. He loves and believes her before he knows that she is worthy of all credence and all love. And when, afterwards, he learns in some measure to understand her far foreign speech, he perceives her still more certainly to be a messenger from heaven. She does not, indeed, remove all his perplexities; she allows the deep shadows to rest still on the edge of the horizon, and the precipices to yawn on in the distance; but she creates a little space of intense clearness around her child, and she bridges the far-off gloom with the rainbow of hope. She does not completely satisfy, but she soothes his mind, saying to him as he kneels before her, and as she blesses her noble son, "Remain on him, ye rainbowed clouds, ye gilded doubts; by your pressure purify him still more, and prepare him for higher work, deeper thought, and clearer revelation; teach

him the littleness of man and the greatness of God, the insignificance of man's life on earth and the grandeur of his future destiny, and impress him with this word of the Book above all its words, 'That which I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt hereafter know, if thou wilt humble thyself and become as a little child.' " Thus we express in parable the healthier portion of Pascal's history. That latterly the clouds returned after the rain, that the wide rainbow faded into a dim segment, and that his mother's face shone on him through a haze of uncertainty and tears, seems certain; but this we are disposed to account for greatly from physical causes. By studying too hard and neglecting his bodily constitution, he became morbid to a degree which amounted, we think, to semi-mania. In this sad state, the more melancholy, because attended by the full possession of his intellectual powers, his most dismal doubts came back at times, his most cherished convictions shook as with palsy, the craving originally created by his mathematical studies for demonstrative evidence on all subjects, became diseasedly strong, and nothing but piety and prayer saved him from shoreless and bottomless scepticism. Indeed, his great unfinished work on the evidences of Christianity seems to have been intended to convince himself quite as much as to convince others. But he has long ago passed out of this mysterious world; and now, we trust, sees "light in God's light clearly." If his doubts were of an order so large and deep that they did not "go out even to prayer and fasting," he was honest in them; they did not spring either from selfishness of life or pride of intellect; and along with some of the child's doubts, the child's heart remained in him to the last.

His "Thoughts"—what can be said adequately of those magnificent fragments? They are rather subjects for thoughts than for words. They remind us of *aérolites*, the floating fractions of a glorious world. Some of them, to use an expression applied to Johnson's sayings, "have been rolled and polished in his great mind like pebbles in the ocean." He has wrought them and finished them as carefully as if each thought were a book. Others of them are slighter in thinking, and more careless in style. But as a whole, the collection forms one of the profoundest and most living of works. The "Thoughts" are seed-pearl, and on some of them volumes might be, and have been, written. We specially admire those which

reflect the steadfast but gentle gloom of the author's habit of mind, the long tender twilight, not without its stars and gleams of coming day, which shadowed his genius, and softened always his grandeur into pathos. He is very far from being a splenetic or misanthropic spirit. Nothing personal is ever allowed either to shade or to brighten the tissue of his meditations. He stands a passionless spirit, as though he were disembodied, and had forgot his own name and identity, on the shore which divides the world of man from the immensity of God, and he pauses and ponders, wonders and worships there. He sees the vanity and weakness of all attempts which have hitherto been made to explain the difficulties and reconcile the contradictions of our present system. Yet without any evidence—for all quasi-evidence melts in a moment before his searching eye into nothing—he believes it to be a whole, and connected with one infinite mind; and this springs in him, not, as Cousin pretends, from a determination blindly to believe, but from a whisper in his own soul, which tells him warmly to love. He believes the universe to be from God, because his soul, which he knows is from God, loves, although without understanding it. But it is not, after all, the matter in the universe which he regards with affection; it is the God who is passing through it, and lending it the glory of his presence. Mere matter he tramples on and despises. It is just so much brute light and heat. He does not and cannot believe that the throne of God and of the Lamb is made of the same materials, only a little sublimated, as yonder dunghill or the crest of yonder serpent. He is an intense spiritualist. He cries out to this proud process of developing matter, this wondrous Something sweltering out suns in its progress, "Thou mayst do thy pleasure on me, thou mayst crush me, but I will know that thou art crushing me, whilst thou shalt crush blindly. I should be conscious of the defeat. Thou shouldst not be conscious of the victory." Bold, certainly, was the challenge of this little piece of inspired humanity, this frail, slender, invalid, but divinely gifted man, to the enormous mass of uninspired and uninstinctive matter amid which he lived. He did not believe in law, life, or blind mechanism, as the all-in-all of the system of things. He believed rather in Tennyson's second voice—

"A little whisper breathing low,
I may not speak of what I know."

He *felt*, without being able to *prove*, that God was in this place.

Pascal's result of thought was very much the same as John Foster's, although the process by which he reached it was different. Pascal had turned—so to speak—the tub of matter upside down, and found it empty. Foster had simply touched its sides, and heard the ring which proclaimed that there was nothing within. The one reached at once and by intuition what was to the other the terminus of a thousand lengthened intellectual researches. Both had lost all hope in scientific discoveries and metaphysical speculations, as likely to bring us a step nearer to the Father of Spirits, and were cast, therefore, as the orphans of Nature, upon the mercies and blessed discoveries of the Divine Word. Both, however, felt that that too has only very partially revealed Truth, that the Bible itself is a "glass in which we see darkly," and that the key of the Mysteries of Man and the Universe is in the keeping of Death. Both, particularly Foster, expected too much, as it appears to us, from the *instant* transition of the soul from this to another world. Both clothed their gloomy thoughts—thoughts "charged with a thunder" which was never fully evolved—in the highest eloquence which pensive thought can produce when wedded to poetry. But while Pascal's eloquence is of a grave, severe, monumental cast, Foster's is expressed in richer imagery, and is edged by a border of fiercer sarcasm; for although the author of the "Thoughts" was the author of the "Provincial Letters," and had wit and sarcasm at will, they are generally free from bitterness, and are rarely allowed to intermingle with his serious meditations. (In these remarks we refer to Foster's posthumous journal rather than to his essays.) Both felt that Christianity was yet in bud, and looked forward with fond yet trembling anticipation to the coming of a "new and most mighty dispensation," when it shall, under a warmer and nearer sun, expand into a tree, the leaves of which shall be for the healing of the nations, and the shade of which shall be heaven begun on earth. We must say that we look on the religion of such men, clinging each to his plank amid the weltering wilderness of waves, and looking up for the coming of the day—a religion so deep-rooted, so sad, as regards the past and present, so sanguine in reference to the future, so doubtful of man and human means, so firm in its trust on divine power and promise—with far more interest and sympathy

than on that commonplace, bustling, Christianity which abounds with its stereotyped arguments, its cherished bigotry and narrowness, its shallow and silly gladness, its Goody Twoshoes benevolence, its belief in well-oiled machineries, Exeter Hall cheers, the power of money, and the voice of multitudes. True religion implies struggle, doubt, sorrow, and these are indeed the main constituents of its grandeur. It is just the sigh of a true and holy heart for a better and brighter sphere. In the case of Pascal and Foster this sigh becomes audible to the whole earth, and is echoed through all future ages.

It was during the brief sunshine hour of his life that Pascal wrote his "Provincial Letters." On these Rogers dilates with much liveliness and power. He can meet his author at all points, and is equally at home when taking a brisk morning walk with him along a breezy summit, the echoes repeating their shouts of joyous laughter, and when pacing at midnight the shades of a gloomy forest discolored by a waning moon, which seems listening to catch their whispers as they talk of death, evil, and eternity. The "Provincial Letters" are, on the whole, the most brilliant collection of controversial letters extant. They have not the rounded finish, the concentration, the red-hot touches of sarcasm, and the brief and occasional bursts of invective darkening into sublimity which distinguish the letters of Junius. Nor have they the profound *asides* of reflection, or the impatient power of passion, or the masses of poetical imagery to be found in Burke's "Letter to a Noble Lord," and "Letters on a Regicide Peace," but they excel these and all epistolary writings in dexterity of argument, power of irony, in light, hurrying, scorching satire, a "fire running along the ground," in grace of motion, and in Attic salt and Attic elegance of style. He has held up his enemies to immortal scorn, and painted them in the most contemptible and ludicrous attitudes on a Grecian urn. He has preserved those wasps and flies in the richest amber. Has he not honored too much those wretched sophisters by destroying them with the golden shafts of Apollo? Had not the broad hoof of Pan or the club of Hercules been a more appropriate weapon for crushing and mangling them into mire? But had he employed coarser weapons, although equally effective in destroying his enemies, he had gained less glory for himself. As it is, he has founded one of his best claims to immortality upon the slaughter of these despicabilities, like the knights of old who won their lau-

rels in clearing the forests from wild swine and similar brutes. And be it remembered, that though the Jesuits individually were for the most part contemptible, their system was a very formidable one, and required the whole strength of a master hand to expose it.

We close this short notice of Pascal with rather melancholy emotions. A man so gifted in the prodigality of heaven, and so short-lived, (just thirty-nine at his death,) a man so pure and good, and in the end of his days so miserable! A sun so bright, and that set amid such heavy clouds! A genius so strong and so well-furnished, and yet the slave in many things of a despicable superstition! One qualified above his fellows to have extended the boundaries of human thought, and to have led the world on in wisdom and goodness, and yet who did so little, and died believing that nothing was worth being done! One of the greatest scholars and finest writers in the world, and yet despising fame, and at last loathing all literature except the Lamb's Book of Life! Able to pass from the Dan to the Beersheba of universal knowledge, and forced to exclaim at the end of the journey, "All is barren!" Was he in this mad or wise—right or wrong? We think the truth lies between. He was right and wise in thinking that man can do little at the most, know little at the clearest, and must be imperfect at the best; but he was wrong and mad in not attempting to know, to do, and to be the little within his own power, as well as in not urging his fellow-men to know, be, and do the less within theirs. Like the wagoner in fable, and Foster in reality, while calling on Hercules to come down from the cloud, he neglected to set his shoulder to the wheel. He should have done both, and thus, if he had not expedited the grand purpose of progress so much as he wished, he would at least have delivered his own soul, secured a deeper peace in his heart, and in working more would have suffered less. While Prometheus was chained to his rock, Pascal voluntarily chained himself to his by the chain of an iron-spiked girdle, and there mused sublime musings and uttered melodious groans till merciful Death released him. He was one of the very few Frenchmen who have combined imagination and reverence with fancy, intellect, and wit.

In his next paper, Mr. Rogers approaches another noble and congenial theme—Plato and his master, Socrates. It is a Greek meeting a Greek, and the tug of war, of course, comes—a generous competition of kindred genius. We have read scores of

critiques—by Landor, by Shelley, by Bulwer, by Sir Daniel Sandford, by Emerson, and others, on these redoubted heroes of the Grecian philosophy; but we forget if any of them excel this of our author in clearness of statement, discrimination, sympathy with the period, and appreciation of the merits of the two magnificent men. Old Socrates, with his ugly face, his snub nose, his strong head for standing liquor, his restless habits, his subtle irony, the inimitable dialogue on which he made his enemies to slide down, as on a mountain-side of ice, from the heights of self-consequent security to the depths of defeat and exposure; his sublime common-sense, his subtle yet homely dialectics; opening up mines of gold by the wayside, and getting the gods to sit on the roof of the house; his keen railery, his power of sophisticating sophists, and his profound knowledge of his own nescience, is admirably daguerreotyped. With equal power, the touches lent to him by the genius of his disciple are discriminated from the native traits. Plato, to say the least of it, has colored the photograph of Socrates with the tints of his own fine and fiery imagination; or he has acted as a painter when he puts a favorite picture in the softest and richest light; or as a poet when he visits a beautiful scene by moonlight; or as a lover when he gently lifts up the image of his mistress across the line which separated it from perfection. We often hear of people *throwing* themselves into such and such a subject; there is another and a rarer process—that of *adding* oneself to such and such a character. You see a person who, added to yourself, would make, you think, a glorious being, and you proceed to idealize accordingly; you stand on his head, and outtower the tallest; you club your brains with his, and are wiser than the wisest; you add the heat of your heart to his, and produce a very furnace of love. Thus Solomon might have written David's romantic history, and given the latter, in addition to his courage, sincerity and lyric genius, his own voluptuous fancy and profound acquirements. All biographers, indeed, possessed of any strong individuality themselves, act very much in this way when narrating the lives of kindred spirits. And, certainly, it was thus that Plato dealt with Socrates. The Platonic Socrates is a splendid composite, including the sagacity, strength, theological acumen, and grand modesty, as of the statue of a kneeling god, which distinguished the master, and the philosophic subtlety, the high imagination, the flowing diction and the exquisite re-

finement of the disciple. Yet, even Socrates in the picture of Plato is not for a moment to be compared to the Carpenter of Nazareth, as represented by his biographer, John, the Fisherman of Galilee. We shall quote, by and by, the fine passage in which Mr. Rogers draws the comparison between the two.

To Plato as a thinker and writer ample justice is done. Perhaps too little is said against that slipslop which in his writings so often mingles with the sublimity. They are often, verily, strange symposia which he describes—a kind of *Noctes Ambrosiana*, swarming here with bacchanalian babblement and there with sentences and sayings which might have been washed down with nectar. They are intensely typical of the ancient Grecian mind, of its heights and its depths, its unnatural vices and its lofty ideals of art. In their conception of beauty the Greeks approximated the ideal, but their views of God and of man were exceedingly imperfect. Hence their disgusting vices; hence their sacrifice of every thing to the purposes of art; hence the sensuality of their genius when compared to that of the Gothic nations; hence the resistance offered by their philosophers to Christianity, which appeared to them “foolishness;” hence Platonism, the highest effort of their philosophy, seems less indigenous to Greece than Aristotelianism, and resembles an exotic transplanted from Egypt or Palestine. Except in Plato and Æschylus, there is little approach in the productions of the Greek genius to moral sublimity or to a true religious feeling. Among the prose writers of Greece, Aristotle and Demosthenes more truly reflected the character of the national mind than Plato. They were exceedingly ingenious and artistic, the one in his criticism and the other in his oratory, but neither was capable of the lowest flights of Plato's magnificent prose-poetry. Aristotle was, as Macaulay calls him, the “acute of human beings;” but it was a cold, needle-eyed acuteness. As a critic, his great merit lay in deducing the principles of the epic from the perfect example set by Homer, like a theologian forming a perfect system of morality from the life of Christ; but this, though a useful process, and one requiring much talent, is not of the highest order even of intellectual achievements, and has nothing at all of the creative in it. It is but the work of an index-maker on a somewhat larger scale. Demosthenes, Mr. Rogers, with Lord Brougham and most other critics, vastly overrates. His speeches as delivered by himself must have been overwhelming in their

immediate effect, but really constitute, when read, morsels as dry and sapless as we ever tried to swallow. They are destitute of that "action, action, action," on which he laid so much stress, and having lost it, they have lost all. They have a good deal of clear pithy statement and some striking questions and apostrophes, but have no imagery, no depth of thought, no grasp, no grandeur, no genius. Lord Brougham's speeches have been called "law-papers on fire;" the speeches of Demosthenes are law-papers with much less fire. To get at their merit we must apply the well-known rule of Charles James Fox. He used to ask if such and such a speech read well; "if it did, it was a bad speech, if it did not; it was probably good." On this principle the orations of Demosthenes must be the best in the world, since they are about the dullest reading in it.

Far otherwise with the golden sentences of Plato. Dry argument, half-hot with passion, is all Demosthenes can furnish. Plato

"Has gifts in their most splendid variety and most harmonious combinations; rich alike in powers of invention and acquisition; equally massive and light; vigorous and muscular, yet pliable and versatile; master at once of thought and expression, in which originality and subtlety of intellect are surrounded by all the ministering aids of imagination, wit, humor, and eloquence, and the structure of his mind resembles some master-piece of classic architecture, in which the marble columns rise from their deep foundation exquisitely fashioned and proportioned, surmounted with elaborate and ornamented capitals, and supporting an entablature inscribed with all forms of the beautiful.

"Plato's style," Mr. Rogers proceeds, "is unrivalled: he wielded at will all the resources of the most copious, flexible, and varied instrument of thought through which the mind of man has ever yet breathed the music of eloquence. Not less severely simple and refined when he pleases than Pascal, between whom and Plato many resemblances existed, as in beauty of intellect, in the delicacy of their wit, in aptitude for abstract science, and in moral wisdom; the Grecian philosopher is capable of assuming every mood of thought, and of adopting the tone, imagery, and diction appropriate to each. Like Pascal, he can be by turns profound, sublime, pathetic, sarcastic, playful; but with a far more absolute command over all the varieties of manner and style. He could pass, by the most easy and rapid transitions, from the majestic eloquence which made the Greeks say that if Jupiter had spoken the language of mortals he would have spoken in that of Plato, to that homely style of illustration and those highly idiomatic modes of expression which mark the colloquial manner of his Socrates, and which, as Alcibiades in his eulogium observes, might induce a stranger to say that the talk of

the sage was all about shoemakers and tailors, carpenters and braziers."—p. 334.

We promised to quote also his closing paragraph. Here it is, worthy in every respect of the author of the "Eclipse of Faith," and equal to its best passages:—

"We certainly hold the entire dramatic projection and representation of Socrates in the pages of Plato to be one of the most wonderful efforts of the human mind. In studying him it is impossible that his character as a teacher of ethics and his life-like mode of representation should not suggest to us another character yet more wonderfully depicted, and by the same most difficult of all methods—that of dramatic evolution by discourse and action; of one who taught a still purer, sublimer, and more consistent ethics, pervaded by a more intense spirit of humanity; of one whose love for our race was infinitely deeper and more tender, who stands perfectly free from those foibles which history attributes to the real Socrates, and from that too Protean facility of manners which, though designed by Plato as a compliment to the philosophic flexibility of his character of Socrates, really so far assimilated him with mere vulgar humanity; of one, too, whose sublime and original character is not only exhibited with the most wonderful dramatic skill, but in a style as unique as the character it embodies—a style of simple majesty, which, unlike that of Plato, is capable of being readily translated into every language under heaven; of one whose life was the embodiment of that virtue which Plato affirmed would entrance all hearts if seen, and whose death throws the prison-scenes of the "Phædo" utterly into the shade; of one, lastly, whose picture has arrested the admiring gaze of many who have believed it to be only a picture. Now, if we feel that the portraiture of Socrates in the pages of Plato involved the very highest exercise of the highest dramatic genius, and that the cause was no more than commensurate with the effect, it is a question which may well occupy the attention of a philosopher, how it came to pass that in one of the obscurest periods of the history of an obscure people, in the dregs of their literature and the lowest depths of superstitious dotage, so sublime a conception should have been so sublimely exhibited; how it was that the noblest truths found an oracle in the lips of the grossest ignorance, and the maxims of universal charity advocates in the hearts of the most selfish of narrow-minded bigots; in a word, who could be the more than Plato (or rather the many each more than Plato) who drew that radiant portrait, of which it may be truly said 'that a far greater than Socrates is here?'—pp. 366, 377.

Passing over a very ingenious paper on the "Structure of the English Language," we come to one on the "British Pulpit," some of the statements in which are weighty and powerful, but some of which we are compelled to controvert. Mr. Rogers begins by deploring the want of eloquence and

of effect in the modern pulpit. There is undoubtedly too much reason for this complaint, although we think that in the present day it is not so much eloquence that men *desiderate* in preaching as real instruction, living energy, and wide variety of thought and illustration. Mr. Rogers says very little about the *substance* of sermons, and in what he does say seems to incline to that principle of strait-lacing which we thought had been nearly exploded. No doubt every preacher should preach the main doctrines of the gospel, but if he confine himself exclusively to these, he will limit his own sphere of power and influence. Why should he not preach the great general moralities as well? Why should he not tell, upon occasion, great political, metaphysical, and literary truths to his people, turning them, as they are so susceptible of being turned, to religious account? It will not do to tell us that preachers must follow the Apostles in every respect. Christ alone was a perfect model, and how easy and diversified his discourses! He had seldom any *text*. He spake of subjects as diverse from each other as are the deserts of Galilee from the streets of Jerusalem; the summit of Tabor from the tower of Siloam; the cedar of Lebanon from the hyssop springing out of the wall. He touched the political affairs of Judea, the passing incidents of the day, the transient controversies and heart-burnings of the Jewish sects, with a finger as firm and as luminous as he did the principles of morality and of religion. Hence, in part, the superiority and the success of his teaching. It was a wide and yet not an indefinite and baseless thing. It swept the circumference of Nature and of man, and then radiated on the cross as on a centre. It gathered an immense procession of things, thoughts, and feelings, and led them through Jerusalem and along the foot of Calvary. It bent all beings and subjects into its grand purpose, transfiguring them as they stooped before it. It was this catholic *eclectic* feature in Christ's teaching which, while it made many cry out, "Never man spake like this man," has created also some certain misconceptions of its character. Many think that he was at bottom nothing more than a Pantheistic poet, because he shed on all objects—on the lilies of the valley, the salt of the sea, the thorns of the wilderness, the trees of the field, the rocks of the mountain, and the sands of the sea shore—that strange and glorious light which he brought with him to earth and poured around him as from the wide wings of an

angel, as from the all-beautifying beams of dawn.

We think that if Christ's teaching be taken as the test and pattern, Mr. Rogers limits the range of preaching too much when he says its "principal characteristics should be 'practical reasoning and strong emotion.'" Preaching is not a mere hortatory matter. Sermons are the better of applications, but they should not be *all* application. Ministers should remember to address mankind and their audiences as a whole, and should seek here to instruct their judgments and there to charm their imagination; here to allure and there to alarm; here to calm and there to arouse; here to reason away their doubts and prejudices, and there to awaken their emotions. Mr. Rogers disapproves of discussing first principles in the pulpit, and says, that "the Atheist and Deist are rarely found in Christian congregations." We wish we could believe this. If there are no avowed Atheists or Deists in our churches, there are, we fear, many whose minds are grievously unsettled and at sea on such subjects, and shall they be altogether neglected in the daily ministrations? Of what use to speak to them of justification by faith who think there is nothing to be believed, or of the *new* birth who do not believe in the *old*, but deem themselves fatherless children in a forsaken world. We think him decidedly too severe also in his condemnation of the use of scientific and literary language in the pulpit. Pedantry, indeed, and darkening counsel by technical language, we abhor, but elegant and scholarly diction may be combined with simplicity and clearness, and has a tendency to elevate the minds and refine the tastes of those who listen to it. It is of very little use coming down, as it is called, to men's level; now-a-days, if you do so, you will get nothing but contempt for your pains: you cannot, indeed, be too intelligible, but you may be so while using the loftiest imagery and language. Chalmers never "came down to men's level," and yet his discourses were understood and felt by the humblest of his audience, when by the energy of his genius and the power of his sympathies he lifted them *up to his*.

Mr. Rogers thinks that all preachers aspiring to power and usefulness will "abhor the ornate and the florid," and yet it is remarkable that the most powerful and the most useful, too, of preachers have been the most ornate and florid. Who more ornate than Isaiah? Who spoke more in figures and parables than Jesus? Chrysostom, of the "golden mouth," belonged to the same school. South sneers at Jeremy Taylor, and Rogers

very unworthily reëchoes the sneer; but what comparison between South the sneerer and Taylor the sneered at, in genius or in genuine power and popularity? To how many a cultivated mind has Jeremy Taylor made religion attractive and dear, which had hated and despised it before? Who more florid than Isaac Taylor, and what writer of this century has done more to recommend Christianity to certain classes of the community? He, to be sure, is no preacher; but who have been or are the most popular and most powerful preachers of the age? Chalmers, Irving, Melville, Hall; and amid their many diversities in point of intellect, opinion, and style, they agree in this, that they all abound in figurative language and poetical imagery. And if John Foster failed in preaching, it was certainly not from want of imagination, which formed, indeed, the staple of all his best discourses. Mr. Rogers, to be sure, permits a "moderate use of the imagination;" but, strange to say, it is the men who have made a *large* and *lavish* use of it in preaching who have most triumphantly succeeded. Of course they have all made their imagination subservient to a high purpose; but we demur to his statement that no preacher will ever employ his imagination merely to delight us. He will not indeed become constantly the minister of delight; but he will and must occasionally, in gratifying himself with his own fine fancies, give an innocent and intense gratification to others, and having thus delighted his audience, mere gratitude on their part will prepare them for listening with more attention and interest to his solemn appeals at the close. He says that the splendid description in the "Antiquary" of a sunset would be altogether out of place in the narrative by a naval historian of two fleets separated on the eve of engagement by a storm, or in any serious narrative or speech; forgetting that the "Antiquary" professes to be a serious narrative, and that Burke, in his speeches and essays, has often interposed in critical points of narration descriptions quite as long and as magnificent, which, nevertheless, so far from exciting laughter, produce the profoundest impression, blending, as they do, the energies and effects of fiction and poetry with those of prose and fact.

That severely simple and *agonistic* style, which Mr. Rogers recommends so strongly, has been seldom practised in Britain, except in the case of Baxter, with transcendent effect. At all events, the *writings* of those who have followed it have not had a tithe of the in-

fluence which more genial and fanciful authors have exerted. For one who reads South, ten thousand revel in Jeremy Taylor. Howe, a very imaginative and rather diffuse writer, has supplanted Baxter in general estimation. In Scotland, while the dry sermons of Ebenezer Erskine are neglected, the lively and fanciful writings of his brother Ralph have still a considerable share of popularity. The works of Chalmers and Cumming, destined as both are in due time to oblivion, are preserved in their present life by what in the first is real, and in the second a semblance of imagination. Of the admirable writings of Dr. Harris and of the two Hamiltons we need not speak. Latimer, South, and Baxter, whom Rogers ranks so highly, are not *classics*. Even Jonathan Edwards and Butler, with all their colossal talent, are now little read, on account of their want of imagination. The same vital deficiency has doomed the sermons of Tillotson, Atterbury, Sherlock, and Clarke. Indeed, in order to refute Mr. Rogers, we have only to recur to his own words, quoted above: "This faculty, fancy namely, is incomparably the most important for the vivid and attractive exhibition of truth to the minds of men." It follows that since the great object of preaching is to exhibit truth to the minds of men, fancy is the faculty most needful to the preacher, and that the want of it is the most fatal of deficiencies. In fact, although a few preachers have, through the agonistic methods, by pure energy and passion, produced great effects, these have been confined chiefly to their spoken speech, have not been transferred to their published writings, and have speedily died away. It is the same in other kinds of oratory. Fox's eloquence, which studied only immediate effect, perished with him, and Pitt's likewise. Burke's, being at once highly imaginative and profoundly wise, lives, and will live for ever.

We have not room to enlarge on some other points in the paper. We think Mr. Rogers lays far too much stress on the *time* a preacher should take in composing his sermons. Those preachers who spend all the week in finical polishing of periods and intense elaboration of paragraphs are not the most efficient or esteemed. A well-furnished mind, animated by enthusiasm, will throw forth in a few hours a sermon incomparably superior in force, freshness, and energy, to those discourses which are slowly and toilsomely built up. It may be different sometimes with sermons which are meant for publication. Yet some of the finest published sermons in literature have been written at a heat.

From the entire second volume of these admirable essays, we must abstain. "Reason and Faith" would itself justify a long separate article. Nor can we do any more than allude at present to that noble "Meditation

among the Tombs of Literature," which closes the first volume, and which he entitles the "Vanity and Glory of Literature." It is full of sad truth, and its style and thinking are every way worthy of its author's genius.

From Colburn's New Monthly.

ANECDOTES OF EARTHQUAKES.

BY AN OLD TRAVELLER.

If my own mother earth, from whence I sprung,
Rise up, with rage unnatural, to devour
Her wretched offspring, whither shall I fly?
Some say the earth
Was feverous, and did shake.

THERE are few sensations more startling and unpleasant than that which is occasioned by even the slightest of those movements of the earth's surface to which we equally give the name of *earthquake*, whatever may be the degree of their intensity, or the nature of their effects. Our imperfect knowledge of the causes which produce them, and of the laws of nature by which they are regulated, increases our alarm; and as we have no sure warning of their approach, and are their helpless victims when they come, we may be thankful that they are not of more frequent occurrence. They are fearful in every way: for where they have once been destructively felt, they leave an impression as to the possibility of their return, which, at times, comes disagreeably across the mind, even in our moments of enjoyment.

A writer, whose work was noticed last month,* speaking of Lisbon, says: "Some traces of the great earthquake still remain; here and there, a huge windowless, roofless, and roomless mass, picturesque by moonlight, but saddening by day; fearful memento of wrath, stands to tell the tale of that terrible convulsion. Slight shocks are continually felt, and when I was in Lisbon, about five years ago, were so unusually powerful, that some fear was excited lest a recurrence of this calamity were imminent. The Portuguese have a theory, that nature takes a hundred years to produce an earthquake on a grand scale, and as that period had nearly

elapsed, they were frightened in proportion. At Naples one cannot but be conscious that the city is built over 'hidden fires;' on one side is the ever-active Vesuvius, and on the other the Solfatara, and an evident communication exists between them. Hot springs and steaming sulphur poison the air everywhere; but at Lisbon no such signs exist; *here* is nothing but a soil prolific beyond measure—no streams of lava—no hills of calcined stones, thrown up 1500 feet in one night (as the Monte Nuovo, near Naples)—no smoking craters—no boiling water struggling into day. Still, the belief that Lisbon will again be destroyed by a similar throe of nature is prevalent, and perpetuated year after year by the recurrence of slight shocks."

In treating of earthquakes, we cannot seek our materials in the remoter periods of history.

It is remarkable that in the records of the Old Testament there are only, I believe, three passages in which they are mentioned. One of them is part of the well-known description of the appearances attending the revelation of the Almighty will to Elijah. The others refer to the one event of an earthquake in the days of Uzziah, King of Judah—not quite 800 years B. C., and from the language in which it is alluded to, we may infer that such convulsions were then of unusual occurrence.

It is in comparatively modern times that

The old
And crazy earth has had her shaking-fits
More frequent.

* Hither and Thither.

When they are mentioned by the classical writers of antiquity, it is generally without any detailed notices of their phenomena, and in connection with other incidents.

Thucydides speaks of their frequency in Greece during the Peloponnesian war, and—in one instance—describes their more remarkable effects;—chiefly the destruction of life and buildings occasioned by inundations on the coast; and he modestly suggests, that “in his own opinion” the shock drives the sea back, and this suddenly coming on again with a violent rush, causes the inundation; “which, without an earthquake,” he thinks, “would never have happened.” But he mentions the more noticeable fact, that “at Peparethus there was a retreat of the sea, though no inundation followed.”

Inscriptions have been found in temples both at Herculaneum and Pompeii, commemorating the rebuilding of these edifices after they had been thrown down by an earthquake, which happened in the reign of Nero: sixteen years before the destruction of the cities themselves by the eruption of Vesuvius. Yet there is no other account of such an event extant; and the indifference of the ancients in recording them is shown in the fact that even the appalling fate of these cities was only incidentally alluded to till Dion Cassius wrote his fabulous and exaggerated description, about 150 years after their destruction had taken place.

We are constantly reminded, however, of the frequency of such phenomena. The route through Italy, for instance, from Sienna to Rome, is marked throughout by great volcanic changes; and it is not very difficult to believe the tradition that the whole of the Bay of Naples is formed by one extensive crater.

In many instances the ingenuity of man has converted even these fearful ruins into sources of wealth. Without speaking of the well-known commerce in sulphur and other articles, from Naples and Sicily, I may mention that, amongst the mountains of Tuscany, the Count de Larderel has applied a process to the preparation of boracic acid, which is described in the Jurors' Reports of the Great Exhibition of 1851 as amongst “the highest achievements of the useful arts.” The vapor issuing from a volcanic soil is condensed; and the minute proportion of boracic acid which it contains is recovered by evaporation, in a district without fuel, by the application of volcanic vapor itself as a source of heat. The substance thus obtained greatly exceeds in quantity the old and limited supply of borax from British India, and has extended

its use in improving the manufactures of porcelain and of crystal.

In every country where organic changes so violent and extensive have occurred, there must have been earthquakes equally violent; for though it is possible that some of these phenomena have been produced by *electricity* alone, yet we are so often able to connect them with volcanic action that we must consider this as the most frequent, if not the only cause with which we are at present acquainted. We are reminded also by an eminent writer, to whose “Principles of Geology” I shall elsewhere refer, that in volcanic regions, though the points of eruption are but thinly scattered—constituting mere spots on the surface of those districts—yet the *subterraneous* movements extend simultaneously over immense areas. Those mere tremblings of the earth, so common in South America, are probably connected with eruptions in mountain ranges, that have never yet been explored. It does not advance us *very far* in our knowledge of the subject to assume that both volcanoes and earthquakes have a common origin, which often produces movements of the earth even unattended by volcanic eruption. As far as we can trace their connection, this is most probably the fact; but there may be other causes which have still to be discovered.

An able writer in one of the early volumes of the *Edinburgh Review*—while denying the theory that volcanic explosions are caused by “the eruptions of a central fire, occupying the interior of the earth,” and while showing that the lava thrown out by these convulsions could not be so produced—admits that substances in a state of fusion may exist, which, by the action of water pouring from above, or by the irruption of the sea, “might produce earthquakes, with furious emissions of gases and steam.” Lyell gives his reasons, based upon electro-chemical influences, for attributing them to a similar cause. In his “Geology of the Countries visited during the voyage of H. M. S. Beagle round the World,” Darwin supposes that, in Chili, there is a subterranean lake of lava of nearly double the area of the Black Sea, and “that the frequent quakings of the earth along this line of coast are caused by the rending of the strata, which is necessarily consequent on the tension of the land when upraised, and their injection by fluidified rock.” But it is useless to theorize. In the present state of human knowledge, earthquakes are a description of phenomena of which we can merely record the facts.

One of the most remarkable earthquakes of antiquity of which we have any account was contemporaneous with the battle of Thrasimene, and was alluded to, incidentally, by Livy, as showing the ardor of the fight. The passage is translated by Lord Byron. "Such (he says) was their mutual animosity, so intent were they upon the battle, that the earthquake which overthrew in great part many of the cities of Italy, which turned the course of rapid streams, poured back the sea upon the rivers, and tore down the very mountains, was not felt by any of the combatants." We may repeat the description in Lord Byron's verse:

And such the storm of battle on this day,
And such the frenzy whose convulsion blinds
To all save carnage, that, beneath the fray,
An earthquake roll'd unheededly away!
None felt stern nature rocking at his feet,
And yawning forth a grave for those who lay
Upon their bucklers for a winding-sheet;
Such is the absorbing hate when warring nations
meet!

The earth to them was as a rolling bark
Which bore them to eternity; they saw
The ocean round, but had no time to mark
The motions of their vessel; nature's law,
In them suspended, reck'd not of the awe
Which reigns when mountains tremble; and
the birds

Plunge in the clouds for refuge, and withdraw
From their down-toppling nests; and bellowing
herds
Stumble o'er heaving plains, and man's dread hath
no words.

The event to which these passages refer, occurred, it will be remembered, 217 years
B. C.

Upon the earthquakes which marked the consummation of our Saviour's mission, I feel that this is not an occasion to dwell.

The next of which we have any record was in the seventeenth year of Christianity, when twelve cities of Asia Minor were almost simultaneously destroyed.

Of those which, in the year 365, ravaged nearly the whole of the Roman Empire, we are told that "in the second year of the reign of Valentinian and Valens, on the morning of the 21st day of July, the greatest part of the Roman world was shaken by a violent and destructive earthquake. The impression was communicated to the waters; the shores of the Mediterranean were left dry by the sudden retreat of the sea; great quantities of fish were caught with the hand; large vessels were stranded; and a curious spectator (Ammianus) amused his eye, or rather his fancy, by contemplating the various appear-

ance of valleys and mountains, which had never, since the formation of the globe, been exposed to the sun. But the tide soon returned with the weight of an immense and irresistible deluge, which was severely felt on the coasts of Sicily, of Dalmatia, of Greece, and of Egypt; large boats were transported and lodged on the roofs of houses, or at the distance of two miles from the shore; the people with their habitations were swept away by the waters; and the city of Alexandria annually commemorated the fatal day on which 50,000 persons had lost their lives in the inundation. This calamity, the report of which was magnified from one province to another, astonished and terrified the subjects of Rome; and their affrighted imagination enlarged the real extent of a momentary evil. They recollected the preceding earthquakes which had subverted the cities of Palestine and Bithynia; they considered these alarming strokes as the prelude only of still more dreadful calamities, and their fearful vanity was disposed to confound the symptoms of a declining empire and of a sinking world." In speaking of the similar convulsions which occurred about the year 526, the same historian observes, "that the *nature of the soil* may indicate the countries most exposed to these formidable concussions, since they are occasioned by subterraneous fires, and such fires are kindled by the union and fermentation of iron and sulphur." (We do not stop to question the correctness of his theory.) "But their times and effects (he continues) appear to lie beyond the reach of human curiosity, and the philosopher will discreetly abstain from the prediction of earthquakes till he has counted the drops of water that silently filtrate on the inflammable mineral, and measured the caverns which increase by resistance the explosion of the imprisoned air. Without assigning the cause, history will distinguish the *periods* in which these calamitous events have been more or less frequent, and will observe that this fever of the earth raged with uncommon violence during the reign of Justinian." (It was of the close of this reign that he was writing.) "Each year is marked by the repetition of earthquakes of such *duration* that Constantinople has been shaken above forty days; of such *extent* that the shock has been communicated to the whole surface of the globe—or, at least, of the Roman empire. An impulsive or vibratory motion was felt: enormous chasms were opened; huge and heavy bodies were discharged into the air; the sea alternately advanced and retreated beyond its ordinary

bounds; and a mountain was torn from Libanus and cast into the waves, where it protected, as a mole, the new harbor of Botrys in Phœnicia. At Antioch its multitudes were swelled by the conflux of strangers to the festival of the Ascension, and 250,000 persons are said to have perished."

To the many who—unsatisfied with any briefer manual—study at once both facts and language in the pages of Gibbon, I ought to apologize, perhaps, for having made extracts so long from a work so easily accessible. As we approach nearer to our own times, these convulsions continue frequent; and the discovery of America opens a new source of materials to swell the mournful history. It would be a painful and useless task to trace them in all their details. The disappearance of entire cities was not an unusual occurrence, and as many as 40,000 persons have perished at once. Sea-ports have been swallowed up by the advancing waters, and the whole of their population drowned. In China, too, the records of these calamities carry us back to 1333; when there was a succession of shocks which continued for ten years; destroying its capital, and multitudes of its crowded population.

If I had to refer to sources of more ample information, I should say—as may easily be anticipated—that the best history of these phenomena, and the most philosophical views as to their effects, with which I am acquainted, are to be found in the works of Sir Charles Lyell. Few, however, of the events he mentions throw any new light upon their causes, and I shall merely notice—from these and several other authorities—such of them as were attended with the most remarkable circumstances.

In 1759 there were destructive earthquakes in Syria; and at Balbec alone, 20,000 persons are said to have perished. In 1783, Guatemala, with all its riches, and 8000 families, was swallowed up; and every vestige of its former existence obliterated. The shocks felt in Calabria in the same year continued to the end of 1786, and extended over an area of 500 square miles. Deep fissures were produced; houses engulfed; new lakes formed; buildings moved entire to considerable distances; 40,000 persons perished at the time; and 20,000 more died from various consequences. A fourth of the inhabitants of some of the towns were buried alive. For some instants their voices were heard and recognized, but there was no means of saving them.

The earthquakes of Chili, in 1835, are

chiefly noticeable from their having occurred during the voyage of the *Beagle*, and from their phenomena having thus been observed more scientifically than usual. But their more obvious effects in the destruction of entire towns;—in the appearance of valuable merchandise, fragments of buildings, and articles of furniture (which had been carried away by the advancing and retiring waters) still floating along the coast;—and in the sad sight of structures, the labor of generations, crumbled in a moment into dust,—are also ably and strikingly described. "Shortly after the shock, a great wave was seen from the distance of three or four miles, approaching the middle of the bay with a smooth outline; but along the shore it tore up cottages and trees, as it swept onwards with irresistible force."

There were some incidents worthy of remark attendant upon an earthquake which took place in Antigua in 1843. Owing to its having occurred early in the forenoon, when few people were in the houses, there was very little loss of life; but the destruction of property has rarely been more extensive. There was scarcely a building on the island that was not thrown down or seriously injured. Of 172 sugar-mills, only 23 remained capable of being worked; and of these, not half had escaped damage. The walls of the cathedral (which was large enough to contain 1800 persons) fell, in crumbling masses; and the roof, which still held together, rested upon them like a huge cover. In the open country, trees were seen to rise and descend vertically, several times, during the continuance of the vibrations.

Many of these convulsions, and in various parts of the world, have produced extensive and permanent changes of surface. This was particularly the case, more than once, during the first half of the present century, in different parts of Chili. At Valparaiso two entire streets were constructed on what was before the bottom of the sea; and the permanent alteration of level is conjectured to have extended over 100,000 square miles. The writer from whom I have before quoted thinks that the effects of these changes are eminently beneficial; and that they constitute an essential part of that mechanism by which the integrity of the habitable surface of the world is preserved, and the very existence and perpetuation of dry land secured.

But, after all that has since occurred, the most popularly-remembered of such events are still the earthquakes at Jamaica, in 1692, when its loftiest mountains were torn asun-

der, and its finest harbor sunk, in a moment, into the sea;—those in Sicily, the following year, when Catania and 140 other towns and villages, with upwards of 100,000 persons, were destroyed;—the fearful calamity at Lisbon in 1755, when 60,000 persons perished in about six minutes; and when many of the survivors would have perished also, but for the timely aid of British charity;—and, lastly, the earthquakes which preceded the eruption of the Souffrière at St. Vincent in 1812.

It is because I myself witnessed some of the phenomena connected with these events, and because there were atmospheric circumstances, not very dissimilar from those attendant upon the slight shocks which were not long since felt in England, that I have been induced to gather my recollections upon the subject, and to mix them up with the contents of my note-books.

I was then residing on the southern coast of North America. The close of the previous year was accompanied, in those climates, by some remarkable phenomena. We may pass over the appearance of a comet, and an eclipse of the sun, as merely coincident, and witnessed in common with other countries. In addition to these, the small island where I was staying was completely deluged by one of those inundations of the sea that occasionally occur in tropical climates about the time of the autumnal equinox; and, excepting a space considerably less than a quarter of a mile, the wide waters of the Atlantic, and the mainland at some distance, were the only objects on which the eye could rest. This inundation had scarcely subsided, when the city of Charleston (my next place of sojourn) was visited by a tornado more dreadful in its extent and effects than any in the memory of the inhabitants. The wind, which had been for some days light and variable, had shifted on the 8th to the north-east; and, blowing very fresh through the night, it continued in the same quarter all the day and night of the 9th. During the whole of this time there was an almost uninterrupted fall of rain; and on the morning of the 10th the wind blew with increased violence. About ten o'clock it shifted to the south-east, and soon after twelve it suddenly became calm. A heavy rumbling noise, resembling the sound of a carriage rapidly driven over a pavement, was then heard, and a tornado, extending only about one hundred yards in width, passed like lightning through a considerable section of the city, involving alike the habitations and inhabitants that

were within its course in instant destruction. Proceeding up the harbor, the first object it struck was the flag-staff of one of the forts, which could have offered little surface of resistance, though of more than ordinary strength and thickness. This was snapped in a moment; and, with equal ease, houses of considerable size were not merely unroofed or injured, but completely overthrown, like the playthings of an infant. Large beams of wood, and masses of lead and iron, were carried for several hundred yards, and nearly buried in the walls of other buildings; yet so confined was its operation to a particular current, that corners and parts of houses were taken off, as cleanly as if divided by some mechanical instrument, and the remainder of the buildings were left uninjured. About twenty lives were lost, some of them under remarkable circumstances. A lady was, with her sister, on a bed in an upper apartment when the tornado was approaching. The noise so alarmed a negro girl, her attendant, that she sought refuge under the bed upon which her mistress was lying. A stack of chimneys that had been struck, falling upon the roof, forced its way through the house to the ground, precipitating the floors along with it. The bed fell with them; the ladies (who were nearest the falling roof) escaped without injury; but the negro girl beneath was crushed to death. In another instance, a young female, who was attending her dying mother, was carried by the hurricane from the room in which she sat, and dashed against a building at a very considerable distance; the bed of the invalid remaining in its place. In the interval between this calamity and the concussions of the earth, (the first of which occurred on the 16th of December,) various meteors and balls of fire of different sizes and appearances were observed. One of them, of a magnitude calculated to excite alarm, was seen by spectators who were a hundred miles asunder on the evening of the 21st of November, moving with great rapidity in a south-west direction. It illuminated the ground and the surface of the waters, as if a torch of burning matter had been passing over them, and was conjectured (though it must have been vaguely) to have been about ten or fifteen feet in diameter. The season was unusually warm. Large apples, the produce of second crops, were seen in November; and on several plantations there were second crops of rice, which had not occurred for forty years. It may also be remarked, that there was considerably less thunder during

the year 1811 than usual; the number of days, which commonly, in those climates, averages sixty, having only amounted to thirty-eight. Sir Charles Lyell considers many of these phenomena

(Fires from beneath, and meteors from above)

as, generally, the accompaniments of the convulsions which followed.

On the morning of the 16th of December, about three o'clock, the first shock of earthquake was felt. It awoke me, and was said to have been preceded by the usual rattling noise. Being unapprehensive of such an event, my first impression was that the house was falling, and the cracking of its timbers strengthened me in this impression. When I had reached the ground-floor, however, (and the noise having subsided,) I began to be doubtful how far I might be under the influence of some mental delusion; and, returning to my bed, I found it rocking from the effect of a second shock; and a third and fourth, a few minutes before and after eight o'clock, left me perfectly certain as to the cause of what had occurred. From this time to the 11th of February fourteen distinct shocks were felt, their duration from twenty seconds to two minutes; with one exception, when the tremor did not entirely subside for seven minutes.

The motion was generally from east to west; but it was not uniform. In December it appeared to be undulating; in January violent and irregular; and in February it seemed similar to a sudden jerking to and fro of the earth's surface. As far as our observations extend, vertical movements on such occasions appear to be less destructive than horizontal; and if this (says Lyell) should generally be the case, the greatest alteration of level may be produced with the least injury to cities or existing formations. Even between the concussions which I have been describing, a tremor was frequently perceptible, and light pendulous bodies were then in a state of continued vibration. The motion during the severer shocks was sufficiently violent to break the glasses in picture-frames hanging against the wall, and the pavements in several of the streets were cracked. Many persons, also, found it difficult to preserve themselves from being thrown down; and the guard stationed in one of the church steeples to look out for fires, gave notice to the men below that it was falling. The sky was generally, though not uniformly, dark and hazy, sometimes tinged with red, and the atmospheric changes

were frequent and unusual. The shock of the 7th of February was attended by a noise like distant-thunder, and that of the same evening was accompanied by a sound like the rushing of a violent wind, and with some sharp flashes of lightning.

The thermometer at eight o'clock on the evening of the 15th of December was 52 deg., and the barometer 30 deg. 45 min. The following morning, when the first shock took place, the barometer continued the same, but the thermometer had sunk to 46 deg. The last of these awful visitations was a slight tremor on the day following the more distant and fatal calamities to which I am now about to refer.

In our case they passed away without a single instance of serious personal injury, or of destruction of property; but, unaccustomed as the inhabitants had been to any thing of a similar nature—for there was no well-authenticated account of an earthquake having been felt in this part of America since its first discovery—the consternation and alarm were very considerable. A proclamation was issued by the Governor of the State, appointing the 11th of March as a day of humiliation, religious reflection, and prayer; and a tone of seriousness and pious feeling was for a long time perceptible where it had previously seldom existed.

The phenomena which I have been attempting to describe were experienced, in a greater or less degree, from the shores of the Carolinas to the valley of the Mississippi, during the three months which preceded the destructive earthquakes in Venezuela, and which were followed by the eruption of the Soufrière in St. Vincent.

On the 26th of March the earthquakes in Venezuela commenced with a severe shock, which destroyed, in little more than a minute, the city of Caraccas, together with the town of Laguayra and the neighboring villages, and 20,000 persons either perished with them or were left to a lingering death amongst their ruins.

I have not adverted to the horrors attending the earthquake at Lisbon. They were repeated at the destruction of Caraccas; and we need not dwell more than once on details so painful.

For those which follow, I am indebted to a distinguished traveller who had visited Caraccas before its ruin, and had afterwards carefully collected and compared the descriptions given by persons who had witnessed the fearful event.

"The air," he says, "was calm, and the sky

unclouded. It was Holy Thursday, and a great part of the population was assembled in the churches. Nothing seemed to pre-
 sage the calamities of the day. At seven minutes after four in the afternoon the first shock was felt; it was sufficiently powerful to make the bells of the churches toll; it lasted five or six seconds, during which time the ground was in a continued undulating movement, and seemed to heave up like a boiling liquid. The danger was thought to be past, when a tremendous subterranean noise was heard, resembling the rolling of thunder, but louder and of longer continuance than that heard within the tropics in time of storms. This noise preceded a perpendicular motion of three or four seconds, followed by an undulatory movement somewhat longer. The shocks were in opposite directions, from north to south, and from east to west. Nothing could resist the movement from beneath upward, and the undulations crossing each other. The town of Caraccas was entirely overthrown. Between 9000 and 10,000 of the inhabitants were buried under the ruins of the houses and churches. The procession (usual on Holy Thursday) had not yet set out; but the crowds were so great in the churches that 3000 or 4000 persons were crushed by the fall of their vaulted roofs. Some of these edifices, more than 150 feet high, sunk with their pillars and columns into a mass of ruins scarcely exceeding five or six feet in elevation, and ultimately left scarcely any vestige of their remains. A regiment under arms to join the procession was buried under the fall of its barracks. Nine-tenths of the town were entirely destroyed. All the calamities experienced in the great catastrophes of Lisbon, Messina, Lima, and Riobamba, were renewed on this fatal day. The wounded, buried under the ruins, implored by their cries the help of the passers-by, and nearly 2000 were dug out.

"Implements for digging and clearing away the wreck were entirely wanting; and the people were obliged to use their bare hands to disinter the living. The wounded, as well as the sick patients who had escaped from the hospitals, were laid on the banks of the small river Guayra. They had no shelter but the trees.

"Beds, linen to dress wounds, instruments of surgery, medicines, and objects of the most urgent necessity, were buried under the ruins. Every thing, even food, was, for the first days, wanting. Water was alike scarce. The commotion had rent the pipes

of the fountains; the falling of the earth had choked up the springs that supplied them; and it became necessary, in order to have water, to go down to the river Guayra, which was considerably swollen; and even then the vessels to convey it were wanting."

An eye-witness, from whom I obtained an account at the time, said, "Those who were living were employed in digging out the dead, putting them in lighters, and burying them in the sea. When it became so rough as to prevent them being taken off, they made a large fire, and began burning forty at a time. It was shocking," he said, "at the close of day, to see heads, arms, and legs, that had remained unburnt, as the fire died away; and the effluvia was intolerable."

The moral and religious effect of these calamities (as described by Humboldt) was rather curious. Some, assembling in procession, sang funeral hymns; others, in a state of distraction, confessed themselves aloud in the streets; marriages were contracted between parties by whom the priestly benediction had been previously disregarded, and children found themselves suddenly acknowledged by parents to whom they had never before been aware of their relationship; restitutions were promised by persons who were hitherto unsuspected of fraud; and those who had long been at enmity were drawn together by the ties of a common calamity.

I am afraid that the virtue which had no purer origin would not be of long duration.

The effect upon men's minds during one of the most destructive of the earthquakes in Sicily was of a very opposite description. Amongst the poor wretches who had there escaped, the distinctions of rank and the restraints of law were disregarded; and murder, rapine, and licentiousness reigned amongst the smoking ruins;—and yet the kind of religion was in both countries the same, and the habits of the people were not widely different. At the town of Concepcion, in Chili, in 1835, Mr. Darwin tells us of a more *mixed* feeling. "Thieves prowled about, and at each little trembling of the ground, (after the fatal shock,) with one hand they beat their breasts and cried '*Misericordia!*' and then with the other filched what they could from the ruins."

Fifteen or eighteen hours after the great catastrophe at Caraccas, the ground remained tranquil. The night was fine and calm, and the peaceful serenity of the sky contrasted strangely with the misery and destruction

which lay beneath. Commotions attended with a loud and long-continued subterranean noise were afterwards frequent, and one of them was almost as violent as that which had overthrown the capital. The inhabitants wandered into the country; but the villages and farms having suffered as much as the town itself, they found no shelter till they had passed the mountains and were in the valleys beyond them. Towards the close of the following month, the eruption of the Soufrière in the island of St. Vincent took place; and the explosions were heard on the neighboring continent, at a distance, in a direct line, of 210 leagues, and over a space of 4000.

At the time of the earthquake at Lisbon, shocks were felt in other parts of Portugal, in Spain, and Northern Africa; and its effects were perceptible over a considerable part of Europe, and even in the West Indies. Two of our Scottish lakes (as we have all often read) rose and fell repeatedly on that fatal day; and ships at sea were affected as if they had struck on rocks, the crews in some instances being thrown down by the concussion. I am not aware of any volcanic eruption in the same year; but the great Mexican volcano of Jorullo was then accumulating its subterranean fires; and its first eruption was in 1759.

Judging from the past, we might have presumed that the movements which have been recently felt in England were not the effects, but the indications which *precede* some similar explosion. So far (early in 1854) no such event appears to have occurred; but there have been earthquakes of considerable extent, and of a very serious character. Soon after the shocks which were felt in England, there were violent ones in some of the islands of the Indian Archipelago. An earthquake at Shiraz is said to have involved the entire destruction of the place and of its inhabitants. At Acapulco,

in Mexico, the principal buildings were thrown down, and the ground opened in the public square and threw out volumes of smoke. Cumana, on the Spanish Main, was destroyed, and 4000 persons perished amidst all the horrors attendant upon similar events. And, in Greece, the town of Thebes and its neighboring villages became heaps of ruins; the springs which supplied them with water were stopped; and the inhabitants, struggling both with privation and disease, were in a miserable state of suffering.

In our own favored land, exempt by the blessing of Heaven from so many calamities which are felt elsewhere, earthquakes have never caused destruction of property or life. Mr. Darwin speaks, with almost ludicrous exaggeration, of the disastrous consequences that would follow "if, beneath England, the now inert subterranean forces should exert those powers which most assuredly in former geological ages they *have* exerted." National bankruptcy—the destruction of all public buildings and records—taxes unpaid—the subversion of the government—rapine, pestilence, and famine—are to follow the first shock; but judging from the fact that, during the last 800 years, fifty shocks, at least, have been harmlessly felt, we may hope, without presumption, that we have as little to apprehend hereafter as we have previously suffered. Even with reference to their most disastrous consequences in other portions of the globe, if we compare them with the various sources of human misery, we shall agree with the historian whom I have already quoted, that "the mischievous effects of an earthquake, or deluge, a hurricane, or the eruption of a volcano, bear a very inconsiderable proportion to the ordinary calamities of war," [or to the horrors of religious persecution;] and that man "has much less to fear from the convulsions of the elements than from the passions of his fellow-creatures."

THE TZAR'S SUMMER QUARTERS.

"WHERE are you going?" asks some familiar, as, on a fiery July day, you hurry, red in the face, along the splendid quays of the Neva. But you have no time to explain. Already the steamer's bell has rung. So, throwing an hour's politeness into your glance, you push past, leaving the word "Peterhoff" floating in the air behind you, as a sufficient explanation of your excitement. A minute or two brings you to the landing, where the intimation, "For Peterhoff," is written in Russ, German, and English. You get into the office. Others are there before you, and during the few seconds of detention you have time to look round, and see that the shelves behind the counter are filled with the caps and swords of officers who, in their trips, leave them till they call again. The place looks like a room in an army clothier's. But it is your turn now, and the man looks. If you seem *very* shabby, he gives you a steerage ticket, and consigns you to the fellowship of the *moujiks*. But if you seem at all reputable, he hands you a slip of pink paper, with some wonderful characters on it, and you hand him fifty copeeks, and proceed to the boat. You are now on the gangway. But here you are stopped by two old soldiers—civil, like all the Russians—who examine your *billet*, tear off a corner, and then motion you towards the cabin.

There are several Peterhoff steamers, and all pretty much alike. You find yourself in a long, sharp, elegant, fast-sailing iron river-boat. The weather is fine. This is a *fête*-day. Crowds are going down. You came late. There is neither room to walk about nor sit down, so you must stand till some one leaves his place. Under these circumstances, you squeeze yourself, rather sheepishly, between rows of seated ladies, and get near the taffrail, where you are out of the way and can see everybody.

The bell now rings for the last time. The gangway is removed, the ropes are thrown off, the steamer backs, then goes ahead, then swings round. While this interesting operation is progressing, several people rush down to the quay, and stop abruptly within an inch of the edge, having discovered two or three minutes before that there was no use in their coming at all. But there they are, looking very indignant, and ready to go home again every time a boat starts. You are now clear;

and passing Baird's works on the left, and the Mine-corps on the right, the city disappears, and the vessel threads her way in the narrow channel which leads through the now shallow expanse towards the Gulf of Finland.

Look at the passengers now, for there is no scenery worth noticing. All are fully occupied, the ladies with their tongues, and the gentlemen with their tobacco. But some of the fair sex in Russia do more than talk: they smoke too. At first you can hardly believe it, but are soon convinced that there is no mistake; for in one case you see that "the smoke which so gracefully curls" comes from under a handsome bonnet; in another, that small gloved hand holds an ignited *papirosse* in the most approved method; while a third lady asks a fellow-traveller to give her a light. However, smoking ladies, though frequently met with, are not the rule. On the other hand, all the men smoke, and the mass indulge in this habit to excess. Especially do they indulge in it on board the steamer, since they dare not draw a puff in the streets of any city, town, or village of the empire, because the Tzar abhors the practice, and won't allow it; a useful hint this to legislators among ourselves. Even in free America, users of tobacco are compelled, in such cities as Boston, to consume it in their pipes at home. Why should they annoy other people? And I can bear witness that they do so; for even on the deck of these Russian steamers, on a calm day, the air is so filled with stifling fumes, that to breathe freely one would almost need to be hung over the side.

This beclouded company is a motley one. Here is a knot of glittering uniforms; there a group of gray military cloaks. Here is an elderly gentleman in plain clothes, with an "order" round his neck; there is a frivolous youth, who does not seem to be burdened with any kind of order at all. And as for languages—a running fire of French is pretty general, with here a little Russ, there a rasp of German, and in yon corner a monosyllable or two in English. It seems as if every country in Europe had sent a representative on board the vessel. Either sex, all ages, and professions, and ranks are huddled together in this iron box, thinking little of the day that is gone, less of that which is coming, and chiefly intent on the present moment.

They are going to Peterhoff, partly to look at the crowd, and partly to let the crowd look at them. They are people who live chiefly for pleasure, and find it hard work to waste time.

The water at Peterhoff is shallow, so that the pier runs out a long way. The bank is pretty, and from amidst the green trees golden and glittering roofs peep out, now hinting at a palace, and now at a holy *sabor*. Some distance from the end of the pier is the place where private carriages draw up. A little farther on is the drosky stand, where a mounted *gend'arme* is stationed to keep the *ivostchiks* in order; for there, as here, "cabby" is an unruly mortal. Indeed, the drivers are the only men in Russia to whom uproarious action and freedom of speech is permitted. Nor are they slow to use their privilege. There they are, with their low-crowned hats, dirty faces, shaggy beards, and long *caftans*, shouting vociferously, running frantically up to, round, about and after passengers. You see what you may expect. Go, then, and face the tumult. *Gospadeen, pajalsty! Gospadeen, pajalsty!* issues from twenty hairy mouths, and every speaker demands that you deposit yourself in his particular vehicle at that very moment. But as ubiquity is impossible, and dismemberment unpleasant, you must at once jump into the decentest-looking concern you see, and instantly drive off, which you do, accompanied by a volley of jokes and jeers.

Peterhoff was a favorite place with the great Tzar whose name it bears. Two of his palaces are still standing; but these look so humble, that a visitor would never fancy they had held an emperor, unless he were told that they really did so. One is a white-painted, square, two-storied building, in size and shape just like that which a retired citizen, such as John Gilpin, might have built for himself at Ware, in Cowper's time. It stands embosomed in woods, and has a large square pond before it, where quantities of fish swim, as fat and as tame as those at Hampton Court. The other is a one-story range, close to the river, with a marble terrace before it, and a pretty garden on the land side; but withal, it is a poor place.

At a more recent and advanced period in Russian history, lavish and unprincipled Catherine erected a more pretentious building on the top of the hill which rises to the south, and on which the village stands. Now this woman was a great admirer of Voltaire, and loved to think herself, and would have others think her, quite a philosopher. She was wise, too, in her generation, conducted great

affairs, and gathered able men about her. Hence, one wonders that she did not build a better palace, for this is a very tawdry affair, loaded with stucco ornaments overlaid with gilding.

This building, then, is the official residence of the Tzar Nicholas, during four or five months every summer. In this palace he receives ambassadors, holds levees, and dates ukases. How different from, and inferior to, the Winter Palace, recently spoken of in this journal!* However, though this be his nominal residence, it is not his actual *habitat*; and if one would describe Peterhoff, he need not dilate on this paltry palace, but must rather speak of the many and varied charms which imperial power has bestowed on and developed or created in the country round. The summer quarters of the Emperor are not circumscribed by four walls, but comprehend cottages, villas, gardens, fountains, parks, walks, and drives, scattered or extended over many miles. Peterhoff is only a centre point—a district in the home of the Autocrat.

If anybody wants to see the ruler of sixty millions of human beings, he is tolerably certain to meet with him in this neighborhood, almost any day between the beginning of June and the end of September. The newspapers lately intimated that since the movements of the Baltic fleet he had repaired to it earlier than usual.

It was in the imperial chapel that I first saw him. Not that I was inside, but that he occupied his usual place at one of the north windows. And there he stood, arrayed in the very splendid uniform of his guard, crossing himself and bowing most reverently, while the people outside waited, through the whole service, in the burning sun, with their hats off. He had that day entered on his fifty-seventh year. His bearing was very solemn; but I cannot say as much for his attendants. The chapel would not hold them, and the splendid throng, numbering nearly two hundred men and women in every variety of costume, stood outside the whole time on the flat terrace roof of the adjoining palace, along which the procession had passed. Old Nesselrode was there with his wrinkled visage. Orloff, too, was there. Wooden-legged and armless generals and admirals were there. Young maids of honor and trim lords in waiting were there, who seemed far more disposed to chat with each other than to think about a ceremonial in which they had no particular interest, and could take no part.

* See *Leisure Hour*, No. 106.

After the congregation, inner and outer, had been dismissed, the Empress stepped on to the balcony. Beside her were her fine grand children, whom she caressed with all a woman's fondness, for she tenderly loves them.

But she looked ill, miserably ill, pale, death-like; forcing from the spectators many an exclamation of pity, as they looked on that wreck of beauty, and recalled all the circumstances which had so fretted a once fine form.

The gratulations of princes awaited, and were with seeming cordiality tendered her, and all that station could give she had in large abundance. Still, there are few English wives and mothers who would exchange lots with the Empress Alexandria.

The dwelling-place of the Tzar is about a mile and a half from the palace, and is only a cottage, though a beautiful one. But the grounds are very extensive, well laid out, and carefully kept. Here the family live in quiet seclusion, and in as domestic a way as can be attained by people like them. From this retreat the public are properly excluded. Once a year only do they get leave to visit it, and that is on the birthday of its mistress. On such an occasion I was there, and saw thousands wandering without restraint into every nook and corner of the gardens and parks. Here again I saw the Emperor, driving about slowly with his wife and sister, eagerly gazed on and respectfully saluted by all.

The liberties taken by everybody that afternoon were amusing. Not content with inspecting the great man outside his house, they seemed resolved to know what he was about within; and planting themselves on either side the door, they stood staring at him as he talked in the lobby. Still he did not appear to heed them. Such liberties are allowed in Russia. Nicholas would have his people to own him as their father; and just in proportion as he keeps from them the right of thinking for themselves, does he accord to them the privilege of looking at him. This is his succedaneum for rational freedom. A despot must rule, either by affection or force; and he of Russia—not to speak of higher motives—knows that the former is the stronger yoke of the two. It is well, therefore, to let the people stare. While doing this, they forget more important matters. That evening they saw to the top of their bent; for the Empress, the family, and many of the nobles, took tea on an open balcony.

I was walking one afternoon from a friend's house back to the village, and, on rounding a

bend in the road, met his Majesty with his consort, taking their evening drive. There were two carriages behind them. The Emperor himself drove, English fashion. There were no outriders, and no guards of any kind. It was a good, but unostentatious turn-out. In such circumstances, it is expected that you should stand uncovered till the *cortege* passes, and I did so, receiving quite as good a bow as I gave; for, whatever his faults may be, Nicholas ever deems himself courteously. Had I not paid him this mark of respect, however, my reasons for withholding it might have been demanded, as I was assured they had been on an occasion when, either from ignorance or rudeness, the customary salute had been omitted.

Once, while in company with some friends, I met him in his own drosky. He was drawn by a beautiful black horse, wore the common infantry casque and gray cloak, and had nobody with or near him but the favorite driver, who seemed far more pompous than his master. He knew us to be English, and eyed us sharply. Indeed, every Russian knows an Englishman when he sees him, wherever that may be; and I firmly believe that no foreigners are so much esteemed by all classes, from the Tzar to the *moujik*, as our own countrymen. And, without partiality, their conduct entitles them to all the esteem in which they are held. All this is of course changed since the war. A gentleman who recently returned from Russia describes the feelings against England and Englishmen as being now intensely bitter.

On the morning of the Empress's birthday, already mentioned, there was a grand parade of the Chevalier Guards, her own regiment. She had been unusually feeble, and was not expected out. However, when the men were drawn up in a great hollow square, it was whispered that she would come. A considerable number was assembled, and while I had no objection to the universal politeness, I did miss the heartiness of an English crowd. There were no mischievous boys about, and an utter absence of that class, so abundant with us, whose jokes and self-provoked merriment so beguile the tedium of waiting for a sight. All was flat, and I grew weary and heavy long ere the Emperor arrived. At last he came, and strode into the centre of the square. It was now his turn to wait for the Empress. And there he stood, just like a statue, amidst the silence of soldiers and people, apparently not moving a muscle, for nearly a quarter of an

hour. Only once did he manifest any impatience, and that was when he turned his head sharply round in the direction from which the carriage of his wife was to come. But he instantly resumed his former attitude, and never moved again until she drove up, and he advanced to receive her with military honors. Then the vehicle with its feeble burden was drawn along the sides of the square, and the lady bowed, and the bands played, and the men shouted out their uncouth cry; while in waiting, dutiful and chivalrous, walked the sons and the husband. The sight was soon over, but it was interesting in itself, and doubly so for many reasons which I need not name.

The Emperor cares so little for state, that there is a class who would be disappointed at the figure he cuts either at Peterhoff or in the city. In the latter place he wanders through the crowded streets alone; in the country, if accompanied at all, he goes out generally with some member or members of his own family.

I suppose I may now leave crowned heads; let me say something about other objects as worthy of note. There is the village itself, which, though a showy place, and by no means *very* Russian, is yet enough so to be different from an equal number of houses in any other country. The streets are clean; the buildings regular and neat, as done to order. Here and there one sees a dwelling which even makes a little pretension, what with wood-work, stucco, and whitewash. Some of those apportioned to the courtiers are really handsome. But the best structure by far in the place is the "new stables." Its design is castellated Gothic, and its size very great. Beside this, the palace is insignificant, and the Alexandria cottage forgotten. It has so many stalls that I do not venture to assign a number.

The carriage-drives, avenues, and shaded walks extend in their many windings for nearly forty miles; and although the country be generally level, and the soil poor, art has done every thing that could be accomplished. Now the road runs beside an artificial stream; then it is hemmed in by hedges. Now it passes through meadows and rye fields; then it winds along, hiding itself in clumps of young trees, and ere long running through the primeval forest. Presently you hear the rush of water, and find a little fall, standing beside which is a lovely Swiss cottage, and close by, an artificial lake, green and grassy to the water's edge. Again the scene changes, and at the end of a long avenue you reach

an Italian villa, whose tall tower and fair statues cast their shadows along the lake below. Anon you are at the "Empress's Island," the most fairy-like creation of all. In every direction there are lovely drives, and walks, and cottages. East and west, north and south, for miles, such pleasures lie open to and invite all comers, Russian or Englishman, prince or peasant. Nobody is excluded, and all respect the indulgence afforded them.

I visited several of these villas, and found them as fair within as without. The pavilion is exquisite; that on the "Empress's Island" still more so. Choicest sculptures and richest flowers, in either case, make a paradise of the approach. Inside, perfect order, perfect taste, and softened splendor are at home. Nor are the simpler cottages, though less magnificent, less interesting and elegant. In one of these I found a large and charming collection of English prints, chiefly after Landseer and Herring. The dogs and horses of our great painter seemed special favorites.

The imperial family often visit one or other of these houses on the summer evenings. When they do, the attendants carry to the appointed place the inseparable *samo-var*, and prepare tea; a beverage of which immense quantities are consumed in Russia by all classes, and which, in that land, is of a quality and flavor comparatively unknown with us. Why this should be, I cannot say; that it is, admits of no question.

These quiet parties so far indicate the affection existing among the members of the Romanoff household. Now I do not imagine that anybody, gentle or simple, deserves very much credit for loving his mother or father, his brothers or sisters; all I say is, that the imperial sons and daughters of Russia are not historically famous for the exercise of such feelings, and it is a pleasant thing to see them improving, and love living amidst the jealousies which surround a throne. The poor Empress is very fond of such *réunions* of children and grandchildren; for she is a kind woman.

In each of these summer-houses there is a room appropriated to the Tzar, and one of these apartments is a type of all his others. It is plain in the extreme. Two or three green leather chairs, a green leather sofa, a green baize table, an unornamented *secrétaire*, and writing materials, comprise all the furnishing. His room is always the poorest part of his house. His brothers' tastes were the same, extremely simple. While the ladies, and lads, and little folks chat and play

below, Nicholas very often slips upstairs, and writes for a couple of hours; for he is a thorough man of business, and has enough of it to do.

The lower or "English gardens," near the palace, are specially worthy of a visit. Here, three military bands play every summer night, and there is a grand promenade of all the Peterhoff people, which at this season includes the fashion of St. Petersburg, seasoned with a large sprinkling of visitors, and English or other merchants, with their families, who then rusticate in the neighborhood. Loitering in this sweet spot of an evening, one forms a very tolerable notion as to the component parts of Russian society, as to its *morale* and tone in every thing. You get a notion, too, of the heterogeneous odds and ends which are worked up into the empire, when you see on all sides Germans, Poles, Tartars, Circassians, Cossacks, Fins, Persians, Selavonians, all distinct as ever, and kept together only by the sharp circle of bayonets which surrounds them. There they are, different in face, different in feeling, different in bearing, different in creed, and in many cases different in dress, for the southern people cling to their own beautiful attire. I drank tea one night with an Egyptian, a Persian, an Englishman, a Frenchwoman, and a Russian; and just such a farrago is collected each evening in these gardens. What with grand uniforms, courtly ladies, odd faces, strange costumes, many tongues, beautiful music, and bright flowers, an hour or two passes there very quickly. Nor is the wind-up of the promenade its least interesting part. At the close, the men on guard are drawn out. One of the bands stands beside them. All is still as in a church. Then the glorious evening hymn is played, which, once heard, can never be forgotten; and when the solemn strains have died away, the soldiers and the people uncover, while the officer repeats the Lord's prayer. I dare say these poor fellows know and think very little about it, but to me this closing of a day was ever solemn, most solemn; and, like Sir Thomas Browne, I was less disposed to find fault with other men's devotions than to hope that my own were right. Oh that yours and mine, dear reader, may prove as acceptable to God as that dear melody has to my eager ear!

Occasionally the Emperor himself visits this animated scene. But his sons or grandsons come oftener. One night the guard turned out in a great hurry, and everybody was on the *qui vive*, but I could see nothing, though I guessed that an imperial, at least, must be

about somewhere. At length I saw by the motion of the people where this last notability was to be found. Off I set in search. Still I saw nothing except a crowd. At length, when I had elbowed my way farther in, I found a little boy about four years old, led by a fat officer, and was informed that the poor little fellow was a grand-duke. And so he was, for all the people had their hats off, and were staring at him very much as others do at the latest addition to the Zoölogical Gardens.

On the river side of the palace is a magnificent display of fountains, of which that named "the Samson" is the finest. It is like having a peep at fairy-land when one leans over the balustrade on a warm day, and looks down on the many jets which throw their tinted showers into the air, making, as the waters fall again, and rush down the marble steps, "sweet music with the enamelled stones," and filling earth and atmosphere with freshness. Every one must admire these lovely fountains, and most of all an Englishman, especially if his idea of such things has been formed from a survey of the two squirts in Trafalgar Square. But half the wonders are not seen from the terrace. You must go down below, and wander in the woods. There, in odd corners, you will find little boys standing under perpetual shower-baths; and the "pyramid" of white foam, with its countless pipes; and Adam enveloped in spray, at one end of an avenue, looking wistfully at poor Eve, who is subjected to similar treatment at the other. Then there is the splendid imperial bath, where you are not allowed to bathe, however anxious you may be, and the little mischievous "mushroom" fountain, where, in your innocence, you may get wet through whether you will or not. Indeed, there is so much to see, that the most insatiable must be satisfied, and the most critical delighted. Many a sweet hour have I passed in this enchanted place.

Such is Peterhoff in summer. When autumn, a Russian chilly autumn, comes, the Emperor goes to Tsarsko Celo, his followers go after him, and the English merchants go back to town. Then the artificial lakes are emptied, the fountains left dry, the bands of music sent to discourse elsewhere, the very flowers taken away, and mud, *moujiks*, and melancholy reign supreme.

"The desolated prospect thrills the soul," and until sunny and peaceful days come back again, we will not go near the summer quarters of the Tzar.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

TALFOURD'S LAST POETRY* AND PROSE.†

"THE Castilian," Sir Thomas Talfourd's last tragedy, is not perhaps so inferior to "Ion," his first, as it is superior to "The Athenian Captive" and "Glencoe," his second and third. Its fitness for the stage is, at the best, doubtful. But it makes highly "agreeable" closet-reading. Shakspeare (now for a truism of the biggest!) would have made it something above and beyond the "agreeable." But there have been, and are, other dramatists, of repute withal, in whose hands it would probably be something awkwardly below that mark. The amiable author has produced a tragedy of no very signal pretensions to the sublime in conception, the profound in sentiment, the artistic† in construction, the forcible in action, or the original and life-like in impersonation. So far as his characters are real to us, they are so by faith and not by sight; we believe in them as we do in any other set of fictitious agents, in whose doings and destiny we consent to be interested, while perusing the novel or play in which their lot is cast: but our philosophy in so doing is of the Nominalist, not the Realist school; the faith we exercise in their Castilian actuality is conventional only; of the book, bookish; and more easily to be dropped with the curtain, at the close of the fifth act, than to be roused into active service with the progress of the first. Nevertheless, interest is excited and maintained—interest of a tranquil, literary nature—in behalf of these *dramatis personæ*, who rather stroll and ruminate than strut and fret their hour upon the stage, and to whom we owe much graceful verse, ennobling thought, and tuneful philosophy.

The story of "The Castilian" is founded on a narrative in Robertson's "Charles V.," of the insurrection at Toledo headed by Don Juan de Padilla, against the Emperor's viceroy, the Cardinal Adrian. Padilla is here regarded as a high-minded, pure-hearted, and profoundly religious soldier—a man of essen-

tially conservative and loyal sentiments, whom the force of circumstances impels to almost unconscious rebellion. His wife is a woman of "unbounded ambition," refined, however, by an "equally unbounded admiration of her husband." In the third act is introduced the unhappy Joanna, the Emperor's mother, whose sanction to the revolt of the Commons is made available to the fatal purpose of the tragedy—that sanction being obtained during what Padilla believes to be a lucid interval on her part, and becoming in effect the seal of his own ruin. It is a highly impressive scene, that in which the queen awakes from her long lethargy to a transient exercise of mental activity—the gradual restoration—the dallying with painful memories—the brooding over a too-agitating past, while "that way madness lies:" thus she recalls her first days of wedded life in Flanders—the three months at Windsor, *filleted* there "by a monarch styled the Seventh Henry"—and the distracting time when, a forsaken and abused wife, she "traversed land and sea to find—to find—a Flemish wanton snaring Philip's soul with golden tresses,"—and the dark hour when she plucked his corpse from the grave itself, refusing to believe in death, where *he*, her soul's darling, was concerned; and how, by a rare device, she arrayed the dead man, not dead to her, in pompous robes, meet for life in the fulness of life's pride and might, and hid him from all eyes but her own, and carried him by night to Granada—

How, through each day encamp'd,
I certain'd him, and bore him on by night,
Loathing all roofs, that I might laugh at those
Who watch'd his waking. 'Tis a dismal journey—
The torches flicker through its mists—the sleet
Descends to quench them—I'll not track it on—

so brokenly discourages the distraught queen, on whose wakened spirit Padilla has staked all—

His life, his honor, his dear country's peace—

gracing with her title the wild tumults of the crowd, and with it aiming to "make rebellion consecrate"—resolved, too, "while a thread of consciousness within her soul can shape a mandate," to honor it "as law, announced by voice of angel." That spell is

* The Castilian. An Historical Tragedy. In Five Acts. By T. N. Talfourd. London: Moxon.

† Supplement to "Vacation Rambles," consisting of Recollections of a Tour through France to Italy, &c., &c. By T. N. Talfourd. London: Moxon. 1854.

‡ There is, however, careful and effective art in the management of the Queen Joanna episode, Act III.

soon broken, that charm soon spent. Giron, a rival of Padilla, secures the person of the queen, usurps the command of the insurgents, and involves them, and their cause, in utter confusion. The Regent triumphs, seizes many a noble prisoner, one of them Padilla's only son, and issues an offer

Of pardon at the will of him who gives
Padilla to the axe—

and of this offer the father takes advantage to disguise himself, promise the betrayal of the "arch-rebel," procure the enfranchisement of his boy and the forgiveness of Toledo, and then doff the monkish wrappings and stand forth to die, strong in integrity of purpose and assurance of faith. The same mellow even-tide light suffuses the catastrophe as does that of "Ion"—of a calm beauty too refined and "dainty sweet" not to tell in every line of poetical license—but with a softening influence and divine melancholy peculiar to itself.

There is nearly the same liberal presence of florid diction, and picturesque description, and glittering imagery, in this as in Talfourd's earlier tragedies. Take an example or two. Of Padilla's trusty old steward, seen in the garden at sunset, an approaching visitor says—

What! vegetating still with ruddy cheek
As twenty summers since—like yonder dial
O'ergrown by the huge sycamore, that, touched
No longer by the sunbeam, shows no trace
Of coursing time?

The conceit is pretty of its kind, but it is hardly the sort of fancy that would occur to the visitor; it is rather the simile of the poet in his study, with the garden, dial, setting sun, trusty steward, and well-spoken visitor all duly arranged in his mind's eye. The same speaker finely says, with a view to enlist Padilla in the leadership of the impatient Commons, as the only man in whom the conditions of such leadership are to be found,

— He who would direct

A people in its rising, must be calm
As death is, yet respond to every pulse
Of passion'd millions,—as yon slender moon,
That scarce commends the modest light it sheds
Through sunset's glory to the gazer's sense,
In all its changes, in eclipse, in storm,
Enthroned in azure, or enriching clouds
That, in their wildest hurry, catch its softness,
Will away the impulsive ocean, he must rule
By strength allied to weakness, yet supreme,
Man's heaving soul, and bid it ebb and flow
In sorrow, passion, glory, as he mourns,
Struggles or triumphs.

Padilla fondly pictures his noble boy scaling

the mountain heights "with step airy and true," amid crumbling fragments that broke to dust beneath each footstep, till he trod

The glassy summit, never touch'd till then
Save by the bolt that splinter'd it, serene
As if a wing, too fine for mortal sight,
Uphore him, while slant sunbeams graced his brow
With diadem of light.

Plied by appeals to take up the cause of the people, and startled by strange revelations of popular suffering and courtly tyranny, Padilla thus expresses the emotions within which constrain him to compliance with the summons without:

— A new world

Of strange oppressions startles me, as shapes
Of dim humanity, that clustering hung
Along the dusky ridges of the West,
Struck Spain's great Admiral* with awe of natures
From Time's beginning passion'd with desires
He had no line to fathom.

* This is not the only allusion to Columbus in "The Castilian." Queen Joanna dreamily recalls the glorious time when he and his achievements were the theme of every circle:

"Last in vivid speech

Told of august Columbus and the birds
Of dazzling colors that he brought from realms
Far westward, till her fancy seem'd to ache
With its own splendor, and, worn out, she slept
The gentle sleep of childhood, whence, alas!
She woke still more estranged."—*Act IV. Sc. 1.*

The veteran Mondejar, again, speaks of the "age-freighted hours" in which he shared

"Columbus' watch upon the dismal sea,
While the low murmurs of despair were hush'd
To dull submission by the solemn light
Of the great Captain's eye, as from the helm
It beamed composure, till the world they sought
Dawn'd in its flashes ere the headland broke
The gloom to common vision."—*Act II. Sc. 1.*

Nor has the dramatist neglected the opportunity of enlivening his subject with other historical allusions, appropriate to its spirit, and in harmony with the unities of time and place and action. Isabella the Catholic is glowingly portrayed:

"Whom each Castilian holds

Sacred above all living womanhood;—
Her from whose veins Joanna's life was drawn:
Who, o'er the rage of battles and the toils
Of empire, bent an aspect more imbued
With serious beauty earth partakes with heaven,
Than cloister nurtured in the loveliest saint
It shrined from human care."—*Act III. Sc. 2.*
Add the following spirited passage in honor of the great Cardinal, Ximenes:

"Who from a cell,

Savagely framed for cruel penance, stepp'd
To the majestic use of courtly arts,
Which luxury makes facile, while he wor'd
The purple o'er the sackcloth that inflamed
His flesh to torture, with a grace as free

notwithstanding his own view of the subject. Of the Milanese Exhibition of the paintings of Young Italy, he says: "It was intolerably radiant in color, abounding in skies of deeper blue than Italy rejoices in, woods of the liveliest green, and ships and cities of amber; altogether a collection of gaudy impossibilities, few of which would be admitted at Birmingham." Of Naples he says: "How it is possible for English men and women to pass months in such a place, and 'bless their stars and call it luxury,' even if the satiated mosquitoes give them leave to sleep, is a mystery which has doubtless a solution—which I sought in vain." As he lingers, at evening, in St. Peter's at Rome, he sees three priests kiss the foot of the statue of Jupiter-Cephas, and kneel down before it, as if to pray; but next, "to our surprise, notwithstanding our experience of continental habits, each began zealously spitting on the beautiful pavement, as if it was a portion of his duty—I fear illustrating the habits which a priesthood, possessed of unlimited power, encourages by its example." This is not the Judge's only paper pellet at Romanism in the present itinerary.

To these illustrations of his mild indulgence in sarcasm and rebuke, let us add one more, referring to the hotel-book at the Montanvert, in which travellers inscribe their names, and some "perpetuate their folly for a few autumns. Among these fugitive memorials, was one ambitious scrawl of a popular and eloquent divine, whereby, in letters almost an inch long, and in words which I cannot precisely remember, he recorded his sense of the triumphant refutation given to Atheism by the *Mer de Glace*, intimating his conviction that, wherever else doubts of the being of Deity might be cherished, they must yield to the grandeur of this spot; and attesting the logic by his name in equally magnificent characters." The Rambler appends his opinion that this poetical theist had wholly misapprehended the Great First Cause, and supposes him to imagine, that in proportion as the marks of order and design are withdrawn, the vestiges of Deity become manifest;—"as if the smallest insect that the microscope ever expanded for human wonder did not exhibit more conclusive indications of the active wisdom and goodness of a God than a magnificent chaos of elemental confusion." It is not for us to assume what the popular and eloquent divine may actually have meant; but at least we can suppose the Rambler to have misapprehended him, especially as he is oblivious of the wording

of the entry; may not the pulpit poet have drawn his impression of a present God from the feelings, not the thoughts, inspired by the sublimities around him—from the sentiments of awe, the mysterious emotions of adoring wonder, the yearnings of religious worship, excited by such a scene, and by no means from a cold adjustment of logical mechanics, worked out by harmonious junction of Paley, Whately, and pocket microscope? Coleridge was not thinking of logic when he wrote (or translated, or adapted,—what you will) his Hymn before Sunrise, in the vale of Chamouni; and we can suppose the small poet (saving his Reverence) who wrote such a big hand, and whose theism seemed to his censor so out of place (of all places in the world) at the Montanvert, to have really meant very much the same as S. T. C., when he exclaimed,

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—

Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? . . .
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!

The same honest avowal of indifference or distaste, wherever indifference or distaste was felt, which characterized Sir Thomas Talfourd's former "Rambles," is patent here also. It is refreshing to note his candid acknowledgments in every such case. No man was more ready, more eager even, to express in the most cordial way his satisfaction wherever it was felt; but he was above the trick of affecting an enthusiasm he did not feel. He found Versailles "tiresome," and he says so; the "huge morning" he spent there seemed "dragged out into eternity;" and its only consolation was the zest its tediousness imparted to a subsequent resort to claret and champagne. In the Bay of Naples he owns that he has "been more deeply charmed by smaller and less famous bays." At Herculaneum he was "grievously disappointed," and was almost as glad to emerge from its "cold and dark passages that led to nothing," as from a railway tunnel. The dome of St. Peter's, when he first caught sight of it, on the road from Antium, "looked like a haycock," he says, "but soon afterwards assumed the improved aspect of a cow on the top of a malt-house." Entering Rome, he found the "famed Italian sky as filthy as a London fog;" he bewails the only too decisive contrast between the Capitol unvisited and the Capitol explored;

and is indignant, for Coriolanus' sake, with that impostor and receptacle for vegetable refuse, the Tarpeian Hill. In Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment" he could see "no presiding majesty; no balance of parts; nothing that stamps even the reality of a moment on the conception; nothing in this great handwriting on the wall 'to make mad the guilty and appal the free.'" The "Laocoön," he looked on with any thing but a Winkelman's gaze. And in short, to leave Rome "was to escape," he confesses, "from a region of enchantment into the fresh air of humanity and nature; and, humiliating as the truth may be, I quitted it for ever with out a sigh."

For ever! A new and touching emphasis is imparted to the phrase by the stroke which so suddenly laid the kind writer low. With the so recent memory of that stroke, it may seem frivolous, or worse, if we mention as another noticeable point in the "Rambles" his ever freely recorded appreciation of good cheer. But how take account of the "Rambles" at all, and not refer to this feature in the Rambler's individuality? — not, be it observed, that he was a "gastronome," but that he was healthily void of reserve in jotting down his interest in gastronomies. It had been unpardonable in Boswell to omit Dr. Johnson's creed and practice in this line of things. "Some people," quoth the sage, "have a foolish way of not minding, or pretending not to mind, what they eat. For my part, I mind my belly very studiously and very carefully; for I look upon it, that he who does not mind his belly, will hardly mind any thing else." So averred a *Rambler* of last century; a Plain Speaker on this as on most other topics. Now the Rambler with whom we have to do was guiltless of this "foolish way of not minding, or pretending not to mind." If, at Dieppe, he had to put up with a "coarse breakfast of blackish bread, cold boiled mutton, and straw-colored coffee," he thought it a thing to be put down—in his book. He confesses how a due sense of "the eternal fitness of things" enforced on him the duty of drinking the best Burgundy he could procure in Dijon, "in gay defiance to the fever which so strangely but surely lurks beneath the 'sunset glow' of that insidious liquor;" how he "enjoyed some coffee and cutlets" at Lyons; how "dinner came to his inexpressible relief" at Avignon; how wistfully he looked about in the dreary kitchen of a quasi-inn, but all in vain, "for a flitch of bacon, or a rope of onions, or a mouldy cheese, to hint of some-

thing that some one might eat, or for a battered pewter-pot, or even a rim of liquor-stain on a bench or table, to indicate that once upon a time something had been drunk there." Gratefully he recalls the fare on board the steamer to Genoa; the sumptuous breakfast at ten; "then, four dishes of exquisite French cookery, with a bottle of clear, amber-colored, dry Italian wine for each person, followed by a dessert of fresh grapes and melons or peaches, and rich dried fruits, with coffee and liqueurs," &c.; while "at five in the afternoon, dinner was served with similar taste, but with greater variety and profusion." At Genoa, he says, "To secure a dinner—the first object of sensible man's selfish purpose—by obtaining the reversion of seats at a table-d'hôte, we toiled as good men do after the rewards of virtue." At the same place, the "terrible brilliancy of the sunlight" scared him from the fatigues of sight-seeing, and "unnerved" him "for any thing but dinner. *That* was welcome, though coarsely conceived and executed," &c. At the ancient capital of the Volsci, the fatal asylum of Coriolanus,—"*although* black stale bread and shapeless masses of rough-hewn mutton and beef boiled to the consistency of leather, flanked by bottles of the smallest *infra-acid* wine, constituted our fare, we breakfasted with the enjoyment of the Homeric rage, and were deaf to wise suggestions that we should be obliged to dine in Rome." In a rude inn at Montefiascone, "we satisfied the rage of hunger with coarse and plentiful repast of fish, beef boiled to leather, and greasy beans, accompanied by a pale white wine of an acidity more pungent than ever elsewhere gave man an unmerited heartburn." In an old palatial inn at Radicofani, "we enjoyed a breakfast of hard black bread, a large platter of eggs, some boiled beef of the usual consistency, and a great skinny fowl swimming in yellowish butter, with the true relish of hunger." Further illustrations are not wanting; and not wanted.

Something like a qualm of conscience we feel, at leaving this book, without affording means of neutralizing the impression producible by such shreds of literal table-talk, by a set-off of examples of the writer's grave and reflective mood, such as, the reader is cautioned, are fairly interspersed in the course of the *Rambles*. Half a dozen at the least we had marked for citation, but now is space exhausted, and we can only therefore refer to the Rambler's meditations on the career of Sir William Follett, on Philo-Romanism, and other occasional musings sug-

gested by sights and sounds in foreign travel. And another huge omission must crave the pardon it deserves not; that of the descriptive sketches scenery and men and man-

ners, often pencilled with a grace and animation that make the omission more unpardonable still.

From the Eclectic Review.

MRS. OPIE.*

THE name of Mrs. Opie is connected with our earliest recollections of literature, or at least that description of it which has of late years set in upon us like a flood—namely, fiction. Her stories, we can remember, were always excepted, when a disposition to prefer a novel above every other kind of book provoked a warning against the perusal of such things, or a general statement of their pernicious tendencies. Her "Illustrations of Lying," for example, was regarded as a book which was not to be classed among mere story books, but a highly useful and edifying production. And such we might be disposed to call it now, although to our boyish imaginations, filled with the wonders of the "Castle of Otranto," and that tremendous melodramatic affair, the "Romance of the Forest," it appeared tedious and tame. The authoress, whose works, then popular enough, were thus placed in our hands, always rose up before us as a sedate, if not demure, lady about middle age, whose delight it was to write books solely for the purpose of putting out our old romantic favorites. The time came when Mrs. Opie's tales were no longer popular. There are fashions in regard to books, which change just as the shape of dress and the style of ornaments do, and accordingly the stories of our authoress went out along with those of Hannah More, Miss Burney, Mrs. Inchbald, and others. Scott came, with his magic mirror, in which the characters and events of the past were reflected with a vividness that called public sympathy away from the things of the present, and centred it upon historic scenes and heroes. The romantic, in his hands, ceased to be the thing made up of old armor in gloomy castles, such as Mrs. Radcliffe had given us. It was a living

and breathing thing, and the reader of fashionable fiction held companionship with the men and women of the middle ages. Then there came a reaction from this. The heroes and heroines of the novelist were no longer knights of the tilt-yard, the greenwood, and the battle-field, or ladies for whose love they broke a lance and buckled their armor on. They emerged, at the call of Charles Dickens, from the "slums;" they were of the Alsatian type, and talked slang, or belonged to the common order of everyday humanity. And working in the same field with Dickens, though in a totally different way, came the other semi-satirical novelists, the writers who chose politicians for their heroes, and those who made the interest of their books depend upon the development of character subjectively rather than upon striking and stirring incidents.

Amid these changes the world had well-nigh forgotten Mrs. Amelia Opie, and when the announcement of her death appeared in the public journals about a year ago, no doubt many were surprised to hear that she had lived till then. She seemed so much an old-world personage—a character of the past generation—that comparatively few knew of her existence. There were, no doubt, some peculiar circumstances in the life of Mrs. Opie to account for her almost total disappearance from public view for many years before her death, and these are the things which give the volume before us its chief interest. Otherwise it is not very remarkable. As a literary production, it is creditable for the truthful representation which it gives us of the lady with whose life it makes us acquainted. That life was unusually prolonged, and even although it had been much less eventful than it was, it would have been fitted to suggest some very interesting reflections. Begun before the French Revolution shook the world, and extending over an important period of European history, it pre-

* *Memorials of the life of Amelia Opie; selected and arranged from her Letters, Diaries, and other Manuscripts.* By Cecilia Lucy Brightwell. London: Longman & Co.

sents a number of interesting circumstances. Mrs. Opie, in the days of her celebrity, mixed in the society of remarkable men and women. She corresponded with not a few of them, and her circle of friends embraced persons of all ranks and of every variety of character—royal dukes, statesmen, bishops, players, Quakers, poets, and painters. She entered upon the world as a prodigy; and being an only child, and motherless at the age of fifteen, she was thus early called upon to superintend the household of her father, Dr. Alderson, a physician of some note in Norwich. The family of our authoress was one of considerable repute. The present Baron Alderson is her cousin, and several other relatives, near or distant, have distinguished themselves in society.

Mrs. Opie's father appears to have been a man of genial disposition and an active mind. He held what were then considered extreme liberal or radical opinions, and doubtless influenced to some extent the mind of his daughter. Early development contributed with other circumstances to render Amelia's tastes somewhat peculiar. When a mere girl, she took especial delight in visiting lunatic asylums, and in attending the assizes held in her native town. She was brought into association with the Gurneys, and other celebrated "Friends," too, and their peculiarities and benevolence served in some measure to gratify her love of sentiment and her rather romantic tastes. In curious inconsistency with friendships such as these was Miss Alderson's early acquaintance with John Philip Kemble, and other members of the celebrated histrionic family. This friendship seems to have resulted from her love of the drama, which manifested itself so strongly, when she was little more than eighteen, that she wrote a tragedy, which the biographer informs us is still extant. She seems to have attempted song-writing, too, but not with much success. It was not until she had fully reached the years of womanhood that any work of real value was produced. She visited London when in her twenty-fifth year, and some time before she was known as an authoress. Her tastes and early associations, however, led her into the literary society of the metropolis, and her diaries furnish us with sketches of some of the celebrated men of the time. These are graphic enough in one or two instances, but the persons to whom they refer have almost all been portrayed in a more felicitous and characteristic manner by others. The trials of Horne Tooke, Hardy, and Holcroft, took

place while Miss Alderson was moving in the literary and political, or at least semi-political circles of London, and to one who had imbibed strong opinions, these were, of course, matters of no ordinary importance. Her sketches of the scenes she then witnessed at the Old Bailey were given in letters to her father, who, deeming them somewhat dangerous, destroyed them as they were received, after reading the contents to one or two confidential friends. The fragmentary references to the subject which occur in the volume before us, are not of much interest, and contain nothing really new.

In her twenty-ninth year Miss Alderson was united in marriage to Opie, the painter, who had been struck with her appearance at an evening party, in a blue robe, and bonnet with three white feathers. It does not appear that the lady herself was very deeply smitten, but the marriage was by no means one of mere convenience. It was mainly instrumental in bringing her before the world as a novelist, for it would appear that the circumstances of Mr. Opie were not so prosperous as to obviate the necessity for exertion on his wife's part.

Mrs. Opie's first literary efforts were not very successful. She tried the theatre, but even her connection with stage magnates did not suffice to promote her plans. Her first acknowledged work, her biographer tells us, was the "Father and Daughter," and we are disposed to consider it her best work. There is a vividness and power of expression, a depth and delicacy of feeling, as well as dramatic force in that book, which makes it no matter of marvel even now that it procured for its authoress a great deal of attention. We are scarcely disposed to regard her other productions as worthy of the promise thus held out. An incident in one of her girlish visits to an asylum for the insane supplied her with material for one of the most touching parts of the story. It was scarcely an incident, in fact, but rather the mere look of a poor lunatic, who, probably perceiving in her face some resemblance which recalled the past, fixed upon her "eyes so full of woe," that they haunted her memory for many subsequent years. The record of Mrs. Opie's married life does not present us with any thing very notable, and in perusing it we have been more than once surprised and disappointed that it does not.

Considering her own position and that of her husband, and seeing, moreover, that she was generally the gayest of the gay in society, we had been led to expect much more

of the piquant in her descriptions of fashionable life, and some additions to our knowledge of remarkable men. There is very little of this. Her letters contain a good deal of lively gossip, and here and there we light upon an epistle from some of her more distinguished correspondents which is really pleasant, but, as a whole, her diaries have disappointed us. Let us, however, go on to trace the leading features of her life.

About four years after their union, Mr. and Mrs. Opie visited Paris, and met Charles James Fox, whom they both idolized, on his way home from the Netherlands. They dined with him at his hotel in Paris, and then sallied forth to get a glimpse of Bonaparte, then First Consul. This, Mrs. Opie seems to have considered one of the most exciting incidents of her visit to the French capital, and she wrote a long account of the schemes adopted to obtain a good sight of the great Corsican. He was about to review the troops in the Place du Carrousel, and the English visitors stationed themselves at a convenient distance on the ground-floor of the Tuileries.

"Just before the review began," wrote Mrs. Opie, "we saw several officers in gorgeous uniforms ascend the stairs, one of whom, whose helmet seemed entirely of gold, was, as I was told, Eugène Beauharnais. A few minutes afterwards, there was a rush of officers down the stairs, and amongst them I saw a short, pale man, with his hat in his hand, who, as I thought, resembled Lord Erskine in profile; but though my friend said in a whisper, '*C'est lui*,' I did not comprehend that I beheld Bonaparte till I saw him stand alone at the gate. In another moment he was on his horse, and rode slowly past the window, while I, with every nerve trembling with strong emotion, gazed on him intently, endeavoring to commit each expressive feature to memory, contrasting, also, with admiring observation, his small, simple hat, adorned with nothing but a little tri-colored cockade, and his blue coat, guiltless of gold embroidery, with the splendid head adornings and dresses of the officers who followed him. . . . At length the review ended, too soon for me. The Consul sprang from his horse,—we threw open our door again, and as he slowly reascended the stairs we saw him very near us, and in full face again, while his bright, restless, expressive, and, as we fancied, dark blue eyes, beaming from under long black eyelashes, glanced over us with a scrutinizing but complacent look; and thus ended and was completed the pleasure of the spectacle."—p. 108.

This is one of the best descriptions in the whole book, and we could have wished that Mrs. Opie had exercised her powers of observation with as much success on other occasions.

Mr. Opie, who had been appointed Professor of Painting in the Royal Academy, had not long completed the delivery of his first course of lectures, when he was taken away by death. He was interred with becoming honor by the side of Sir Joshua Reynolds, in St. Paul's Cathedral; and after a comparatively short married life, Mrs. Opie returned to Norwich, and again took up her residence with her father. Her husband's lectures were published shortly after his decease, and she wrote a memoir of him, which we have seen, and which is worthy of preservation, for the delicacy and feeling pervading it. For the first three years of her widowhood, Mrs. Opie seems to have remained in strict retirement. Two letters of that period are given; one from the Countess of Charleville, and another from Mrs. Inchbald, but neither of them is remarkable.

It was not in the nature of the lively lady who is the subject of these memoirs to remain long out of the busy world, or at least to isolate herself from the society to which she had been accustomed during her wedded life. Accordingly, we find that, in 1810, she paid another visit to London, and was soon in the midst of its gayeties. Nor was it from any want of feeling, or from giddy thoughtlessness, that she thus sought once more the pleasures of intercourse with congenial spirits. Sydney Smith well remarked, that tenderness was her forte and carelessness her fault, and this opinion may be applied in a wider significance than was intended. Amelia Opie's heart was easily touched and highly sensitive, yet she had a free and joyous nature, and was ever attracted by what her Quaker friends were not slow to call "the vain shows of the world." Her stay in London, on the occasion of the visit we have referred to, was rendered very agreeable, it would appear, by the distinguished society in which she mingled. We find her frequently meeting such people as Sheridan, Lyttleton, Dudley, Mackintosh, and Romilly; in short, the most celebrated men and women of the time. She had her opinions about them all, too, and upon the topics—political or otherwise—discussed in such society. These we find recorded in her letters to her father, whom she kept fully informed of all her doings. She held levees herself on Sundays, and more than once seems to congratulate herself on the splendor of these, and the number of persons who came to them in carriages. And so the gay widow managed to pass the time very

much to her own satisfaction, until some exciting affair turned up to call forth more than ordinary enthusiasm. The visit of the allied sovereigns to London, in 1814, was quite an event in her life—a thing precisely to her mind. "She was there in the midst of all the gayety and whirl;" and how she strove—oh, how she strove to get near the Emperor of all the Russias,—how eloquently she describes him, because he chanced to be the lion of the day! And then she got so near as to touch his wrist, being evidently carried away by the excitement of the moment; for she tells us that she "dared not, for some time, even think of touching him!"

It was in the midst of all this delightful fanfaronade that Mrs. Opie received a letter from her quiet friend, Joseph John Gurney, who had evidently been watching her movements with some interest. The good man, anxious about his gay friend, writes to her some gentle words of warning:

"I will refer," he says, "to two texts: 'Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this—to keep one's self unspotted from the world;' and again, 'Be ye not conformed to the world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your minds, that ye may know what is the good, acceptable, and perfect will of God.' Now, what wilt thou say to me? Perhaps thou wilt say that thy counterfeit drab-coated methodistical friend knows nothing of 'the world,' and is frightened by the bugbear of a name, as a child is by a ghost. . . . I refer particularly to 'the fashionable world,' of which I am apt to entertain two notions—the first, that there is much in it of real evil; the second, that there is much also in it which, though not evil in itself, yet has a decided tendency to produce forgetfulness of God, and thus to generate evil indirectly. On the other hand, there is little in it, perhaps, which is positively good."—p. 205.

These well-meant counsels or hints seem to have been taken by Mrs. Opie as they were meant, but, at the same time, as a rebuke. From this period she attended the religious services of the Friends, and continued to do so until she united herself to their community, eleven years after. She did not, however, give up her visits to London, but was less carried away by lion-hunting than she had previously been. In course of time the tenor of her life was completely changed. She became a member of the Society of Friends, at a time when that community was much more rigid than we believe it is now. The light and airy lady, whose blue feathers and sunny smiles had won a husband, now donned the close drab bonnet, and the otherwise simple costume of the

Quakers. She adopted the "thees and thous," too, and seemed to look back upon her past life with something like self-rebuke. She engaged in works of active benevolence, firmly resisting all the conjurations and banter of such worldly friends as Lady Cork, and thoroughly conforming to the manners of the Friends. But it was impossible to pin her heart fairly down beneath her drab shawl, and under her little bonnet the lively smile of old times would doubtless be sometimes seen. The ways of the world were often remembered in her letters, while a touch upon the spring of her former animation sufficed to make her forget for a moment the change which had taken place. On the occasion of a visit to Paris, during which she made the acquaintance of Lafayette and Madame de Genlis, renewing at the same time her friendship with Humboldt, Cuvier, and other men of celebrity, we find her in the midst of a brilliant assemblage, sighing as she looked at her Quaker dress, asking herself whether she had any business there, and wishing, for the first time in her life, to be unobserved. This was but a momentary feeling; we subsequently find her nearly as lively as ever at the soirées of the great French general, and in the society of other Parisian notabilities.

The latter years of Mrs. Opie's life scarcely call for lengthened remarks. They brought her in some degree back to society again, and it would have been difficult to perceive in her manner any thing more than the decorum becoming a lady of advanced years, when she once more frequented parties at Lady Cork's, and mingled in society akin to that which she had enjoyed in her earlier life. The period which intervened between her retirement and her return in some measure to the world of literature and fashion, had made many blanks in such society. Most of those who were her early friends had been removed, yet she came to the soirées of another generation with much of the zest which had characterized her enjoyment of these things in other days. Her spirit was finely illustrated by the proposal made to old Miss Berry when the two friends visited the Great Exhibition—viz., that they should take a race in two wheel-chairs. The buoyance of eighty was that of thirty, only slightly tempered by time—the heart was as young as ever.

Mrs. Opie was "formed for society," as Dick Swiveller would have said. Her whole life was one of sprightly enjoyment; and we are not sure that we should be jus-

tified in saying that any period of it was marked by inconsistency. While she belonged to a sect, and conscientiously adhered to its forms—nay, was equal to the strictest member of it in her practical benevolence, yet she was no mere sectary. Her sympathies were expansive, and she associated with persons of all views, political and religious. Although J. J. Gurney was the object of her high esteem and affection, she could also respect a bishop of the English Church; she had a warm corner of her heart, so to speak, for a Siddons as well as an Eli-

zabeth Fry; and when her long and, upon the whole, well-spent life was over, her dust, previous to interment, was placed in a room hung with portraits which finely illustrated the catholicity of her friendships.

We have said nothing of Mrs. Opie's writings; at this late day it is not necessary that we should do so. Suffice it, that her mental activity kept up with the buoyancy of her spirit; and if her books are no longer popular, they have had a healthy influence on the class of literature to which they belonged.

From Fraser's Magazine.

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM RUSSIAN LIFE.

It might be said, without much exaggeration, that we know as little of the interior life of Russia as of that of Dahomey or Timbuctoo. The jealousy of the Government has greatly contributed to this result, although it is far from having been the sole cause. The country is not a tempting one to the traveller; nor are those who travel always the best judges or the keenest observers of the manners and character of a people. Englishmen, especially, are so often the slaves of egoism and national prejudice, are so inveterately habituated to measure every thing by their own standard, and to overlook the qualifying conditions of the object criticised, that they are either very useless or very unsafe guides. The Germans, more liberal, are less locomotive; and although their point of view may be higher than that of our own countrymen, their almost invariable preoccupation by some theory renders them unfit to perceive and reproduce with fidelity characteristics on which they only philosophize. In the case of Russia, the language is an almost insurmountable obstacle to a thorough comprehension of the people by a foreigner; and although we have many books which profess to give an account of the country and the people, we are scarcely in a position to judge of their value, inasmuch as they are almost without exception tinged with political feeling.

Yet the Russians are a people eminently worthy of being studied. Like all semi-civilized nations, they are full of character; the nobles, more especially in the provinces, from

the strong and bizarre contrasts between the original barbarism of still recent date and the artificial polish arrived at by a forcing process; the middle classes, from the arts to which they resort in order to sustain themselves in a false and difficult position; the peasantry, whether serfs or enfranchised from their intense nationality, their mixture of simplicity and cunning, and from a peculiar goodness of heart which not even the detestable institutions under which they live have succeeded in stifling or corrupting. To study them, however, you must be among them—Petersburg, Moscow, Odessa, are not Russia. The popular ideas as to the climate, the habits, the customs of the people, are chiefly formed on what has been seen and described in the capital, and generally in the north; but, as regards by far the larger portion of the Russian territory, they are ridiculously wrong. Take a globe, and observe the latitude of an immense portion of that empire in Europe, and you will not be surprised to find that during all seasons but the winter you will live under a southern sun, of which the heat is almost as insupportable as that of the tropics, and where the character of the people, and their manners, are soft, luxurious, free, and as full of sensuous enjoyment as may be those of the natives of the south of France, or even of Italy. Confess, reader, that although a little reflection would have supplied such impressions, you have not been accustomed to regard Russia and the Russians from this point of view.

We propose in this article to supply, as far

as our space allows, a few materials for a more correct conception of the true character of Russian interior life, more especially in the provinces. They are derived from a work published some two years since at Moscow, in the Russian language, by a Russian gentleman of the class of the nobles, himself a landed proprietor, but, as far as may be inferred from his book, singularly exempt from prejudice. Not that he professes any liberal ideas; quite the contrary—he seeks to avoid self-obtrusion throughout, and limits himself to reproducing, with an instinctive fidelity, what he has heard and seen. M. Ivan Tourghenieff's "photographs" are the more interesting, inasmuch as he is not a professed writer; he has not sought "effects," but has transferred to paper, with the vividness of a daguerreotype, the impressions produced upon him by the various personages and scenes he describes. Nature has given him a fine perception of the beauties of scenery, and of the peculiarities of the human character: he paints them with the simplicity and ardor of a lover, and he is none the less an artist, because a practised eye will detect the absence or even the want of art. Of all descriptive works, those which are produced by men of this stamp are the most valuable and the most lasting, because they are necessarily stamped with the fidelity of truth.

Mr. Tourghenieff is possessed with a love of sport, which with him amounts to a passion. With his gun and his dog, and generally with an attendant of congenial taste, lent him by some friend at whose territory he stops in his rambles, he constantly follows his favorite pursuit. He is not, however, a mere sportsman, but also a keen observer of human nature and character; and as his passion leads him into all kinds of out-of-the-way places, and among all varieties of people, from the highest to the lowest, he has had ample scope for observation and amusement. What led him to write we know not; but a few fragmentary descriptive pieces, which appeared in an unconnected form in a literary review at Moscow, having attracted universal attention from the extraordinary fidelity and gracefulness with which they depicted the manners of the people, he was induced to proceed, and ultimately to publish the work of which we speak. In the original, it is entitled the "Journal of a Sportsman;" but such name would very imperfectly express the peculiar character of the work, in which sporting adventures are a mere thread on which are hung the charming pictures of life, manners, and scenery of which the book

is full. The author of a French translation, which has just appeared, has, with good judgment, changed the title into "*Mémoires d'un Seigneur Russe*,"* which better indicates the value of the book, as containing the view taken by a Russian aristocrat of many of the customs and social institutions of his country.

If there are those who seek the artificial stimulus of horrors, who like to hear with the mind's ear the fall of the knout on the back of the suffering serf, or who desire that the simpler pictures of slave life shall be set in a connected narrative of refined cruelty and pain, as in the work of Mrs. Stowe, they will not find their appetite satisfied in the passages we propose to give. The pictures of Mr. Tourghenieff are what we have called them at the head of this article—"Photographs;" there is in them always something of still life. But, at the same time, they are eminently suggestive, the more so from the utter absence of all effort, egoism, or self-display on the part of the writer. They might have been made more "artistic," but then they would lose a certain smack of rough reality, which inspires an almost absolute confidence in the reader. The author does not moralize in words, but in examples. He does not spare his own class, but he lets the facts speak for themselves; and as his sufferers are not angels, but Russians habituated to serfdom and its evils, you are able to look at that institution somewhat more philosophically than if your moral indignation were perpetually excited by artificial means. The bright side is given, as well as the dark one, and yet the result of the whole is a profound conviction of the iniquity of serfdom as an institution, and of its degrading effects on the subject as well as on the master. The book is a Russian "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*," without its blood and gunpowder.

Serfdom, however, furnishes only episodes in these sketches, which embrace almost every conceivable social variety. As the book is large, and written with extreme verbal closeness, we can do no more than select here and there a passage capable of being detached, premising that it is often in the details and lighter touches that the author is the most successful.

The lot of the Russian serf, like that of the slave everywhere, depends much on the character of the master, but, at the same time, much also on his own. We find in these pages, among a host of others, two

* *Mémoires d'un Seigneur Russe*. Traduit par Ernest Charrière. Paris: Hachette and Co. 1854.

portraits of serfs—the one, a man “comfortable” through steady industry; the other, an idler, but enjoying immunity through his skill as a tracker of game.

Khor (says Mr. Tourghenief) lived in the midst of a wood, in a large open space which had been cleared, drained, and cultivated, and in the centre of which rose a habitation, rustic in character, constructed of pine wood, and with the usual dependencies, such as farmyard, sheds, stables, wells, and so forth. In front of the house extended a rude bench, under a shed supported by four thin wooden props. I was accompanied by Mr. Poloutykin, of whom the inhabitant of this house was one of the peasants. We were received at the door by a fine young man, apparently about twenty years old.

“Ah! is it you, Fedia?” said the master; “is Khor at home?”

“No; Khor is gone with the cart to the town,” answered the young man, disclosing a row of teeth as white as snow. “Do you wish me to harness the teledjka?” (This is a species of open chaise without springs.)

“Yes; but first give us some kvass.” (This is a refreshing acidulated drink, much liked by the Russians of the lower order.)

The sides of the room were nothing more than the blocks and pillars of wood with which the house was built, but hewn smooth and whitened; and they did not exhibit those coarse images which we see too often in the huts of the peasantry, stuck on the walls with moistened bread-crumbs, which attract the dust and harbors flies, creepers, and other insects. In the corner, however, which was evidently the place of honor, a lamp was burning in front of a sacred image in massive silver. The youth soon returned, armed with a large white jar full of fresh and foaming kvass, an enormous loaf of wheaten bread, and immediately after, about a dozen of cucumbers salted, swimming in a wooden bowl. These good things were arranged on the table, which had been freshly scraped and washed; and then he went and leant against the doorway, whence he looked on at our proceedings, his face radiant with good-humor. We had scarcely finished this simple repast, when we heard the rumbling of the wheels of the teledjka. We sallied forth instantly, and there saw on the narrow seat of the vehicle a youngster of fourteen or fifteen years, whose whole attention was devoted to restraining the ardor of a piebald horse. Round the teledjka were ranged six young giants, all bearing a strong family resemblance to Fedia.

“These are the sons of Khor,” said my companion.

“Yes, we are all Khors,” said Fedia, who had followed us out under the shed; “but we are not all here—Potapp is gone into the wood, Sidor is driving the father.” Then addressing the young driver, he added, “Rattle along, for it is for the Barine;” (this is the Russian for the master;) “only mind the ruts, and keep the animal well in hand, or you will lame him, and what is worse, you will shake the seigneur’s brains in his head;” at which piece of pleasantry on the part of Fedia

all the rest of the Khorides seemed immensely tickled.

I inquired of Mr. Poloutykin how it was that Khor thus had his house and lived apart from the other peasants.

“Why, the truth is, that the fellow has acted with much foresight. Five-and-twenty years ago, he was burnt out of his hut, and he made an arrangement with my father, for a certain rent, to be allowed to clear a place in the wood near a marsh, where he could build a new one for the family which he hoped Providence would send him.” “And what makes you go to live in a swamp?” “Never mind that,” said Khor; “you promise never to call on me for the *corvée*, and you yourself shall fix the rent!” “Fifty roubles a year,” said my father. “That will do, thank you.” “But mind,” added my father, “no diminution!” “You shall be regularly paid.” And he soon after contrived to make for himself the enclosure you saw to-day. The other peasants nick-named him Khor, (the knowing one,) and the name has stuck to him ever since.”

“And does he succeed pretty well?”

“Extremely; to-day he is to pay me his rent, and I have already given him notice that I must raise it unless he will buy his freedom. I often persuade him to do so, but the rogue swears by all his gods that he has not a kopeck for such a purpose.”

I felt interested in this man, and in the evening I mechanically took the road towards his little homestead. I found sitting on the door-step of the hut an old man, partly bald and gray, small in stature, but broad-shouldered and strongly built. It was no less than Khor in person. I regarded with curiosity this good man, who resembled most of the busts of Socrates, with his high protruding forehead, small piercing eyes, and broad flat nose. He asked me in. Fedia brought me black bread and milk. Khor seated himself on the bench, which, fixed to the wall, extended almost round the room, and stroking his beard gently, he began to talk with me. He seemed fully conscious of his reputation as a man of sense, for he both talked and moved gravely, while occasionally his bearded mouth betrayed a slight smile.

We talked of seed-time, of harvest, and on peasant life, and our views seemed to agree on these points; and yet it appeared to me that in thus talking without any apparent object to a man in his position, I was losing a little of mine; especially as Khor, probably because he considered it prudent, was discreet and reserved. At length I said to him, “Khor, why do you continue a serf, instead of buying your freedom?”

“And why should I buy my freedom?” he answered; “our master is a very good master, and I know what my rent is.”

“But,” I added, lowering my voice, “it is always better to live in freedom.”

He looked at me a little askance, and muttered, “Ah, yes.”

“Then why don’t you free yourself?”

Khor held down his head, and rose from his seat saying, “To do that one must have money, Sir, and I have none.”

Then he suddenly added, in a tone perfectly natural and civil, "But do you not want a chaise?"

Decidedly this man was not deficient in either intelligence or finesse. I said that as I wished to shoot, the next day, close by, I should like to make up a bed on some hay.

"You do us honor. But you must have some bed-clothes and a pillow. Here, you women," he cried, raising his voice; "and you Fedia, go and help them. Women are such stupid creatures."

A quarter of an hour after, Fedia, armed with a lantern, conducted me to the shed where the hay was kept, and I lay down with my dog at my feet. It was a long time before I could sleep; the cow came to the door and "mooed" eloquently until driven away by my dog; then a pig came and commenced an active foraging with his snout; and finally a horse tied close by began to munch his hay loudly, every now and then snorting and shaking himself. At length, however, I fell asleep.

At break of day I was awakened by Fedia. I liked the lad very much, and he appeared to me to be the favorite of his father. They were accustomed to joke each other. The old man came to seek me; and whether it was because I had passed the night under his roof, or for some other cause, he appeared more disposed to warm to me than he was the evening before.

"What superb young fellows your sons are," said I, as the youth entered the room, and a strapping girl, who turned out to be the wife of one of them, arranged the tea-things for breakfast. "Do they all live with you?"

"Why, yes, it pleases them, and I don't complain."

"Are they all married?"

"Here is a good-for-nothing, who cannot make up his mind," answered Khor, pointing to Fedia, who was leaning as usual against the door-post; "as for Vaska, he is still young; there is no hurry."

"And why should I marry?" replied Fedia. "I am very well as I am; for my part, I don't know what one wants with a wife."

"There, there, you rogue, we understand you; we have seen you with silver rings on your fingers. You like to go dancing after the maids up there at the master's. Oh! you wicked fellow, let me alone, will you?" added the old man, imitating the voice of Poloutykine's maid-servants. "Very well, very well, Mr. Whitehands!"

"What is a wife good for?" answered the youth.

"A wife," replied Khor, seriously, "is the nearest servant of a man; two hard-working arms, which, added to his, make four."

"What do I want with a servant?"

"You are fond enough of working with other people's hands, if you can get them," said Khor, still joking his favorite. "We know what you are worth, you unmarried gentlemen."

"Find me a wife, then," replied Fedia, laughing. "Ah! you have nothing to say to that."

"There, enough, enough," replied the father, smiling; "don't you see that your clumsy efforts are tiresome to the Barine. I will find you a wife, be sure of that;" and then turning to me,

"I hope you will excuse him: he is a great overgrown boy, with nothing but down on his lip, and not the sign of a beard."

It follows almost of necessity that the foregoing portrait is of an exceptional person; but at the same time, from the matter-of-course manner of both master and serf, the inference is, that such exceptions may be numerous.

Here we have a portrait of a domestic serf, who is privileged to attend his master in the chase:

Kalinytch was a man of about forty years of age, tall, thin, and with a small head set aslant deep back between his shoulders. At the first glance he prepossessed you by the bonhomie which expanded over his sunburnt countenance. It was the daily duty of this man to attend his master on his sporting excursions, carrying his game-bag, and sometimes his gun. In fact, without such a man the seigneur would not have had the energy to pursue the game. But Kalinytch knew how and where to find the birds; it was he who went to fetch the fresh water, to clear the underwood, and make room for the droschki, for his luxurious master. Although he had nerves of steel, he was a man of a soft and joyful character, singing to himself unceasingly, while his active eyes were on the look-out on all sides. In speaking he had a slight nasal accent, his clear blue smiling eyes winked habitually, and his hand often strayed down to his beard, which he wore long and pointed, like a Jew's. His walk was a stride, without the slightest appearance of haste, as he scarcely seemed to lean on the long and slight stick which he carried in his hand. During the day, he and I exchanged from time to time a few words; the thousand little necessary services I required, were rendered to me without servility; but in the attentions he paid to his master he exhibited all the *prévenances* of an old nurse. The heat being insupportable, he led us to a sort of hut in the midst of the wood, where we were surrounded with aromatic herbs hanging up in bunches to dry: he made up two beds of fresh hay, and then, having covered his head with a net, he took a knife, and a piece of lath scraped fine and thin, and soon returned triumphant with a pot of fresh honey, from which he made us a sweet amber-colored drink, almost as clear as spring water; and we dropped asleep to the murmuring of bees and the rustling of leaves. Awakened by a sudden gust of wind, I opened my eyes, and saw Kalinytch seated on the door-sill trying to cut out wooden spoons for use on similar occasions; and it was to me a source of supreme pleasure to regard the honest countenance of this primitive and simple-minded man, with his brow as serene as an autumn sunset. "Kalinytch is a good fellow," said his master to me, "and very useful. It is unfortunate that he can never manage to make a home for himself, or even build himself a hut; but he never could: and then I take him always about with me: he comes with me every day shooting. How could he?"

The quiet selfishness of this arrangement speaks volumes.

Now let us take a picture of a different character. Our author has spent the afternoon and evening with a country gentleman, a thorough *bon vivant*. They are enjoying the cool of the evening outside the house, and sipping their tea:—

The wind had almost ceased, but from time to time a slight breeze swept over us. One of these gentle currents of air, in expanding itself against the house in front of which we were seated, bore upon it a sound of blows many and measured, which appeared to come from somewhere in the region of the stables. Apolonowitch was in the act of lifting his saucer to his lips, and already he had distended his nostrils, an operation without which no true Russian can really enjoy the aroma of his tea, when he suddenly stopped, listened, raised his head, swallowed a teaspoonful, and setting his saucer on the table, began with a smile of perfect good-nature to imitate, as if involuntarily, the sounds which we heard: "Tcheouki! tcheouki! tcheouki! tcheouk! tcheouki! tcheouk!"

"What can that be?" I asked, with astonishment.

"Oh! nothing," he replied, "only one of my fellows whom I am having well flogged. You remember Vacia, who acted as butler for us this afternoon at dinner; the tall one with the immense whiskers like brushes: Ah! now you have it!"

Indignation the most profound could not have withstood the unconscious look, naturally clear and soft, of Apolonowitch as he said this. I abstained from word or gesture, but it seemed that my eye betrayed my thought, for his radiant face was for an instant clouded with thought.

"What is it, young man, what is it?" he said, gravely shaking his head; "by your glance you think me a very cruel master; but you know the proverb: The more love, the more correction. It is a principle that is not of yesterday." In a quarter of an hour after, I took my leave. In passing through the village, I came across Vacia, with his large whiskers. He was walking leisurely along, cracking nuts. I stopped my chaise and called him.

"What was the matter, my good fellow? they beat you to-day?"

"How do you happen to know that?" replied Vacia.

"I know it because your master told me so."

"My master himself?"

"Yes, himself; and why did he have you beaten?"

"Oh! there must have been a reason for it, of course. With us no one is beaten without a reason—no, no, no; with us, there is nothing like that—oh! no; our Barine is not like that; ours is a real Barine; where could you find such another? Oh! no, there is not his equal in the whole district, oh! no."

"Go on!" I cried to my coachman.

And in returning home I reflected on this singular specimen of Russian life on the old model.

The following portrait of an individual nobleman, executed with much minuteness, may be taken as equally characteristic of a class:—

At some short distance from my property lives a handsome young gentleman of my acquaintance, named Arcadi Pavlytch Peénotchkine. Among other advantages which his domain possesses over mine is, that it is full of game. Now my friend's house, it should be said, has been built on the plans of a French architect; his servants are all, from the highest to the lowest, in English liveries; he gives really excellent dinners, and he receives you, when you visit him, in the most amiable manner; and yet, with all that, you never seem to desire to go and see him. He is a man intelligent and honorable; he has been perfectly well educated; from contact with the very first society his manners are most polite; but at the present time his attention is devoted, and with signal success, to every pursuit connected with rural economy. Arcadi Pavlytch, according to his own account of himself, is "severe, but just;" he watches closely over the well-being of his vassals, and if he chastises them, that is only the best proof he can give of his regard. "They are creatures," said he to me, on a particular occasion, "with whom we must act as we do with children; for, after all, we must always remember that they are but full-grown children." As for himself, whenever what he called the sad necessity for being severe occurred, he seemed carefully to avoid showing any thing like anger, nay, he would not even make a hasty movement or raise his voice; he would simply point his finger at the culprit, and say, quietly, "Ah! I have caught you, my good fellow;" or, at other times, "What is the matter with you, my friend? recollect yourself." And his teeth would become a little compressed, his mouth would contract almost imperceptibly—that was all the emotion he permitted himself, although the luckless offender knew too well what was coming.

As he is in some sort a type, I will sketch his portrait. Above the middle height, and well formed, he is what the sex would term a good-looking fellow: he bestows the most minute care on his hands and finger-nails, and his cheeks and lips bear the rich tint of health. His laugh is full of frankness and heartiness, and when it is necessary to display the little courtesies, he has a peculiar habit of nearly closing his eyes and winking, which suits him well. He dresses with remarkable taste; he receives an enormous quantity of new French publications, of all kinds, but, for all that, is no great reader; I question even whether he has even yet got to the end of the *Juif Errant*. In fine, Arcadi Pavlytch passes for a gentleman of the first water, and, in the eyes of mothers with daughters to marry, for one of the most desirable matches in the whole district. The ladies are quite mad about him, and with them every thing he does is perfection. Besides this, he is remarkably prudent—the prudence of the serpent—but he has never been mixed up in any scandal; and yet, on occasions, I have seen

him ready enough to square up to and demolish an adversary—if he appeared timid. He seems to know his value, and takes care to make himself sought after. All loose society he shuns, that he may not compromise himself; but once, in a moment of gayety, he confessed himself a disciple of Epicurus, though generally pretending a profound disdain for philosophy—a science which he stigmatizes as the quintessence of German folly. He is fond of music, and, while at the card-table, will sing low and between his teeth, but with feeling, some *morceaux* of *Lucia* and the *Sonnambula* he has retained in his memory, but he almost always takes them a note too high. His winters he passes at St. Petersburg. His house is unusually well kept; and even his coachmen have so far bent to his influence, that they not only clean the harness of their horses, but push their refinement to the extent of once a day washing their faces, even to their throats and behind their ears! True, his people have a decidedly downcast look; but in this good country of ours, it is not so easy to distinguish the morose from the sleepy ones.

Arcadi Pavlytch has a soft and unctuous manner of speaking, minces and cuts up his sentences, and rolls with a kind of voluptuousness each word as it falls like a pearl from between his handsome moustaches. He is fond of interlarding his conversation with the commonest French phrases, such as *Mais! c'est impayable! Mais, comment donc! Voilà qui est merveilleux! enchanté! charmé! ravi!* and so forth. And yet, notwithstanding all the agreeable qualities I have here recorded, I confess that I have no particular liking for his society; and, were it not for his pheasants and partridges, it is more than probable that we should soon be strangers to each other. A vague, uncomfortable feeling takes possession of you when you are at his house; even the luxury with which he is surrounded appears forced; and when, every night, a valet de chambre, frizzed and pommaded, comes, with his livery of blue and blazonry, to gently remove your boots, you feel yourself constrained and uncomfortable before this pale and precise-looking figure.

This Frenchified Russian, as may be inferred, is capable of a little quiet cruelty to his serfs. Here is an example:—

Notwithstanding my very indifferent liking for Arcadi Pavlytch, I happened once to pass the night at his house. The next morning I rose early, and had already my horses put to, when nothing would do but that I must stay and partake of an *English* breakfast. With our tea they supplied us with chops, fresh eggs, butter, honey, Swiss cheese, &c. &c. Two men-servants, in white gloves, silently anticipated our slightest wishes. We were seated on a divan; Arcadi Pavlytch was dressed in large loose pantaloons of silk, in which his feet were lost sight of, a jacket of black velvet, an elegant blue *fez*, and yellow Chinese slippers. He sipped his tea, tasted this thing and that, admired his finger-nails, smoked a little, comforted his back with a downy cushion—in short, gave unmistakable signs of

being in extremely good humor. After a time, he began seriously to attack the chops and the cheese, and had acquitted himself like a man, when, having filled a glass of red wine, and put it to his lips, he suddenly lowered it, and his brow became overcast.

"What! This wine has not been warmed!" said he, in a dry voice, to one of the men-servants. The man was visibly alarmed, grew pale, and stood petrified. "I speak to you, *mon cher*," continued with a studied calm the young seigneur, his cold large eye wide open resting on the poor man, who could do nothing but twist with a slight convulsive movement the napkin he held in his hand, while, so fascinated was he by his terror, he was unable to articulate a syllable.

Arcadi Pavlytch lowered his head, but continued thoughtfully to regard the unfortunate man. Then, addressing me,

"Your pardon, *mon cher*," he said, with an amiable smile, while letting his hand fall gently on my knee. Then, again looking silently at the servant, "There,—go!" said he, raising his eyebrows, and striking on a bell at his hand, which brought immediately into the room a stout dark man, with a low forehead and forbidding eyes.

"Make ready for Fedor," said Arcadi to this man in as many words, with the most perfect self-command.

And the man, whose special duty was the flogging department, made his obeisance and left to fulfil his orders.

There is in the foregoing a cool refinement of insensibility, and a systematic indifference to the degradation and suffering of the unfortunate serfs, more appalling than the most harrowing descriptions of cruelty and pain. The minuteness of the description and the absence of the arts of writing would argue that the picture is a true one. It certainly is not overcharged.

This Arcadi Pavlytch is also an amateur agriculturist, of a class of which specimens may often be found even among our own squires. He does the dilettante part, and leaves the real management of his property to intendants. He insists on taking our author to see one of his estates. The descriptions of the journey, of the arrival of the lord and master in the village, of the intendant and his family, and various little episodes, are full of *vraisemblance* and vivid life, but unfortunately they are too long for extract. This intendant stands very high in the favor of his indolent master, who boasts of him that he is quite a statesman in little.

This treasure, this "statesman," of whom Arcadi had so much spoken, (says the author,) was small in stature, broad-shouldered, red-nosed, with small blue eyes, and with his beard trimmed and arranged like a fan held downwards.

"Ah!" exclaimed this man (who smelt of wine) in a kind of half-chanting tone, and as if he were

ready to dissolve in tears, "Ah! and you have at last deigned to come to us, you, our father, our benefactor! Your hand, father, your hand!" and he protruded his big lips in readiness.

Arcadi Pavlytch allowed his hand to be kissed, and replied in an affectionate tone,

"Ay, and how do matters go on here, brother Sophron?"

"Ah! you, our father!" chanted off again the intendant; "and how *could* they go otherwise than well, when you, our father, our benefactor, deign to give the light of your countenance to this our poor village? . . . Oh! it is happiness enough to last me to my grave! Thanks be to God! Arcadi Pavlytch, thanks be to God, all goes well, well, well—all goes well, through your goodness."

After an instant or two of silence devoted to mute contemplation, the "statesman" began to sigh with enthusiasm, and, as if carried away by an irresistible impulse, (to which perhaps an extra allowance of ardent spirits had a little contributed, again once more he begged to kiss the hand of the seigneur, and recommenced chanting with even more vigor than before.

"Ah! you, our father and benefactor—and—oh!—what?—surely in this joy I have lost my senses—yes—'tis indeed true—I see you—I see you—I can believe my eyes—it is indeed true that you are there—you, our father!—our—"

And so on to the end of the chant. It was strong acting, but Arcadi Pavlytch smiled, and said to me, in French, "*N'est-ce pas que c'est touchant!*"

As this Arcadi Pavlytch seemed so proud of his management of his property, and insisted on showing all that his "statesman" had done for him, our author accompanied him the next day over his estate. After having been called on to admire a multitude of proofs of excellent "systematizing," the visitors were at last requested to inspect a new mill that had recently come from Moscow.

We could see (says our author) that the sails went well; and certainly, if Sophron could have known what awaited us there, he would have been content with the more distant view. On coming out of the mill, at a few steps from the door, and close to a pool where some ducks were swimming and plashing, stood two peasants—the one an old man of some seventy years, the other a youth of some twenty. The only clothing of either was a patched shirt, and each had a cord round his waist. Their feet were naked. The local edile was persuading them to go away, which probably they would have done but that we came out. Sophron's fists were clenched convulsively, and he was evidently much annoyed at this apparition. Arcadi, too, frowned and bit his lip:—he had been all day boasting the excellent management of his estate. However, he walked straight up to them. The two visitors threw themselves at his feet.

"What is it? Speak!" said he, in a severe voice, and with a slight nasal tone. The poor fellows exchanged a glance, but could not bring

out a word. They winked their eyes convulsively, and breathed hard.

"Well, and what is it?" repeated Arcadi; and then, turning to Sophron, he asked, "Of what family are they?"

"Of the Tobolúief family," replied the intendant, in a low tone.

"Speak, I say!" addressing the old man. "Don't be afraid, fool!"

The old man lifted his bronzed and wrinkled neck from the earth, and from between his lips, which were literally blue, said, in a voice of anguish,

"Help us, help us, good master!" And then he once more prostrated himself; the younger of the two did almost the same. Arcadi Pavlytch regarded their prostrate necks without emotion; and then, throwing himself into a fresh attitude, he added—

"And of whom do you complain?"

"Have pity, good master! A moment only, to get breath. We are tortured—we are—"

"And who, then, makes martyrs of you?"

"Sophron Jakovlitch, the intendant."

"What is your name?" added Arcadi, after a moment's silence.

"Anthippe, good master."

"And the other?"

"Is my son, good master."

Arcadi again was silent, curling his moustache: then he went on—

"In what respect has he tormented you?"

And while he said this he looked down on the poor fellows, over his moustache.

"Good master, he has entirely spoiled and ruined us. Contrary to the regulations, he has given in two of my sons to the recruiting service, and now he wants to take away the third. It was only yesterday that he took away from me my last cow; and his grace, the ancient, who is as bad as himself, has pulled down my house. Ah, good master, don't let him quite ruin us!"

Mr. Peénotchkin was very much embarrassed. At last, with an air of vexation, he demanded of the intendant what he had to say to the accusation.

"Sir, he is a drunkard," answered the intendant, with a certain assurance of manner,—"a drunkard and an idler; he does nothing: for five years he has been unable to pay his rent."

"Sophron Jakovlitch has paid it for me, good master," answered the old man. "For five years he has paid it; and because of that he makes a slave of me, and takes all I have, good master, and—"

"But that does not explain how you are in arrears," answered Arcadi, quickly. "It is that you drink. You frequent the cabarets."

The old man opened his mouth to explain.

"I know you!" continued Arcadi. "Your whole life is spent in drinking, and in sleeping on the stove, and it is the hard-working peasant who does your work."

"And, moreover, he is rude," added the intendant, seeing that there was no reason to fear for his own rudeness in interrupting his master.

"Yes, of course, it is always so; and how often I have had to notice it! The idler gives himself

up all the year to drink and debauchery, and then, some day or other, he comes to throw himself at the feet of his master."

"My good master," said the old man, in a tone of the most terrible despair, "in the name of God, come to our assistance. I declare to you, before Heaven, that I have not a morsel to eat, or the means of gaining my living. Sophron Jakovlitch has taken a hatred towards me,—why, Heaven only knows; but he has ruined, crushed, destroyed me: and now he is going to take away my last child." Here the tears rolled over his bronzed cheeks. "In the name of God, my good master, come to our aid!"

"And it is not only us that he persecutes," said the younger of the two.

Arcadi Pavlitch took fire at this unlucky word of the young man, who had till then kept silence.

"And you! Who spoke to you? When you are not spoken to, how dare you speak? Hold your tongue, Sir! Why, this is a revolt! I am not the man to be revolted against!"

Two hours after I had left, I encountered a peasant, whom I knew as a capital sportsman. I asked him if he knew the intendant of Mr. Peénotchkiné.

"What! Sophron Jakovlitch?"

"Yes: what sort of a man is he?"

"He is not a man—he is a dog; and a dog so bad, that from here to Koursk you could not find his equal."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; and this property of that Mr. Peénotchkiné, it only appears to belong to him: the real owner in this Sophron."

"You believe so?"

"He has made a property of it for his whole life. There is not a peasant on the estate who is not up to his neck in debt to him, so that he has them all under his thumb. He employs them as he likes, he does exactly as he likes. They are his victims."

And then he went on to describe the various extortions of Sophron. "He is very clever! And how he rolls in money, the wretch! But his delight is to flog; he is a dog, a mad dog; he is not a man, I tell you; he is a wild beast."

"And why don't the peasants complain to their real master?"

"Why, you see, Sir, if he gets his rents regularly, he is satisfied. If any one complains, he lets them know what they have to expect. He reminds them of what he has done to others."

I told him of the old man and his son.

"Yes," said he, "and Sophron will suck the old man dry, even to the marrow in his bones. Henceforth, too, his only word will be a blow. Poor old man! And what is the cause of it all? Why, five or six years ago he resisted Sophron's authority in some trifle or other, and he said something that has rankled ever since. He has never ceased to torture him, and to drain him dry. He has sent off two of his sons as recruits, contrary to the law! The execrable wretch!"

The national music of Russia, as the reader probably knows, is of much originality and beauty, and deeply tinged with an indefinable

sentiment of melancholy. A passion for song prevails among the peasantry, who often join to very fine voices remarkable executive powers. It is not unusual with them to engage in contests for supremacy in this exquisite art. Of one of these our author gives a charmingly graphic account, from which we can extract a few passages only, regretting not to be able to reproduce the whole, marked as it is by vivid and characteristic portraiture. The struggle has been appointed to take place in a well-known drinking-shop or cabaret, situated in a village of the steppes placed on a hill and abruptly divided by a ravine:—

In the middle of the cabaret was a thin but well-made man of about three-and-twenty years of age, wearing a long robe of blue calico. He had the air of an operative, and he did not appear to be in the most robust health. His meagre cheeks, his large, restless gray eyes, his straight nose and nervous nostril, his clear, lofty forehead, covered with masses of pale, deep sandy-colored hair, worn behind his ears, his lips somewhat thick, but fresh-colored and expressive—all these traits indicated an impulsive and impassioned character. He seemed much agitated. His eyes frequently opened and shut; he breathed fitfully; his arms trembled as if he were suffering from an access of fever; in fact, it might be said that he was in a state of fever—that is to say, the nervous excitement so common with those who have to speak or to sing before an assemblage expecting great things. This was Iachka, or James the Turk. Near him was a man of about forty years of age, broad-shouldered, with heavy cheeks, low forehead, Tartar-like eyes, short flat nose, square chin, and black hair, hard and shiny like the bristles of a brush. It was easy to see that such a countenance would easily assume, perhaps was not unaccustomed to, an expression of ferocity. Without moving, this man looked about him with a dull, slow glance, like that of a tied ox. He had on an old, indescribable coat with flat brass buttons, and a not very new black silk cravat encircled his thick, muscular neck. He was called Diki-Barine, or the Gentleman-Savage. Opposite him, in the angle of the bench encircling the apartment, and under the images, was Iachka's rival in the coming contest, the general dealer of the village, a man of middle height, but well made, about thirty years of age, his face freckled, his nose broad and on one side, with small, piercing eyes, bold and restless in their glances, and beard carefully trimmed. This man was generally called "the Dealer," seldom by any other name. From meat, fish, or candles, to bricks, lime, or wood for building; from a sporting-dog to a saucepan or a box of lucifers, nothing came amiss to this man of many trades.

As for Iachka, his antagonist, he had obtained his nickname of "the Turk" from the simple fact of his being the son of a woman of that nation who had been brought into Russia as a prisoner. Although his exterior was that of a simple work-

man, he had the true soul of an artist, in the full sense of the word. His worldly state was that of a workman in a paper factory near at hand.

At length the match commenced, lots having been drawn for the first start, which fell to the dealer. This man rose from his corner, and, half shutting his eyes, commenced, in a very high falsetto voice, a national air, which I heard for the first time, and which is unapproachable except by voices thoroughly sure and capable of reaching with perfect purity the highest registers. The voice of this man was soft and agreeable, but somewhat mechanical; he seemed to turn it about like a brilliant gem; the notes appeared to part from his throat, to ascend and descend some spiral way of crystal glittering in the sun, and, when at its heights, he literally rained gems of the most charming melodies, which floated and undulated, till he would let them lose themselves in gossamer-like sounds, which died away in silence; yet after these pauses, which scarcely allowed us to breathe, he suddenly burst out with a refrain of the same air, sung with a power and a boldness that carried you away. It was a performance that would have charmed the most exacting amateur. The voice was that known as a Russian *tenore di grazia*, and it would have been listened to with pleasure at Naples or Milan, or it would have become the *tenor léger* of the Paris opera. Knowing that he was before accomplished and practical judges, he gave rein to his powers, or, to adopt the characteristic popular phrase of the country, he did not hold himself in his skin. The district is one noted for hundreds of first-rate connoisseurs, and throughout Russia it is regarded as a locality the most famous for vocal melody.

For a long time the worthy dealer, notwithstanding his vocal *tours de force*, went on singing without producing any marked effect on his auditors, but suddenly a passage more marvellously vocalized than the rest broke the spell of expectation, and sent a thrill of joy through them all. A low choral murmur was only interrupted by muttered cries the most grotesque, such as "Superb! — Oh! the rascal! — Yes, festoon your notes, snake! — Ah! the wretch! — The animal! — The dog! — Go to the devil, you Herold, go!" and other polite manifestations of enthusiasm, of the same kind. The rival singer, it is fair to say, showed, by the approving movement of his head, that he acknowledged the beauty of the singing. "The Savage" alone rested immovable and impassible, but his glance fixed upon the singer was of a remarkable softness, although on his lip there was the conventional disdain of the critical amateur. Encouraged by these marks of approval, the artist let out like a whirlwind, executing such roulades, such trillings, such bursts of sound, followed by such cascades, that when, at last, exhausted, pale, bathed in perspiration, and throwing back his body for the last effort, there came forth one long expiring note, which seemed to lose itself in space, one sudden cry escaped from all the listeners together, as on the word of command bursts forth the fire of a platoon. One flung himself on the neck of the singer, and squeezed him in

his long bony arms; the innkeeper cried as if his voice would crack, *Molodetz! Molodetz!* (a word significative of familiar admiration, as in English is said "trump!") a poor peasant expressed his delight in the way habitual to his class, he commenced spitting vigorously against the door; and on the countenance of the rival there was an expression of intense admiration.

After some compliments and a characteristic scene among the auditors, Iachka is called upon to begin:—

Iachka passed his hand over his throat, and murmured a few incoherent words, which betrayed excessive timidity and doubt.

"Don't be afraid! — that is the only thing you need be ashamed of! Sing, man, sing, man, and do your best!" said "the Savage," in a tone which claimed obedience.

Iachka breathed deeply, looked around him, and covered his forehead and eyes with his left hand. The party seemed to devour him with their eyes, more especially the dealer, who, notwithstanding his late triumph, was not wholly without inquietude. When Iachka at length uncovered his face, the poor fellow was as pale as death, and his eyes were scarcely perceptible under their downcast lids. At length, after having taken a long breath, he began. His first note promised but little: it was feeble, unequal, and scarcely seemed to come from the chest, but rather as if it had been thrown into the chamber from some voice without. After this first broken note there came another, more firm and more prolonged; a tremulous sound, like the vibration of a violin string, which, when struck by a master-hand, produces an echoing tremulousness, softer than the first sound, and which gradually seems to grow more distant and more feeble, until at last it vanishes. After a third note, a little stronger, and more full and beautiful, the singer gradually grew more warm and animated, and at last it was possible to judge of the character of the air, which was strikingly melancholy.

Soon an intense pleasure began to manifest itself on the faces of all; the grace and softness of the intonations, and the exquisite finish of the *nuances*, left no room for criticism. Seldom had I heard a voice of more exquisite freshness. At the opening, a certain timidity, accompanied by a formality of intonation, interfered with the pleasure; but all this was soon lost in the profound feeling, the true passion of the singer, blending with the sadness of the air all that is beautiful in youth, strength, softness, and expressiveness. The true Russian soul, so good and so full of warmth, breathed through this voice, so soft and charming, which went direct to the hearts of the auditors, there to touch those chords which awaken the national melancholy. And now the melody grew and developed itself in beauty. It was evident that an intoxication of inspiration had carried away the singer. No longer the slightest trace of timidity, but an entire abandonment of the soul to the voluptuous delight of the song. If there was not the less a tremulousness in the voice, it was no longer the uncertain tone of timidity, but

the thrill of passion which passes direct into the souls of the listeners; and all the while that noble voice continued to gain in power, in force, and in amplitude. His song excited my imagination to the most vivid memory of past scenes, which were conjured up before me like life; and this through the passion of a simple artisan, standing immovable in a common cabaret, but whose inspiration made him for the moment a magician and a master alike of the beautiful and of the sublime. Singing under the stress of his impassioned emotion, this young villager had forgotten every thing, as his rivalry, and his rival, sustained as he was like a buoyant swimmer on the waves of his melodious and mellifluous song.

I heard a sound of stifled sobs—it was the innkeeper's wife, who was crying, her head fallen on the window-sill. This sight seemed to give a new soul to the singer, whose song grew more deeply infused with feeling; the innkeeper was panting with the excitement and the charm. The trivial Morgatch sat like a statue, but with his eyes fixed on the grimy ceiling; the poor peasant was sobbing noiselessly in his corner, balancing his head as if to nurse and soften his emotions; and on the iron visage of the Savage, under his long black eyelashes, that seemed glued to his cheek, were two large round tears, hanging suspended and ready to break. As for the rival singer, he rested utterly motionless, but with his right hand closed and pressing convulsively his forehead.

Panting as we were under these sensations, I do not know what would have been the effect of the last paroxysms of our emotion, had not Iachka suddenly brought his song to a close, with a sharp note, of a boldness, a fineness, and a purity so extraordinary, that it seemed as if in that one sound his voice had departed for the heavens. No one moved, no one spoke; it seemed as though all expected the return of that voice from its flight. Iachka opened his eyes and looked surprised at this kind of ecstatic silence; but he soon saw the reason—involuntarily that silence had accorded to him the victory.

Iakof! said "the Savage," in a voice trembling with emotion—but he could not utter another syllable.

We were in fact petrified, as if by enchantment. At length the rival of Iachka rose and advanced towards him. "You have won!—yes, you have won!" said he, with an emotion it was painful to witness; and he rushed out of the place.

The nobility of Russia are notoriously extravagant, resembling, in the country districts, in many of their habits, the Irish spendthrift of the past age. The book of Mr. Tourghenieff is full of life-like portraits of men of this stamp, who have ruined themselves and who come to utter destitution. There is one charming little episode of this kind. A proprietor becomes enamored of a young girl, a serf, the waiting-maid of a lady at some distance. She consents to become his mistress, and he succeeds in hiding her from the lady. She betrays a marvel-

lous aptitude, and learns with facility to sing, to play, to dance. At length, on one unlucky occasion, she cannot resist the temptation to flaunt her greatness in the eyes of her proprietor, who has so often tormented her by her pride and unkindness. The two drive past the domain, but are unfortunate enough to overturn the carriage of a lady on the roadside. This leads to a discovery; the police are called in—are bribed—the girl is still retained. But the lady has recourse to law in all its most vexatious forms, and the lover is harassed in person and in pocket. Suddenly, the young girl, seeing that ruin will ensue, insists, in spite of all remonstrances, on delivering herself up. He is distracted; but she escapes, and effects her generous purpose, although knowing the fate that awaits her from her vindictive mistress. He loses all self-control, wastes his substance in debauchery, even to his last shilling; and when the author again encounters him, it is in a low coffee-house at Moscow, where he is living on his wits, but where, nevertheless, he insists on giving his visitor champagne. If our space permitted, we could extract some very touching passages of this kind. In the following extract, an extreme case is daguerreotyped. Mr. Tourghenieff, while out shooting, trespasses on the grounds of a proprietor named Radiloff, and a shot which frightens a young lady of his family, brings him up. After a little heat, Radiloff finds that the intruder is a gentleman, and he insists on his coming to the house and dining. He has been presented to the mother:—

"And see," continued Radiloff, pointing out to me a person tall and thin, whom I had not perceived on entering the drawing-room, "here is Fedor Mikhieitch." And then, addressing this person, he said, "Come, Fedor, give this gentleman a specimen of your talents; a man with your advantages should not stand skulking in a corner." The man to whom these words were addressed rose instantly from his seat, and having taken a wretched violin from under the window-seat, seized the bow by the middle, but with the wrong end uppermost, and having fixed the instrument against his chest and shut his eyes, began to sing and dance grotesquely while he scraped the strings. He seemed about seventy years of age, and wore a long surtout of gray calico, which hung flapping against his long bony legs. This unfortunate being continued to dance, sometimes making his steps rapidly with his feet, sometimes balancing affectedly his little bald head, sometimes throwing it back and displaying the swollen veins of his neck, while he went through this exercise with an effort too visible from the occasional yielding of his knees. His toothless mouth opened from time to time to emit a sound more

like a rattle than an expression of gayety. It was not difficult for Radiloff to perceive from my countenance that this exhibition of the talents of Fedor was any thing but agreeable to me.

"Enough, old gentleman, enough; now go and get your reward." Fedor Mikhieitch instantly restored the violin to its place, and, after saluting us all separately, he left the room. In a few moments my host invited us to take the *eau-de-vie*, as dinner was served. Whilst we were going to the dining-room, and taking our places, Fedor Mikhieitch, who, from the effects of the "reward," had his eyes dancing and a decided vermilion at the nose, was singing a martial song. His place was allotted apart from us at a small table, without table-linen, in a corner of the room. The poor old man had forgotten himself even to the extent of neglecting the most ordinary rules of the table, and it appears that it was a matter of necessity, especially on any extraordinary occasion, to keep him at a certain distance from the company. He crossed himself, took a long breath, and began to swallow like a shark the food set before him.

In answer to a glance of inquiry on my part, my host said: "Yes, he, too, once was a landed proprietor; he was rich, and he ruined himself; now he lives in my house. In his time he passed for the most formidable gallant in the whole district; he ran away with two married women; he maintained a choir of singers in his house, and he was himself noted everywhere for his skill as a dancer and a singer."

During the dinner and in the evening, our author noticed something in the expression of the young lady's countenance which fascinated his attention. She was the sister of Radiloff's diseased wife, and in the familiarity of his address there was nothing incompatible with their position. In the evening the conversation led Radiloff to describe the intensity of his grief at the death of his wife.

"The next morning," he said, "I found myself beside her body. It was in the height of summer, and in the broad sunlight. Suddenly I saw (here Radiloff shuddered)—I saw a fly walking over her eye, wide open as it was. I fell like a sack, and when I came to myself, I wept for hours." If I were to live for a century (says the author) I should never forget the expression at that moment on the countenance of the young lady. The mother of Radiloff, (an old lady, short of stature, thin in the face, and with a gentle, even timid, but sad expression,) the mother laid on her knee the stocking she was knitting, drew her handkerchief from her enormous reticule, and, thinking herself unnoticed, dried two large tears. Fedor Mikhieitch, as if inspired, seized his violin, and with his wild shrill voice commenced singing. The intention was good. The miserable old man was thus, according to his idea, showing his devotion in the hope of passing off the scene. We all shuddered at the first note, and Radiloff begged him to be quiet. Seven days afterwards, I hap-

pened to pass again by the house of Radiloff, but found neither him nor his sister-in-law. In fact, on the very night I have described, they had eloped together, abandoning the old lady. As soon as I heard this, I comprehended the peculiar expression on the young lady's countenance while Radiloff was describing his sensations on seeing the dead body of his wife. That expression, in fact, was not merely one of sorrow or of pity, but was inflamed by the fire of jealousy.

The length to which these extracts have run obliges us to bring them to a close. The peculiar character of minuteness which pervades the original has been necessarily somewhat lost sight of, in order to reduce them within a reasonable compass. They form but a small portion of the whole collection of daguerreotypes, many of which are far more interesting than those which we have selected, but less manageable for the purpose of selection. For instance, the chapter which narrates in full the story of the slave mistress, already referred to; and another, called in the French translation, the *Comptoir*, in which we have a perfect picture of that *imperium in imperio*, a Russian proprietary village, where the mistress, a kind of Lady Bountiful, regulates, by means of ukases or proclamations, all the affairs of her petty sovereignty, down to the pettiest details of offences and punishments, but who is in turn systematically cheated by her stewards. The farmer comes to sell his wheat; a hard bargain is driven between him and the steward as to the price. Is it for the benefit of the mistress? No! The dispute is as to what the farmer is *really* to pay; the price for the eye of the mistress being fixed by common consent. And then the farmer is ushered by the steward with every formality and servility into the presence of the lady, in order that the false contract may be duly ratified. In this chapter, too, we find the steward coercing an honest serving-man who loves one of the maid-servants coveted by the steward himself, the end being that the poor girl is made the scapegoat. In another chapter we have an amusing portrait of a lady-proprietor who from conscientious motives has remained single; she conceives it to be her duty to keep her serfs in the same state, and not a man or a woman of them is permitted to marry. In another, a beautiful girl has been brought to the capital by a fine-lady mistress, her owner, who, to keep her about her person as maid, refuses her the permission to marry a fellow-servant. The result is, that the poor lovers commit themselves; the youth is sent off as a recruit, and the girl sells herself in marriage to a miller, for whom she

has no love, on condition that he purchases her freedom. The poor loveless wife literally pines away before your eyes, in the author's simple narrative. Two little episodes, the "Village Doctor" and the "Village Lovers," are charming as idyls, irrespective of their value as pictures of manners; and the "Russian Hamlet" has a peculiar humor of its own, thoroughly national. Unfortunately, it is too long for extract. The Dwarf *Kaciane* is, in a literary point of view, a new character; and there is a chapter in which some

boys, watching horses, recount, round a night-fire in the steppes, the various superstitions of the country, that is full of poetry and racy with nationality. Scattered through the book, too, there are portraits of individuals, each representing a class, of the same order as two or three we have already extracted; and thus, on arriving at the close, the reader has become insensibly possessed with almost every phase of Russian life. The French translator, M. Ernest Charrière, has performed his difficult task with great skill.

JOHN WILSON CROKER.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

THE RIGHT HON. JOHN WILSON CROKER was born in the county of Galway, Ireland, in 1780, but is of English descent. His father was surveyor-general in Ireland, and was a man of ability. The son was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, was called to the bar in 1802, and in 1807, having been retained as counsel at an election for Downpatrick, he was eventually returned as member for that borough, and from that time to the year 1832 sat in the House, representing for five years the university of Dublin. For one-and-twenty years, namely, from 1809 to 1830, he held the office of Secretary to the Admiralty; and in 1828 was sworn of the Privy Council. His industry, his boldness and acuteness in debate, combined with great power of ridicule and complete mastery of details, made him an invaluable member of his party, and marked him out for higher office in some future Tory cabinet. It was, however, his misfortune, that his uncommon shrewdness failed to appreciate either the state of the nation, or the true policy of conservatism; for, in the moment of the passing of the Reform Bill, he declared that "he would never sit in a reformed House of Commons;" and from that time he has been politically defunct. His literary career presents him in a more pleasing aspect. His first publication, a volume called "Familiar Epistles to Frederick E. Jones, Esq.," gave earnest of the then power of sarcasm which marked his more mature productions. It was succeeded by a short pamphlet, which, under the title of "An intercepted Letter from Canton," gave a satirical picture of the city of Dublin. His next efforts were, "Songs of

Trafalgar;" "The Battle of Talavera;" a "Sketch of Ireland, Past and Present;" "Letters on the Naval War with America;" "Stories from the History of England, for Children," the model (as Sir Walter Scott states in his preface) of the "Tales of a Grandfather;" "Reply to the Letters of Malachi Malagrowther;" "The Suffolk Papers;" "Military Events of the French Revolution in 1830;" a translation of "Bassompierre's Embassy to England;" an edited version of the "Letters of Lady Hervey," and of Lord Hervey's "Memoirs of the Reign of George the Second;" and an annotated edition of "Boswell's Life of Johnson." Croker's successful parliamentary and official career brought him into intimacy with the most distinguished literary lights of the day; and in 1809, in conjunction with Scott and Canning, he started the "Quarterly Review," which has ever since owed some of its most vigorous papers to his pen. His "Boswell" was hailed as a truly valuable contribution to the literature of our country, and raised great expectations of the fruit of its author's future leisure; it might, however, have been written by an industrious man with a tithe of Croker's ability. He was once asked at a party, by a blue-stocking countess, if he had brought out any new work: "Nothing," he replied, "since the last Mutiny Act." It is now twenty years since the world received any gift from his pen more important than articles in the "Quarterly Review," which seem likely to contain all the observations he desires to make on the history of his own time.

From the Athenæum.

SATIRE AND SATIRISTS.*

SATIRE and Satirists offer an interesting theme. They are to literature what scandal is to society. All that is most piquant in anecdote, in allusion, in attack, gathers round the heroes of such a study. If we can assume in the writer who devotes himself to it sufficient reading, a pleasant style, a sympathy with the combative in character and the eccentric in manner, the result is sure to be interesting and readable, if no more. In Mr. Hannay's case, it is more. This writer is himself a satirist. Young in years, he has nevertheless long wielded a keen blade,—played with it, as young writers are apt to do, rather recklessly—striking, fairly and unfairly, at friend and at foe, with seemingly equal zest or equal indifference. This personal experience has for him its advantage and its disadvantage. It has given him a sharper relish of satire and a deeper insight into the follies of mankind,—made him familiar with the best models of the worst kind of writing, and taught him how to seize the worst points of a good character. This, as we have hinted, is not all gain to a young writer. But Mr. Hannay is a satirist and something better. In his later writings—and in this book also, though the subject is not quite a genial one—there is large-heartedness, a greater ripeness of understanding, and a disposition to love and to admire good things and good men as well as to say sharp things, than in his early works. The fruit is ripening visibly. The grape is no longer green or sour. Success, as it is wont, has helped to mellow Mr. Hannay's genius:—it will be his fault, as well as a loss to literature, if it do not mellow into something rich and good.

The fact of our lecturer being a writer of satire has caused him to regard this phase of literature rather from the artistic than the philosophical side. He abounds in pictures, not in definitions. He does not tell us what he means by satire. He puts the thing before us. His faculty is dramatic and pictorial. He recalls a scene, a man, as it were,

visibly. We feel a presence; but we do not get into an intellectual intercourse with it. In short, Mr. Hannay deals in pictures, not in problems.

Here, to begin with, is an element of popularity. Critics will object that "satire" as a subject is not touched—either in its relation to human nature or in its relation to literature. Readers will probably dispense very calmly with analysis and philosophy, in favor of point, color, epigram and personality.

Having said thus much by way of general introduction, we shall now content ourselves with some few pictures of men and things concerning Satire and the Satirists. Here is Horace, as conceived by Mr. Hannay:—

His songs would give you a notion that he indulged in a romantic sort of dissipation. This arises from their not being rightly viewed as fancy-pictures—pictures on the ivory of the Latin language—of old Lesbian life, and Ionian life, farther south and long before. To me Horace seems a far homelier, simpler old gentleman than the classical conventionalists would have you suppose. A little, stoutish, weak-eyed, satirical, middle-aged man, sitting—with what hair he had left, smeared with Syrian ointment—crowned, under a vine, drinking in company of a Greek young woman, with an ivy crown on her head, playing or dancing—is to me a ludicrous object. I do not think that the simple and philosophic Horatius, with his eye for satire, was much given to this mode of enjoyment. I am pretty sure that he did enjoy himself; but I rather fancy him eating a too luxurious dinner now and then, cramming himself with tunny-fish, muscles, oysters, hare, thrushes, peacock, and whatever else was going; and atoning for it by much quiet and a little rustication on his farm. I am certain that he was, in the main, a homely little man; and that the finish and elegance he shows in his writings did not appear so conspicuously in his person and in the objects about him.

Mr. Hannay's survey begins with Horace,—and thus excludes the Greeks. We infer that Aristophanes is not considered as a satirist! The exclusions are, moreover, very unaccountable throughout. Mr. Hannay has not one German, Spanish, or Italian on his lists. Yet he can find room for Sir David Lindsay and Buchanan! We turn to his

* *Satire and Satirists. Six Lectures.* By James Hannay. Bogue.

account of Butler, the whole of which we have read with peculiar satisfaction:—

Butler seems, from *Hudibras*, to have been somewhat of an odd fellow,—a quaint and eccentric man. His reading and illustration are all out of the way; and his manner dry and crabbed at one time, flowing, and free, and popular at another. I should call him, therefore, a humorist, not only in the literary sense, but in the sense in which we apply the word to one who has some strong peculiarity of character, which he indulges, in whims, in oddities, in comic extravagances, according to the bent of his inclination. There is a kind of likeness between Butler and old Burton, of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*. Both men had various and unusual reading; both were at once comic and grave; and both, amidst wild and homely pleasantry, shoot out flashes of thought and fancy which are equal to the efforts of anybody. I have little doubt that it was the peculiarity of Butler's temperament which prevented his getting on in the world in those days.

With his wit and knowledge of the world, he only wanted a little courtier talent to have got the *something* which, according to everybody, ought to have been done for him, actually done. Charles the Second's court was not inaccessible to attractive qualities in either sex. All you wanted (besides wit) was tolerable breeding and some audacity. But I can quite see, from what Butler reveals of his character, that he was a shy, strange, and unmanageable sort of man, who did not "come out" in society. Among humorous writers he must always occupy a very high place. He is a thinker, old Butler, as you see through all his odd comic poem; while as a man of wit, it would be perhaps impossible to name one in whom wit is so absolutely redundant. In particular, his range of witty illustrations, sayings which join wit and fancy, (the wit, as it were, taking wings of fancy,) he is not surpassed, I do not think he is equalled, in the whole range of comic writers with whom I have any acquaintance. You remember—

"For loyalty is still the same,
Whether it win or lose the game:
True as the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shone upon."

No image can be more exquisite than this;—and the variety of them is the most remarkable thing about him. Some brilliant men can only draw from a particular province; but Butler lays not only nature under contribution, but history and the arts, and the follies and fancies of mankind, laws, and customs, and sciences, and the common fashions of life. He is the most figurative of writers. He seems to hold his intellect on the feudal condition of rendering a rose, or a snowball, or some symbolic object, at any moment it may be required.

Unlike the writers of mere class sympathies, our author has a heart for all sides. He can enjoy Butler, without ceasing to re-

spect the Puritan; and it does not disconcert him to observe that "*Hudibras*" is the natural expression of the free, laughter-loving, and galliard Cavalier genius, just as "*Paradise Lost*" is the stern, heroic outgrowth of the Puritan genius.

Mr. Hannay breaks a lance with the author of the "*English Humorists*" in favor of Swift. His essay on Swift is a masterly piece of writing, and would alone suffice to give its author a literary place. Says Mr. Hannay:—

It is a question of high importance—why such a man had no better position? Your Harleys and your St. Johns (not to mention a crew whose names live only in epigrams and in peerages) parcel out every thing amongst themselves. It is like a Saturnalian feast, where the slaves have the good things, and their masters wait upon them. That is the effect of looking at the Queen-Anne period to me. Davus takes the chair; Leno is opposite him; Guloeus is beside them; and at these orgies of power and plunder, who are the waiters? Jonathan Swift advises the direction of the whole; Mat Prior comes tumbling in with the wine; Joseph Addison says grace, and helps the carving, with his sleeves turned up. Mr. Pope sings. A scandalous spectacle, and absurd feast, indeed! And how shall we understand what makes Swift ferocious and gloomy, if we don't remember the nature of it?

Again, on the same point of Swift's self-seeking:—

Swift, then—who, if born in a higher place, might have been any thing; who, if born in the middle ages, would have been a bishop or primate—came up to London, and exercised an influence during the Harley and Bolingbroke days, which one cannot appreciate without going to the fountains of information. He held probably the most potent position that a writer has ever held in this country; but all the while held it in a dubious and unrecognized way. He was the patron of men of letters; got them places, and got them money. He "crammed" the ministers; and his pen was not employed in quizzing hoops or patches, or sneering at City people—it was an engine of power over all England. He used it as an orator does his tongue—to do something with. In a word, he was a power in the state; and, indeed, it is one of the few pleasant things to read about in the records of those days—how those who, in their hearts, tried to despise him as an "Irish parson"—how, I say, they dreaded him; how they flattered and courted him; and how they felt that he was their master! When Harley and Bolingbroke were quarrelling, and could not accommodate their egotisms, Swift meditated. As he had helped to govern England, so that his name occurs in the public history of the time, I suppose he expected England to do something for him, in return. Harley got his

share, and Bolingbroke his share; and the tag-rag and bobtail of party, we know, are never without *their* share;—now where is the mighty selfishness of Swift's expecting *his*?

As to Swift's position in society, and his mode of defending himself against the fools of high degree who presumed upon it—

When he came into the world, observe, the evil of his position was instantaneously felt. The "Irish parson," the ex-dependent of Temple—they treated him every way but in a genuine and manly one. They flattered him, they feared him; but they looked on him as an Aladdin, about whom the best thing was his wonderful lamp. They liked Aladdin to come to dinner, and bring his lamp along with him, you know! He tells you himself, that the Lord-Treasurer affected to be sulky and distant one day, after having been friendly the last. Swift took him to task at once; and told him that he must not treat *him* like a boy. He had had enough of that with Temple, when he was young and poor, and only beginning to feel his strength. He tells us so. He had to make that all clear to my Lord-Treasurer,—whose ears must have tingled when he found himself set right on a point of breeding. But instances are not few. James Bridges, Duke of Chandos, was the Dean's friend, it seems, till he got the Dukedom; or, as the Dean has it in the beginning of an epigram:

James Bridges and the Dean had long been friends—

James is beduced, of course their friendship ends;
And sure the Dean deserved a sharp rebuke,
From knowing James, to boast he knows the Duke!

Not a dunce nor a fool of quality but thought he had the right, while many tried to exercise it, of playing this kind of trick with Swift. The brusqueness of his manner was assumed, as a kind of protection against insolence and pertness; and, whatever else may be said of it, can be explained without imputation upon his heart. There are several anecdotes of the display of what we may call the Orson-element in the Dean:—as that of Lady Somebody, who declined to sing to him when her husband asked her,—when Swift said, "I suppose you take me for one of your hedge-parsons." The lady cried. There was a scene. When Swift next visited the house, he said, "Well, madam, are you as proud and ill-natured as you were last time I saw you?"

Here, however, are problems touched which need not now be unfolded further. Some of the most amusing—perhaps, also, the most useful—of Mr. Hannay's passages, are those which have relation more or less direct to living manners and present literary forms. In the article on Churchill, who is over-admired and over-praised perhaps by our author, we have a paragraph on the

class of literary small satirists—men who hatch sarcasm and live by jesting:—

He now "made hay," according to the inviolable practice; charged half-a-crown—instead of the shilling which he had charged for the *Rosciad*—for his productions; and before long he became a man-about-town, and genius by profession; lived with a set of wits, who talked sarcasm and drank Burgundy; and assumed a hostile position towards the big-wigs of the world generally. He adopted, in those years of triumph and excitement, that kind of moral opinion which has been exemplified in Fielding's *Tom Jones*, by Charles Surface, and partially by Robert Burns,—the doctrine, namely, that if you are a good-hearted fellow and hate humbug, you may set the respectable moralities at defiance. This school, which has had, in every age lately, some brilliant disciples, is rebellious and radical in opinion, highflown in liberality and the generous qualities, and—does not go home till morning. Its "porch" is the tavern porch, and its "garden" is Vauxhall: and though it has a basis of truth as against an opposite school, it is a very unsatisfactory and unprofitable school, and is only tolerable as a stage towards higher theories of life.

Mr. Hannay devotes a lecture to men now living, or lately living, and to schools of satire now flourishing. This is perilous ground. Of the living he says:—

I must be content with briefly indicating the writers in whose works the satiric spirit now works. There is Fonblanque, a satiric reasoner; Thackeray, a satiric painter; Dickens, whose satire is embodied in a huge element of comic and grotesque fun, and human enjoyment of life; Landor the classic, who darts beautiful lightning when not more amiably employed; Disraeli, the bitter and the dignified, who browsed in his youth on Byron and Junius, who affects Apollo when he sneers, and Pegasus when he kicks; Aytoun, whose jolly contempt has a good-fellowish air about it, and whose rod seems odorous of whiskey-toddy. Of Jerrold, I may emphatically note, that he has real satiric genius,—spontaneous, picturesque,—with the beauty and the deadliness of nightshade.

Of schools he can speak more freely; and of the school which he happily designates the "Simious" he speaks *very* freely. He says:

The great Satirists of whom I have spoken, I have shown to be for the most part kindly, and good, and warm-hearted men. The opposite view of the matter is cant. I have seen a MS. of Blake the painter, in which, speaking of somebody's praise of somebody else, he says:

Christ used the Pharisees in a rougher way.

He adds, "The Proteus Satire is beautiful in many of its forms: it is not beautiful when it appears in the form of an ape." He then proceeds to depict this class of satirist in his sharpest acid:—

The simious satirist is distinguished by a deficiency of natural reverence mainly. His heart is hard rather; his feelings blunt and dull. He is blind to every thing else but the satirical aspect of things; and if he is brilliant, it is as a cat's back is when rubbed—in the dark! He has generally no sentiment or respect for form, and will spare nothing. He is born suspicious; and if he hears the world admiring any thing, forthwith he concludes that it must be "humbug." He has no regard to the heaps of honor gathered round this object by time, and the affection of wise men. He cries, "Down with it!" As his kinsman, when looking at some vase, or curious massive specimen of gold, sees only his own image in it, our satirist sees the ridiculous only in every object, and forgets that the more clearly he sees it, the more he testifies to its brightness. Or, as his kinsman breaks a cocoa-nut only to get at the milk, he would destroy every thing only to nourish his mean nature. He prides himself

on his commonest qualities,—as the negroes who rebelled called themselves Marquises of Lemonade. He would tear the blossoms off a rose-branch to make it a stick to beat his betters with. He employs his gifts in ignoble objects,—as you see in sweetmeat-shops sugar shaped into dogs and pigs. He taints his mind with egotism, as if a man should spoil the sight of a telescope by clouding it with his breath. He overrates the value of his quickness and activity, and forgets that (like his kinsman) he owes his triumphant power of swinging in high places to the fact of his prehensile tail. Of course he has no enthusiasm. What he loves in literature is not literature itself. Jacob's ladder is to him a serviceable thing to carry a hod on. If you profess any other belief, you are a "humbug" to him; and he spatters you with mud to prove that you are naturally dirty.

Here is food for laughter and for thought. After such a passage, it will hardly be supposed that Mr. Hannay over-estimates the bitter jest and the grotesque caricature as literary elements. He has no mercy on small satirists and small jokers.

From the Scottish Review

JOHN FOSTER.*

In a humble farm-house in the parish of Halifax, between Wainsgate and Hebden-bridge, there lived a worthy couple who sought, by devoting part of their time to weaving, to supplement the scanty profits of their tiny farm. Husband and wife being strong-minded persons, fond of books, and given to deep and protracted musing, it often happened that business and domestic duties had to give way to more congenial pursuits; hence they were noted among their neighbors more for eccentricities and mental superiority, than for success in surrounding themselves with material comfort. Their eldest son, John Foster, was born 17th September, 1770. In him were concentrated the peculiarities of both his parents. Thoughtful, reserved, taciturn,

he shunned the companionship of boisterous boys abroad, while he had no suitable juvenile associates at home. His manners and remarks procured for him the appellation of "old-fashioned;" and he soon began to labor under a painful sense of an awkward but entire individuality. His constitutional pensiveness made him recoil from human beings into a cold interior retirement, where he felt as if dissociated from the whole creation. His outward life was marked by a timidity which he called "infinite shyness;" but his inner life was full of restless thought, earnest musings, romantic plans, vivid associations; his imperious imagination haunting him with its strange creations, so as to fill his soul with terrors. Spectres, and skeletons, and scenes of horror were conjured up to meet him in the dark, so that the time of going to bed was an awful period of each day. His sensi-

* *The Life and Correspondence of John Foster.* 2 vols. Jackson and Walford, London.

bility was easily kindled into intense activity. Poetry, natural scenery, and even single words, would waken within him powerful emotion. When "very young indeed," the word *hermit* was enough to transport him, like the witch's broomstick, to the solitary hut, surrounded by shady groves, mossy rocks, crystal streams, and gardens of radishes. In matters of taste he preferred the *great to the beautiful*. All the images in his intellectual scene required to be colossal if they were to rouse him to high enthusiasm. He was constantly panting after that which is animated into heroics, expanded into immensity, elevated above the stars. Great heroes, great battles, great convulsions, had a mighty fascination over him. Still, an abhorrence of cruelty was among his earliest *habitual* feelings. He "abhorred spiders for killing flies, and abominated butchers;" though he confesses that at a very early age on two occasions his curiosity led him to a slaughter-house.

He began early to assist his parents in weaving, and till his fourteenth year worked at spinning wool to a thread by the hand-wheel. For the next three years he worked at the loom. With a soul like his, fired with romantic aspirations, no wonder he took little interest in the dreary routine of his monotonous handicraft. His work was so indifferently performed that his employer was continually resolving to take no more of it. When our young awkward lad brought his piece into the "taking-in-room," he would turn his head aside, and submit with unequivocal repugnance to the ordeal of inspection, and the complaints that followed. Study was his passion. He often shut himself up in a barn for a considerable time, and then came out and weaved for two or three hours, "working like a horse" to make up lee-way. During this period all the education he received was at home; but there he was taught lessons of piety and integrity which were of incalculable value in forming his character and leading him to God. For three years he studied at Brearley Hall under Dr. Fawcett. His application was intense, his progress slow, but he mastered all he took in hand. "Decision of character" was then his habitual characteristic. He formed, pursued, and executed his purpose with unwavering perseverance. In his conversation and sermons he constantly aimed at freshness and originality; and although he often startled and perplexed his hearers, yet instances occurred even then, in which his discourses made an indelible and a salutary impression. He removed to the Bap-

tist college, Bristol, shortly after Robert Hall had demitted the office of classical tutor in that institution; and remaining only for one year, he quitted the seminary without any determinate prospects before him.

The first place in which Mr. Foster regularly engaged as a preacher was Newcastle-on-Tyne. The congregation was small, but there were a few intelligent persons there who could appreciate the merits of their remarkable preacher. Foster's description of himself and his people is graphic. "I have involuntarily caught a habit of looking too much on the right-hand side of the meeting. 'Tis on account of about half-a-dozen sensible fellows who sit together there. I cannot keep myself from looking at them. I sometimes almost forget that I have any other auditors. They have so many significant looks, pay such a particular and minute attention, and so instantaneously catch any thing curious, that they become a kind of mirror in which the preacher may see himself. Sometimes, whether you will believe it or not, I say humorous things. Some of these men instantly perceive it, and smile; I, observing, am almost betrayed into a smile myself." This did not last long; and in 1793 we find him in Dublin. "In Ireland," he says, "I preached little more than a year, one month of which was passed most delightfully at Cork. Nothing can be imagined less interesting than the Baptist society in Dublin. The congregation was very small when I commenced, and almost nothing when I voluntarily closed. A dull scene it was, in which I preached with but little interest, and they heard with less." By means of books, newspapers, solitary rambles, converse with a few who were friends, and speculating on the varieties of a metropolis, his mental machinery was kept fully in motion. The next three years were spent by him chiefly in the north of England; partly in business; "oftener in literature, or rather its environs;" occasionally preaching, and projecting plans of usefulness which his own quiddities or the opposition of others rendered abortive. At this time his political opinions were decidedly republican and anti-aristocratic. Though he "never ceased to regard royalty, and all its gaudy paraphernalia, as a sad satire on the human race," his views in subsequent years were considerably modified.

In 1797 Mr. Foster removed to Chichester, where he remained about two years and a half, applying himself with much assiduity to his ministerial duties. But here again, his recluse habits, his peculiar style, and his unsettled views of divine truth, though he

always commanded the admiration of a few, prevented his success. His mental, moral, and spiritual life were, however, all advancing under a process of severe self-discipline. His standard was high. With earnest resolves he panted after "perfection as it shines besutinous as heaven; and, alas! as remote." To a friend he writes:—"In my diction I am sensible that a striking defect must have appeared in most of the extemporaneous specimens you have heard. You would notice a great many inert, make-weight pieces of expression, to supply the want of continuity; many spiritless terminations of a sentence, hanging to the period like a withered hand to the body; a deficiency of the life-blood, so to call it, of fervid intelligence, circulating vitality to the last extremities of expression, into the minutest ramifications of phrase; a certain something like restive unwillingness in the train of words to move on, producing an effect rather like the creak of unoiled wheels; and a want of what I again name the liquid flux of expression, varying, swelling, concealing each rugged point as it glides freely over, and passing gradually away." With such a military discipline of thought and expression, such powers as his could not but reach a commanding eminence.

That a mind of such calibre should aspire to the responsibilities of authorship seems only natural. Some idea of this kind at a very early period possessed him. When a student at Brearley Hall, he had a great aversion to certain forms of expression then much in vogue, and declared he would if possible expunge them from every book by act of parliament. He often said, even then, "We want to put a new face upon things." With this view, probably, he began when about twenty years of age to write down his thoughts on nature, passing events, human character, morals, religion, or any topic that for the moment interested him. These he formed into a series, under the quaint title of "A Chinese Garden of Flowers and Weeds." It contains rich mines beneath, while the fruits and flowers on the surface are rare and gorgeous. As a specimen we cannot refrain from giving the following account of his visit to Thornbury, a neat country town about eleven miles from Bristol, beautifully situated near the banks of the Severn, and which is inseparably connected in our mind both with Foster and his much-prized friend, Rev. Joseph Hughes of Battersea, the founder and secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society:—

"Went to Thornbury church, in order to

ascend the tower, which is very high. Walked (Hughes and I) about awhile in the church. Saw one or two ancient monumental inscriptions, and looked with intense disgust, as I always do, at the stupid exhibitions of coarsely executed heraldry. Ascended the tower. Observed, both in the staircase of the tower and on the leaden roof of the church, the initials of the names of visitants, some of whom must now have been dead a century. Reflections on the forbearance of time in not obliterating these memorials; on the persons who cut or drew these rude remarks, their motives for doing it, their present state in some other world; the succession of events and lives since these marks were made, &c. Waited a good while before we could open the small door which opens from the top of the staircase to the platform of the tower. Amusing play with my own mind on the momentary expectation of beholding the wide beautiful view, though just now confined in a narrow darkish position. Difference as to the state of the mind, as to its perceptions, between having, or not having, a little stone and mortar close around one. Came on the top. The rooks, jackdaws, and whatever they are that frequent this kind of buildings, flew away. So ere long we hope every thing that belongs to the Established Church, at the approach of dissenters, will be off. Admired the extensive view; looked down on the ruins of an ancient castle in the vicinity; frightful effect of looking directly down much lessened by the structure all round the top, of turrets, high parapet, and a slight projection just below the edge. Yet felt a sensation; thought of this as a mode of execution for a criminal or a martyr. Endeavored to realize the state of being impelled to the edge and lifted over it. Endeavored to imagine the state of a person whose dearest friend should perhaps, in consequence of some unfortunate movement of his, fall off; degree and nature of the feeling that would effectually prompt him to throw himself after; morality of the act. *Qu.* Whether either of us have a friend for whom we should have thus much feeling? Probability, from striking instances, that many mothers would do this for a child. Examined the decaying stone-work; thought again of the lapse of ages; appearance of sedate indifference to all things, which these ancient structures wear to my imagination. Thickets of moss on the stone. Noticed with surprise a species of vegetation on the surface of several plates of iron. Observed with an emotion of pleasure the scar of thunder on one of the turrets. Sublime and *enviable* office, if such there be,

of the angels who wield the thunder and lightning. Descended from the place, to which we shall probably ascend no more; this partly a serious, pensive idea; yet, do not care; what is the place, or any place, to us? We shall live when this is reduced to dust."

Such were the workings of his master spirit, wherever he went, and however engaged. At length, however, he sat down in right good earnest to literary labor for the press. After various changes we find him in 1804 settled in Frome, described by him as "a large and surpassingly ugly town in Somersetshire." Here he published those "Essays" by which he attained his just celebrity throughout the literary world. He considered himself slow, "beyond all comparison slow," even when he made his utmost effort, in the business of composition; and much time and toil it cost him to write any given part of the two small volumes that first appeared. But his success was complete. In four months a second edition was called for. He set himself carefully to revise and correct; and this was almost as great a labor as the writing at first. He speaks of himself as excessively busy "Mending and botching up bad sentences, paragraphs, and pages. That book that I published had at least five thousand faults; and two or three thousand I have felt it necessary to try and mend." Needless words, and some that were too fine, were sent about their business; long sentences were made shorter; imperfect arguments were made complete; the connection of thought was made more close and clear; the pages had more thought, and somewhat less show imparted to them; but none can guess at the labor thus expended, without comparing, as we have done, the first with the subsequent editions.

Among the host of reviews that did homage to these essays, that of Robert Hall—"clarum et memorabile nomen!"—stands conspicuous. In the pages of the *Eclectic*, the names of Hall and Foster—"par nobile fratrium"—first came before the public in conjunction, equally to the renown of both. Hall introduces Foster as a "writer who, to a vein of profound and original thought, together with just views of religion and morals, joins the talent of recommending his ideas by the graces of imagination and the powers of eloquence." "In an age of mediocrity, when the writing of books has become almost a mechanical art, and a familiar acquaintance with the best models has diffused taste and diminished genius, it is impossible to peruse an author who displays so great original powers without a degree of surprise. We are

ready to inquire by what peculiar felicity he was enabled to desert the trammels of custom, to break the spell by which others feel themselves bound, and to maintain a career so perfectly uncontrolled and independent. A cast of thought original and sublime, an unlimited command of language, a style varied, vigorous, and bold, are some of the distinguishing features of these very singular essays." This inimitable critique, as discriminating as laudatory, was properly appreciated by Foster. "I have read this critique on J. F. It has an odd effect to see a name one is so familiar with, connected with public notices, praises, &c." He adds, "I have here an occasion of verifying that vanity is not the predominant vice of my mind. These praises give me but very little elation, nor would they if they had been less qualified with accompanying censure than they are." In 1806 a third edition was published, but with very few alterations. "I have no idea," he says, "of making any further alterations or additions, in case another edition should ever be wanted. The third may therefore be considered as correct and perfect as I am able to make it." He now became a regular contributor to the *Eclectic Review*; and so fully was he occupied in this department of literary labor, that upwards of thirteen years elapsed ere he again appeared before the public in his own name.

A morbid state of the thyroid gland, greatly aggravated by speaking in public, compelled him to resign his ministerial charge in 1806. He applied himself, however, with great assiduity to his literary engagements, and during the following year contributed thirteen articles to the *Eclectic*. He was now entirely dependent on his literary exertions; but, "after long, long waiting," he was united to "the dear and inestimable friend" to whom his essays were addressed. Two months before his marriage he writes, "It would be a foolish stoicism if I did not meet the snowdrops and other signs and approaches of *this* spring with a degree of interest which has never accompanied any former vernal equinox." He removed to Bourton-on-the-water; and in January, 1810, his domestic life, so happy in its chief relationship, was rendered additionally so by the birth of a son. In acknowledging the congratulations of a friend, he writes in the following wise and playful manner:—"If the fellow turns out *good*, I shall not so much mind about his being *extra clever*. It is goodness that the world is wretched for wanting; and if all were good, none would need to be able. I am willing to hope that by the time he comes to be a man, if that

should ever be, the world will be a little better than it is at present, and will have made a perceptible advance towards that state in which talents will be little wanted. It is, at the same time, needless to say, that it would be gratifying that a son should have some qualifications for being an agent in the happy process. Physically, the chap is deemed, I understand, as promising as his neighbors. . . . The young fellow has not yet been thought worth calling by any name. My sisters-in-law do not approve of either Adam or Cain, and one does not like to expose one's self to a veto a third time. If he is lucky enough to get any name at last, I should not wonder if it were to be, according to your injunction, John." He remained at Bourton nearly eight years. He had all manner of books and abundant leisure at command; and spent nearly all his time at work in what he called his "long garret." Towards the close of 1817, Mr. Foster left Bourton, and became a second time a resident and stated preacher at Downend, four miles from Bristol.

Here his congregation was composed of the most opposite materials. Some were highly intellectual and cultivated, others perfectly rustic and illiterate; what seemed requisite for the one part, could be of little or no use to the other. He accepted the invitation to this place chiefly to try the experiment how he could adapt his discourses to such rustics—trying to combine perfect simplicity with novelty and originality. The attempt utterly failed; in six months this was so signally evident that he relinquished the situation. We well remember hearing Foster preach in this chapel some years later. His text was, "That ye be not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises." The sermon was one of his happy efforts—clear, ingenious, striking, original, close to the conscience and the heart. Some were deeply moved, and the impression on our mind remains vivid to this day. But in the midst of his address he paused, and, pointing to the centre of the congregation, said, "I'll thank you to waken that person who is making so much noise there." No wonder he gave up preaching to such a people, though some among them to the last continued his attached friends. While remaining at Downend, he published his "Discourse of Missions," and his essay on "The Evils of Popular Ignorance."

In revising his essay on Popular Ignorance for a second edition, published in 1821, he labored with persevering pains-taking to make it as perfect as was within the compass

of his ability. He did not rush into print with slipshod style, and jejune platitudes. He never made the inspiration of genius an excuse for indolence. His example affords another illustrious proof that without patient toil nothing great, nothing preëminent can ever be accomplished. "My principle of proceeding was to treat no page, sentence, or word, with the smallest ceremony, but to hack, split, twist, prune, pull up by the roots, or practise any other severity on whatever I did not like. The consequence has been alterations to the amount very likely of several thousands." "It is a sweet luxury this book-making; for I daresay I could point out scores of sentences each one of which has cost me several hours of the utmost exertion of my mind to put it in the state in which it now stands, after putting it in several other forms, to each one of which I saw some precise objection, which I could at the time have very distinctly assigned." Is it thus that our prolific writers nowadays strive with rigorous discipline to excel that they may instruct?

Towards the end of 1821, Foster removed his residence from Downend to Stapleton, a village within three miles of Bristol, and here he remained till his great change came.

In Bristol he was justly appreciated by a large circle of intimate and intelligent friends. At their request he consented, in 1822, to deliver a lecture once a fortnight in Broadmead Chapel. His auditory on these occasions was never large, but was composed of the *élite* of the various religious communities in Bristol and its vicinity. Knowing that he had a class of hearers who felt no ordinary interest in his extraordinary ministrations, his range of subjects was wider, and his mode of address more elaborate and ornate, than is usual in the pulpit. "As to the *studious* part of the concern," he says, "this one discourse a fortnight costs me as much labor perhaps as it is usual to bestow on the five or six sermons exacted in the fortnight of a preacher's life." To many of these week-day lectures it was our privilege to listen. How fitted they were to interest and instruct a select audience, must be apparent to all who peruse that portion of them committed to the press after his decease. But when Robert Hall settled in Bristol, the Broadmead lectures were brought to a close. "Now that Jupiter is come," he said, "I can try it no more."

About this time Foster wrote his Introduction to Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion; an essay, in point of direct religious

utility, the most valuable of all his works. Collins had reprinted Doddridge's book, and the whole large edition lay as dead stock in his warehouse for two years, waiting Foster's fulfilment of his promise: bad health and his "horror of composition" were the cause or excuse for his procrastination. "My master from Glasgow was here a few days since, and seemed to be content to put the cudgel in the corner, on finding that the thing was *bonâ fide* almost done. To think how much ado, of talking, fretting, pacing the room morning and night, pleading excuse from preaching and visiting, setting aside of plans for South Wales, &c., &c., and all for what?—a preface to Doddridge's *Rise and Progress!*" His pains in elaborating and finishing this composition were most successful; it will remain a fitting monument of his sincere piety and his singular mental power.

When Robert Hall returned to Bristol to spend his last years in the scene of his early ministry, none more rejoiced in this event than John Foster. The Rev. W. Anderson, who became classical and mathematical tutor in Bristol College in 1825, was also a great accession to his social enjoyment. A more exciting intellectual treat could scarcely be desired than to meet these three in hard, downright, vigorous talk. None knew better how to "work a conversation." Foster writes to a friend:—"He is a vastly acute and doggedly intellectual fellow, that Anderson, and is intrepid enough not to have the slightest fear of the great man. I stand greatly in awe of him, but shall sometimes venture within reach of his talons, which are certainly of the royal tiger kind." Foster regularly attended Hall's ministry every Sabbath evening, when not himself occupied in preaching, and found it, "whatever it be in point of religious profit, a high intellectual luxury." They were often in each other's company, each having for each a profound and cordial admiration. Hall was fond of society as a soothing relaxation; Foster, as a means of mental excitement; and Anderson, with both, as a conversational associate, was "your man *all round*." All three were deeply interested in Bristol College, their Alma Mater. The students were therefore often invited to be present when these intellectual gladiators entered the arena. The memory of these scenes of many a "long, stout evening's talk," in which was duly intermingled the "animated No," will be cherished to our latest day. We recollect once meeting Foster at Mr. Hall's. A large party was present, and the two great men, the pri-

mary attraction of the evening, were in high spirits. In the course of conversation, Hall was maintaining with great earnestness that he had no memory, that he could "remember nothing in past time"—illustrating his hyperbole with great beauty and plausibility. A lady present expressed her surprise; and, as a proof that Mr. Hall had a tolerably good memory, mentioned that she had heard him preach many years ago, and she had recently heard him preach the very same sermon. Mr. Hall first admitted the fact, but denied the inference. When a particular topic presents itself to the mind, it brings with it its train of thought, mode of illustration, and even the very words in which it is clothed; so that, though the sermons might be the same, it did not prove, he maintained, that he had any memory. He then left this ground, and insisted that the sermons were not the same; he knew they were not the same, and could not be so. Mr. Foster was sitting opposite listening to the discussion. At length he said, "Mr. Hall, you *know*, do you, that the sermons were not the same?" "Yes, Sir," was the reply; "they were *not* the same; I *know* they were not." "And, Mr. Hall, you *have* no memory!" he slowly and firmly retorted. At a glance the "eloquent orator" saw where he was. His cheek flushed, his eye flashed, and his lips poured forth a torrent of burning declamation. Foster sat imperturbed till the volcano was quiet; then dryly said, "You *know*, Mr. Hall, that the sermons were not the same."

On the occasion of Mr. Hall's decease, in 1831, no one felt the irreparable loss more than Mr. Foster. He had a sense "of privation partaking of desolateness." "As a preacher, his like or equal will come no more." "The chasm he has left can never be filled." Foster was asked to preach Hall's funeral sermon; but, being under medical interdict at the time from all public speaking, he declined. He paid, however, a worthy tribute to Hall's memory, in his "Observations on Mr. Hall's Character as a Preacher."

It was now with Foster the autumn of life. The "sere and the yellow leaf," and the rapid loss of coevals and friends, made him see and feel that the allotment of his earthly journey was rapidly drawing to a close. He lost his only son, a most promising youth, in 1826. Mrs. Foster died in 1832. He was absent at the time of her death, and felt the stroke keenly. "It excites a pensive emotion," he writes at the time, "to take back, just now, some small things which I left in her keeping when I set off for Cheltenham; and still

more so, to receive back *unopened* two letters which I wrote to her, of a consolatory nature, within the last three days that I was at Stapleton, both of which arrived here after she had departed, but, therefore, ceased to need human sympathy and consolation. I am not sure that I shall ever open them." In 1833, his most valued friend, Anderson, was committed to the grave. His old and excellent friend, Hughes, followed soon after. To a friend he wrote about this time,—"Do you both fairly and fully take to it that you are old people? I can now and then, in particular circumstances, detect myself in a certain sort of reluctance to recognize that as to myself. I dare not assert that the most musical notes that I could hear would be 'Old Foster,' a designation which, though I may not happen to hear it, I daresay slides into the colloquial speech of those who have to make reference to me, notwithstanding there being no younger male branch of my family to make such epithet necessary for distinction." His last literary effort was an article on Polack's "New Zealand," which appeared in the *Eclectic Review* for July, 1839.

In December, 1841, he was attacked with bronchitis—"a visitation," he says, "which came as a very strange one to a man who had not, for fifty years, been confined to bed a single day." About the beginning of 1843, he had several attacks of indisposition which confined him to his house for weeks; still he manifested a deep interest in public affairs, especially in the *vezata questio* of national education. His last appearance, on any public occasion, was at the annual examination of Bristol College in June. In September he took to his room, which he never again left. On the Sabbath previous to his death, while a friend was reading to him one of Doddridge's Sermons, he fell asleep; on awaking he said, in a tone very expressive of grateful feeling, "'Tis a thankless office to read to sleepy people." About six o'clock on Sabbath morning, October 15th, 1843, an old faithful domestic entered his room, and found his spirit gone. His arms were extended, and his countenance was tranquil, as if in sweet repose. He had expired but a little time previously; only his forehead was cold.

Such was the career of John Foster. He has told his own tale, as much as was possible in our limited space. This we preferred, as more interesting and instructive to our readers, than a jauntty critique on his genius and writings. His countenance was strongly indicative of his mental idiosyn-

crasy; thoughtful, penetrating, pensive; unmistakable traces of wit and sarcasm; all radiated with benevolence. His keen eye glanced over his spectacles charged with thought; his phrenological developments, with their shaggy covering, Hall used to designate a "mountain enveloped in a cloud." His address was natural and easy; his words idiomatic and simple; his tone of voice deep and muffled; no facile flow of easy thoughts, dressed in polished diction, and graced with the *delicia* of voice and gesture; with homely phrases, and simple tones, and struggling utterance, he brought out sublime conceptions, made graphic, but not gaudy or gilded, by his apt figures and boundless fund of suggestive associations. In his dress he was plain almost to a fault. He had a strong dislike to the "cleric habit," and often preached in "colored clothes." We remember on one occasion, when returning from a public meeting where a paper of his had been read to the assembly, and excited universal admiration, meeting him in the crowded thoroughfare of the city, carrying a large parcel, and so habited, that a stranger might have taken him for a common porter. Any thing like finery in dress he could not endure. A young spark aping the "exquisite" could not be long at ease in his presence; and our fair sisterhood were sometimes shocked at hearing gentle hints at "ambulating blocks for millinery;" still, modesty, simplicity, and sincerity he always treated with respect and inspired with confidence.

To the end of his days he had an intense sympathy with nature. He took great delight in flowers, especially the more delicate, retiring, and minute. He watched for the first appearance of the snowdrop, the crocus, and the primrose. He seldom gathered flowers, disliking to occasion their premature decay. Colors of all kinds were his delight; whether delicate, or dazzling, or sombre, they had over him a kind of fascination. He had great susceptibility of "sky influences;" dreary weather weakened his faculties and depressed his spirits. He had, technically speaking, no ear for music, but was passionately fond of grave, solemn, mournful melody. Music had a mighty power over him, inspiring almost every description of sentiment. He preferred instrumental to vocal music; the organ was his favorite instrument.

Of books he was omnivorous. He purchased them with lavish profusion, the most expensive editions, the finest works in gra-

pical art, and had them bound in the most costly manner. It was not for vanity or ostentation, or a passion for *making a library*, but merely the attraction of one fine or valuable book after another, which he could not resist. *Old Conscience*, he tells us, often remonstrated; and his blood boiled ten times a day when he thought of the money swallowed up in the costly piles and ranges of his study. Seeing, one day, some volumes arranged so as to exhibit their exterior to the greatest advantage, he said, "I'd put those books elsewhere; *I've* a proud modesty that disdains show."

Show in Foster's study must appear to all who ever knew that *sanctum* as a perfect solecism. He called it his "den," and a very rare occurrence it was for any one to get a glimpse into the interior. Once, as a great favor, Foster yielded to the solicitation of a curious literary acquaintance to have a look of inspection into his den, of which, he told Foster, he had heard frightful reports, made on surmise. The result we give in Foster's own words: "Though I assured him, in the way of preparation, that they could not, though made on conjecture, without actual knowledge, have exceeded the truth, he appeared fairly taken aback at the spectacle, and muttered, '*This is chaos indeed!*'"

His conversational powers were of the first order. Speaking of Robert Hall and Coleridge, Foster observed, "Hall commands words like an emperor; Coleridge

like a magician." This latter description was not inapplicable to himself. The powers of Coleridge were probably more imposing than his own. That genius often soared so high, and invested himself with such brilliant clouds, that he became unintelligible to his hearers, if not to himself. Not so with Foster. He never lost himself in, or amazed his associates, with "subtlety attenuated into inanity." With a mind of such originality and opulence as his, he could have discoursed "eloquent nonsense," and made the weak wonder and stare. He was too much of a man and a Christian to stoop to such folly. In mixed company he was not forward to talk; but when in congenial society, as with a magician's wand, he could summon, from all points of the compass, the most profound thoughts, in the happiest and rarest combinations, illumined and adorned with the richest and most appropriate imagery. In his best days conversation was to him a kind of *college exercise*, by which he trained his own mind, and disciplined his companions. At repartee he was never at a loss. He once called the world "an untamed and untamable animal;" being reminded that he was a part of it, he rejoined, "Yes, Sir, a hair upon a tail." To a person who was praising somewhat fulsomely the piety of the Emperor Alexander, he replied gravely, with a significant glance, "Yes, Sir, a *very* good man—very devout: no doubt he said grace before he swallowed Poland!"

From the North British Review.

PAST AND PRESENT POLITICAL MORALITY OF BRITISH STATESMEN.*

PROBABLY few great philosophic statesmen—few men, that is, who had acted intimately in public affairs as well as contemplated them from the closet—ever quitted the stage without a feeling of profound dis-

couragement. Whether successful or unsuccessful, as the world would deem them, a sense of sadness and disappointment seems to prevail over every other sentiment. They have attained so few of their objects,—they

* 1. *History of England, from the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Versailles.* By LORD MAHON. 7 vols. London, 1854.

2. *Memoirs of George Bubb Doddington.* London, 1785.

3. *Memoirs of the Court and Cabinets of George III., from original Family Documents.* By the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM. 2 vols. London, 1858.

4. *History of Party.* By GEORGE WINGROVE COOK. London, 1836.

have fallen so far short of their ideal,—they have seen so much more than ordinary men of the dangers and difficulties of nations, and of the vices and meanness of public men. The work to be accomplished is so great, and the workmen are so weak and so unworthy,—the roads are so many, and the finger-posts so few. Not many Englishmen governed so long or so successfully as Sir Robert Peel, or set in such a halo of blessings and esteem; yet shortly before his death, he confessed that what he had seen and heard in public life had left upon his mind a prevalent impression of gloom and grief. Who ever succeeded so splendidly as Washington? Who ever enjoyed to such a degree, and to the end, the confidence and gratitude of his country? "Yet," says Guizot, "towards the close of his life, in the sweet and dignified retirement of Mount Vernon, something of lassitude and sadness hung about the mind of a man so serenely great,—a feeling, indeed, most natural at the termination of a long life spent in men's concerns. Power is a heavy burden, and mankind a hard taskmaster to him who struggles virtuously against their passions and their errors. Success itself cannot wipe out the sorrowful impressions which originate in the conflict, and the weariness contracted on the scene of action is prolonged even in the bosom of repose."*

"Mirabeau, Barnave, Napoléon, La Fayette, morts dans leur lit ou sur l'échafaud, dans la patrie, ou dans l'exil, à des jours très éloignés et très divers, sont tous morts avec un même sentiment, un sentiment profondément triste. Ils ont vu leurs espérances déçues, leurs œuvres détruites. Ils ont douté du succès de leur cause et de l'avenir. Le roi Louis Philippe a régné plus de dix-sept ans. J'ai eu l'honneur d'être plus de onze ans son ministre. Si demain Dieu nous appelait à lui, quitterions-nous cette terre bien tranquilles sur le sort de notre patrie?"†

With these passages fresh in our recollection, we recently ventured, at the close of some long conversations with a retired philosopher and statesman, who, for many years, was the first minister of a great kingdom, to ask him the following question:—"You have lived through some of the most interesting and troubled times of human history; you have studied men contemplatively, as well as acted with them and governed them; you have long had the fate of your own country, and a portion of that of Europe, in your

hands;—what feeling is strongest in your mind as you look back and look forward—hope or despondency for your country and the world—contempt and disgust, or affection and esteem, for your fellow-men?" His reply was, as nearly as we can recall it, this:—"I do not feel that my experience of men has either disposed me to think worse of them, or indisposed me to serve them; nor, in spite of failures which I lament, of errors which I now see and acknowledge, and of the present gloomy aspect of affairs, do I despair of the future. On the contrary, I hope; I see glimpses of daylight; I see elements of rescue; I see even now faint dawnings of a better day. The truth I take to be this:—The march of Providence is so slow, and our desires are so impatient,—the work of progress is so immense, and our means of aiding it so feeble,—the life of humanity is so long, and the life of individual men so brief, that what we see is often *only the ebb of the advancing wave*; and thus discouragement is our inevitable lot. It is only history that teaches us to hope. No! I feel no disgust, no despair; my paramount feeling is simply a sense of personal fatigue. I am weary of the journey and the strife. *Ego, Hannibal, peto pacem.*"

Yet the statesman who spoke thus had witnessed stranger catastrophes, had encountered deeper discomfitures, had steered through mirier ways, had witnessed more cruelty, more cowardice, more tergiversation, more corruption,—had seen more splendid glory tarnished, more gorgeous hopes frustrated, more brilliant promises belied, than any previous period of modern history could have displayed; but he was profoundly acquainted with the past annals of other countries as well as of his own; and one of the most unquestionable and encouraging facts which these annals bring out into day, is full of promise and of consolation, viz.; the gradual improvement in the character of public men,—the higher standard of morality they set before themselves,—and the far greater purity which the world exacts from them than formerly. This is seldom perceivable from year to year—not always even from generation to generation—not always and at all times in every country—but no one who compares age with age will hesitate to record it as one of the great truths of history. And in no country does it stand out in such clear relief as in our own; and all will acknowledge, that no surer indication and no more powerful instrument of national improvement can exist, than the moral progress of the men to whom the national destinies are committed.

We need not go so far back for comparison

* Sketch of the Life of Washington, by M. Guizot.

† De la Démocratie en France, 1849.

as the dark times of the Restoration, when a long period of storms and revolutions, of doing and undoing, of frantic violence in one extreme followed by frantic reaction in another, had prepared men to commit tergiversations with scanty scruple, and to witness them with scanty condemnation; when the sword and the scaffold, long reckoned among the ordinary weapons of party warfare, had broken down the integrity of the timid, and worn away the susceptibilities of those whom they had not dismayed; when skill in detecting and flexibility in availing themselves of the signs of the times, were the most essential qualities to every public man who wished either to maintain his position or his head; when scarcely any statesman could afford to keep a conscience, and few indeed could boast of a conviction or a faith; when the English king was a pensioner of the French monarch, and when parliamentary patriots, of high character and what was deemed stubborn virtue in those days, not to be behind-hand with the royal example, accepted from the same quarter pecuniary gratifications, which, if not bribes for abandoning their duty, were at least ignominious wages for performing it; when even Algernon Sydney, it is sad to know, did not consider himself dishonored by intriguing with a foreign enemy against the plots of a native traitor, and would have accepted the aid of a French despot to realize his dream of an English republic; and when, of all the friends of liberty, Lord William Russell and Lord Hollis alone seem clear from the charge of having tampered with these unclean transactions.

Nor will we pause even over the statesmen of the Revolution, who were all deeply tainted with the same immorality, and might trace it in a great measure to the same fatal education. They assisted James II. through the main portion of his illegal oppressions; they deserted him when the Prince of Orange, whom some of them even had invited over, was safely landed with a formidable force; they professed the most unbounded loyalty up to the very moment of desertion; they were as unfaithful to their second as to their first allegiance, and intrigued with the expelled monarch while holding the seals of office under his successor. The Earl of Sunderland was about the worst of the set. This man, ambitious, covetous, cowardly, without principle and without conviction, but amply gifted with that sagacity and cunning which were qualities more valuable than genius in the times in which he lived, was Secretary of State under James II., and his most trusted counsellor.

To obtain power, he betrayed the liberties of his country to his sovereign,—to obtain money, he betrayed his sovereign to France,—to obtain immunity in the hour of danger, he betrayed the master whom he had encouraged in iniquity to the invader who came to avenge it. For a long time he supported James in all his worst outrages on the Constitution. He constantly communicated to the French ambassador any schemes of the court which might be unwelcome or hostile to France, and stipulated to receive from Louis a pension of 25,000 crowns, on condition of preventing, if possible, the reassembling of the English parliament. When James began to push his prerogative and his zeal for the Church of Rome to lengths which Sunderland deemed dangerous, that minister ventured timidly to warn and disapprove, but finding that his credit was weakened by his moderating counsels, he made a desperate and successful effort to recover the position which was slipping from under him, by a public abjuration of Protestantism. He amassed vast sums of money by fines and forfeitures, as well as by the sale of places, titles, and pardons. When he was at the height of power, and enjoying the most unbounded confidence of the King, he discovered at once the plan for placing the Prince of Orange on the throne, and the great probability of its success. He thought only of his own safety,—of the manifold sins by which he had been heaping up wrath against the day of wrath,—of the tremendous retribution which awaited him in the event of a Protestant revolution—and he resolved, with little hesitation and with no scruple, to sell his present to his future master, and to do it in the most infamous and efficacious way. He opened negotiations with William through his wife and his wife's lover, and he remained with James, and used the influence he had obtained over him by obsequiousness and apostasy, to lull him into security and to lead him into danger. When suspected and disgraced, he retired in safety, by half-persuading the credulous monarch that the infamy attributed to him was beyond human capability. The revolution of 1688 took place, but did not terminate either his career or his intrigues. In a few years he acquired the entire confidence of even the shrewd and suspicious William, and held high offices about his court, maintaining all the while a traitorous correspondence with St. Germain, certainly betraying James to William, probably betraying William to James also, but carrying on his intrigue with such dark ability, that to this day historians are in

the dark as to which monarch he really intended to adhere to. Probably his only idea was to secure himself a *piéd-à-terre* in either camp.

The Earl of Shrewsbury and Lord Carmarthen, while ministers and trusted ministers of William, kept up, for a time at least, treasonable intercourse with the banished sovereign; though the first had been one of the leading men in inviting the Prince of Orange to the throne, and was one of the most noble and beloved statesmen of his day. Many others were implicated in the same dishonorable transactions, but on none have the treacheries of that shameless time left so deep a stain as on Marlborough—a stain which his after-glories rendered yet darker and more astounding. His, indeed, is one of the most singular and perplexing characters in history. He was gifted with the most wonderful powers of fascination, both of mind and person. His manners were both dignified and winning, his external decorum unflinching, his courage serene and imperturbable, and his diplomatic and military genius of the very highest order. His army was the best conducted and most "respectable" in the world. He allowed no improprieties of behavior;—he read prayers constantly to his troops, and would tolerate no swearing or licentious language. He was in all things a model of the *εὐσεβὴς*. His success, both as a general and an ambassador, has been rivalled by Wellington alone. Yet he seems to have had no one really estimable virtue in his character, and to have been devoid both of patriotism, of principle, and of shame, to a degree absolutely inconceivable. His sister was seduced by James II. He attached himself to that prince, and gained his promotion by conniving at his family dishonor. He laid the foundation of his independence*

* Marlborough's love of money seems to have been insatiable. Here is a list of the offices and emoluments he at one time enjoyed, in addition to vast parliamentary grants of cash and estates:—

Plenipotentiary to the States, . . .	£7,000
General of the English forces, on Mr. How's Establishment, . . .	5,000
General in Flanders, on Mr. Brydges's Establishment, . . .	5,000
Master of the Ordnance, . . .	3,000
Travelling charges as do. do., . . .	1,825
Colonel of the Foot Guards, . . .	2,000
Pension, . . .	5,000
From the States of Holland, as General of their troops, . . .	10,000
From foreign troops in English pay, sixpence in the pound, . . .	15,000
For keeping a table, . . .	1,000
	£64,825

by accepting money from the women whom his handsome person and fascinating manners induced to intrigue with him. He repaid the confidence and favor of the sovereign who had loaded him with benefits, by enticing him into danger and then deserting to the enemy, and endeavoring to carry over his whole army with him. He shortly after proceeded to betray the monarch whom he had thus mainly contributed to install, by intriguing with the monarch whom he had abandoned and dethroned; and, not content with this infamy, which he shared with many contemporaries, he perpetrated another, which belongs to him alone. For the first and only time in our history, (we believe,) a British general communicated to the enemy the secret of a hostile expedition, which failed in consequence of this betrayal, and cost the lives of 800 men and their commander.†

The iniquities of the leading politicians in the reign of Anne were at least as mean, if a degree less daring and gigantic. Parliamentary corruption was extensive and unblushing; the Speaker, himself bribed, was its official instrument. Intrigues for the restoration of the Pretender still continued among leaders of the opposition and ministers of the crown alternately,—somewhat redeemed from their previous enormity by the fact that the weak queen, in her hatred for her Hanoverian successors, gave them a languid and fitful countenance. Ministers intrigued against their colleagues, and used the passions of ladies of the bed-chamber as their tools. Harley and Bolingbroke undermined Marlborough and Godolphin, and then quarrelled with and plotted against each other; completing their "scandalous chronicle" by deceiving their allies, and entering into clandestine negotiations with their enemies; throwing away, for the mere

The Duchess's offices were,—

Keeper of the Great and Home Parks, . . .	£1500
Mistress of the Robes, . . .	1500
Privy Purse, . . .	1500
Groom of the Stole, (11) . . .	3000
Pension out of the Privy Purse . . .	2000
	£9,500

One contemporary says, that the Duke and Duchess between them had £90,000 a year of salary.

† Marlborough continued his double treachery to the last. In 1718, we find him professing the most unbounded devotion to *both* monarchs elect,—the Elector of Hanover and the Pretender. In 1715, while Commander-in-Chief of the British army, and a member (though a neglected one) of the Cabinet, he sent a sum of money to the Pretender, which served to aid him in raising troops for the rebellion of that year.—Lord Mahon.

purpose of maintaining themselves in office, the fruit of all the splendid and matchless victories of Marlborough; and terminating the most glorious war which this country had ever waged, by the most disgraceful treaty she had ever signed! Well might Macaulay write—"Among those politicians who, from the Restoration to the accession of the House of Hanover, were at the head of the great parties in the state, very few can be named whose reputation is not stained by what in our age would be called gross perfidy and corruption. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the most unprincipled public men who have taken part in affairs within our memory would, if tried by the standard which was in fashion during the latter part of the 17th century, deserve to be regarded as scrupulous and disinterested."

With the undisputed succession and the consolidated power of the House of Hanover came in a new era of statesmanship,—a period of modified and somewhat amended morality,—of mitigated if not of meaner passions. The stakes played for were less high,—the feelings excited by the game less virulent and intense,—the laws of the game more moderate and decent, as well as better observed. The matters involved in the strife of politicians were henceforth the change of Cabinets, not of dynasties; the legislation, not the liberties, of an empire; the retention of power, not the preservation of life. Since 1714 no British statesman has run any risk of losing his head: even the impeachment of Oxford, whom we now know to have been a traitor, fell through; even Bolingbroke was pardoned. Impeachment is still occasionally threatened, and has once or twice been voted; but no punishment has ever followed. Intrigues, too, became less desperate, public profligacy less shameless, party warfare somewhat less acrimonious. But this was a gradual change, and at first not a rapid one. About the same period also, the conditions and the arena of statesmanship became somewhat altered. With the repeal of the Triennial Act began that supremacy of the House of Commons over its two coördinate powers which has ever since been growing more decided and more confirmed. Walpole was, we believe, the first Prime Minister who ever sat in the lower House,—certainly the first who ever remained there by calculation and from choice. He was in office for nearly forty years, and was First Lord of the Treasury for twenty-one. He, too, consolidated and systematized that system of parliamentary management which remained in practice

for upwards of a century. He was the first Premier who held nearly the same position both with regard to the Court, the Cabinet, and the House of Commons, as Premiers of our day hold. With his accession to power, therefore, we may fairly commence our comparison of the present with the past. And, as we proceed, we shall find the improvement which we have asserted to consist in four principal points,—far greater pecuniary purity;* more scrupulous observance of party honor and consistency; less animosity and more decency in the conduct of political hostilities;† and a higher sense of public duty, with a more comprehensive view of public interests and requirements.

Walpole was beyond question the most eminent, the ablest, and the most successful statesman of his day. Of all who acted prominently in that time, he was, though by no means brilliant, yet certainly the man of the soundest judgment, the clearest head, the fewest prejudices, and the mildest passions. His ambition only was excessive and insatiable. He was, as Hume well says, "moderate in exercising power, not equitable in engrossing it." He was in private life, and on the whole in public life too, a man of loyalty and honor. He understood the interests of his country wonderfully well, and served them with a rare fidelity—for his age. He understood the interests of his ambition still better, and served them still more faithfully. He was, with the exception perhaps of his brother-in-law, Lord Townshend, the most *respectable* statesman of that barren period. He was also the most clement and forbearing

* During the reign of Triennial Parliaments, from 1694–1716, corruption seems to have been rife and general. Burnet admits that King William was obliged to sanction it, though most unwillingly. Some scandalous transactions were brought to light; numbers as scandalous must have remained unknown. Several members of the House of Commons were detected in a system of false endorsements of Exchequer Bills. Sir John Trevor, the *Speaker*, accepted a bribe of £1000 from the city of London, and, indeed, was himself for some time the person who managed the bribing of the members. The Secretary of the Treasury, too, was sent to the Tower for (being found out in) a similar offence.

† Strange freedom of language was tolerated in those days. Walpole "wanted words to express the villany of the late Frenchified Ministry." Stanhope said, "he wondered that men who were guilty of such enormous crimes (as the gentlemen opposite) had still the audaciousness to appear in the public streets." Another member, whose name is not recorded, made some most malignant observations on the recent increase in the salaries of the judges, which, he said, "were for services not rendered but expected!"

towards his adversaries. From his conduct and his sufferings,—from the things he did not scruple to do, and the hostility he was compelled to endure, we may, therefore, gain a very fair picture of the public morality of one hundred and thirty years ago,—of the language which it was thought decent to use,—of the charges which it was not shameful to make,—of the conduct which it was not infamous to pursue.

Walpole entered life as a Whig, and remained a Whig and a leader of the Whigs till his death, during a time when the questions and feelings which divided Whigs and Tories were far more important and more virulent than now. He early became a great favorite with the King. When his immediate chief and friend Lord Townshend was dismissed by Stanhope, Walpole resigned along with him, in spite of royal entreaties that he would remain; but promised that he would offer no factious opposition. Yet he at once allied himself with the most violent Jacobites and Tories, with Wyndham and Shippen at their head, to thwart every measure of the administration of which he had been a member,—measures even which he was known to approve,—measures of which he had himself been the originator. The Schism Bill,—an infamous law against Dissenters, forbidding them even to educate their children,—which he had opposed and denounced with the most vehement and righteous indignation when proposed,—Stanhope proposed to repeal: *Walpole voted against the proposal.* He—a practical statesman— inveighed against a standing army, and proposed its reduction to 12,000 men, when one rebellion had been just with difficulty quelled, when another was known to be imminent, and when invasion was hourly expected. He did not even scruple to oppose the annual Mutiny Bill—without which, as he well knew, no army could be held together for a month. And finally, he who was the most vehement of Lord Oxford's denouncers, and the chairman of the committee for preparing his impeachment, two years afterwards—nothing being changed except his own ministerial position—joined the Tories in a skilful and successful intrigue for procuring Oxford's acquittal. "In short, in looking through our Parliamentary annals, (says Lord Mahon,) I scarcely know where to find any parallel of coalitions so unnatural, or of opposition so factious."

Charges of malversation and peculation were among the commonest party weapons in those days; and public men voted upon them, as they used to vote on controverted

elections, not with any reference to evidence, but solely to the party opinions of the accused and the accuser. Marlborough, Stanhope, and Townshend had all been charged with crimes of this sort, without the shadow of foundation. Nay, Walpole himself at the commencement of his career had been expelled the House of Commons, and committed to the Tower on a similar charge of the blackest dye,—groundless, but not the less successful on that account; and on his fall from power a similar accusation was again brought forward, but totally failed. Yet when Shippen, the Jacobite leader, out of pure spite, made a charge of embezzlement against Lord Cadogan,—one of Walpole's late colleagues,—Walpole did not think it unworthy of him to support the attack with such vehemence that it ended in violent hemorrhage, which compelled him to leave the House.

Yet on the whole, compared with his contemporaries, Walpole was element and forgiving. He submitted to be bullied and thwarted by opponents of whose treasonable practices he was well aware, and whose lives and liberties were sometimes in his power. He bandied hard words with them, but he never menaced them with criminal prosecution. He was inexorable to *colleagues* who opposed him,—placable towards open enemies. He even protected Sunderland, and endeavored to protect Aislaby, when their connection with the South Sea delinquencies had exposed them to popular vengeance. He was essentially a mild-tempered and good-natured minister. Yet language like the following seems to have been common and "Parliamentary," both with him and his antagonists. When Sir William Wyndham and his party seceded in a body, Walpole answered the final speech of the leader thus:

"The gentleman who is now the mouth of this faction was looked upon as the head of those traitors who, twenty-five years ago, conspired the destruction of their country and of the royal family, to put a Papist pretender on the throne. He was seized by the vigilance of the then Government, and pardoned by its clemency; but all the use he has ungratefully made of that clemency has been to qualify himself according to law, that he and his party may some time or other have an opportunity to overthrow all law. . . . They went off like traitors as they were, Sir; but their retreat had not the detestable effect they wished, and therefore they returned. Ever since, Sir, they have persevered in the same treasonable intention of serving that interest by distressing the Government."

Walpole had long been accustomed to the terms "corrupt tyrant," "wicked minister," and other similar amenities, and seemed to care little for them. The attack made against him at the close of his career by the union of all whom he had opposed, and all whom he had dismissed, and all whom he had disappointed, is, for its unmeasured and unscrupulous invective, one of the least reputable passages in our parliamentary history. The language held by Pitt—a gentleman and a man of character—may be taken as a mild specimen.

"The Minister who neglects any just opportunity of promoting the power and increasing the wealth of his country, is to be considered as an enemy to his fellow-subjects; but what censure is to be passed on him who betrays that army to a defeat by which victory might be obtained; impoverishes the nation whose affairs he is intrusted to transact, by those expeditions which might enrich it; who levies armies only to be exposed to pestilence, and compels them to perish in sight of their enemies without molesting them? It cannot surely be denied that such conduct may justly produce a censure more severe than that which is intended by this motion; and that he who has doomed thousands to the grave,—*who has coöperated with foreign powers against his country*,—who has protected its enemies and dishonored its arms, should be deprived not only of his honors, *but of his life*; that he should at least be stripped of those riches which he has amassed during a long series of prosperous wickedness, and not be barely hindered from making new acquisitions, and increasing his wealth by multiplying his crimes."*

It is curious matter for reflection, how often, during the delivery of a similar harangue in our day, the orator would have been called to order by the Speaker, or how long the House would have endured such outrageous personalities. Walpole's own speech in reply was not far behind-hand with the assault. He divided his assailants into three classes—the Tories, the Boys, and the Patriots. The Tories, he said, he could forgive; "but can it be fitting in them (he asked) who have divided the public opinion of the nation, to share it with those who now appear as their competitors?—with the men of yesterday, the boys in politics, who would be absolutely contemptible, did not their audacity render them detestable! with the mock patriots, whose practices and professions prove their malignity. . . . Patriot! Sir—why, patriots spring up like mushrooms; I could raise fifty of them within four-and-twenty hours; I have raised many of them in one night. It is but refusing to justify an unreasonable or an insolent demand, and up starts a patriot! I have never been afraid of making patriots; but I disdain and defy all their efforts. Their pretended virtue springs from personal malice, and from disappointed ambition. There is not a man among them whose particular aim I am not able to ascertain, and from what motive he has entered into the lists of opposition."

From all the outrageous accusations brought against him we may safely pronounce him fairly acquitted, since a committee composed almost entirely of his enemies was unable after long labor to substantiate any of them. But of other faults, though not urged against him in his own days, we must pronounce him

* It does not appear that Walpole himself was dishonest or corrupt, in the sense of unfairly and secretly enriching himself, or applying to his own purposes any portion of the public money. His enemies, who were both virulent and unscrupulous, could make good no charge of the kind against him. But he was somewhat too much both of a pluralist and a nepotist for the notions of our time. We have seen the lucrative posts monopolized by Marlborough. Walpole was not *quite* so bad. Here is a list of places held by him and his sons:—

			Per annum.
Sir Robert Walpole,	1721,	First Lord of the Treasury,	£7000
" " " " " " " " " "	1725,	{ Ranger of Richmond Park, (with survivorship to his son,) }	
" " " " " " " " " "	1739,	Auditor of the Exchequer,	7000
Robert Walpole, jun.,	1721,	Clerk of the Pells,	3000
E. Walpole,	1727,	Clerk of Exchequer Pleas,	400
" " " " " " " " " "	"	Secretary to the Treasury,	
" " " " " " " " " "	"	Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant,	
Robert and E. Walpole, jointly,	1721,	Collectors of the Port of London,	2000
Horace Walpole,	1737,	Usher of the Exchequer,	2000
" " " " " " " " " "	1738,	{ Comptroller of the Great Roll, and Clerk of Foreign Treaties, }	500

The joint income of all these places, many of them mere sinecures, long since abolished, must have amounted to upwards of £25,000 a year. On retiring, Sir Robert accepted a pension of £4000 a year, to which, indeed, his long services fairly entitled him.

guilty.* He had rarely nerve enough to run counter to popular clamor, or to encounter vehement opposition when merely the interests of patriotism and justice commanded him to stand firm. Thus, he was a sincere advocate for relieving Dissenters from their cruel disabilities, and had often promised to do so. Yet so much did he dread to arouse the bigotry of the High Church party, whose violence he had once experienced, that he not only repeatedly put off the entreaties of the Nonconformists that he would bring forward their claims, but on at least two occasions joined with his antagonists, the High Tories, to defeat those claims—righteous as he acknowledged them to be. The excise bill he abandoned, as soon as the ignorant popular outcry against it became formidable, though maintaining it to be a wise and just scheme, and one that would have turned out very serviceable to the State. His conduct with regard to the Spanish war was still more indefensible. The people clamored for it; their passions were aroused; the opposition made unscrupulous use of the excitement; some of his own colleagues were against him; his tenure of office was at stake;—so, though he knew the war to be unjust and noxious, and the popular feeling to be altogether unwarrantable, he preferred a great crime and an unpatriotic act, to abandoning the reins of power. He declared war. The populace rang the bells and made the wildest public rejoicings. "Let them ring the bells now, (muttered Walpole;) they will wring their hands before long!"†

* Lord Mahon cites a curious specimen of the morals of the day. "Horace Walpole, inveighing against Keene, Bishop of Chester, says,—'My father gave him a living of £700 a year to marry one of his natural daughters: he took the living, and my father dying soon after, he dispensed himself from taking the wife; but was so generous as to give her very near one year's income of the living.' I do not now inquire whether this accusation of Keene may not be unduly heightened. But I ask, can there be any stronger proof of a low tone of public morals than that Sir Robert should employ Crown livings as portions for his illegitimate daughters, and that his son should tell the story as bearing hard upon the Bishop, but without the smallest idea that it was also most discredit to the Minister!"—*History of England*, iii. 158.

† One of the most curious specimens of the lax morality of those times is brought forward by Lord Mahon, (iii. 32.) It appears that *Walpole himself*, the Minister of two monarchs of the House of Brunswick, the Whig *par excellence*, the trusted friend of the king, when he found himself in danger, actually made overtures to the Pretender, "declaring his secret attachment and promising his zealous services;"—and that he did this in order to persuade James to induce the Tories to give him their votes

The transactions that followed Walpole's overthrow, afford a good specimen of the low standard of party honor at the time. They were marked by a double treachery. He was driven from power by a combination between the Tories and the discontented Whigs—the patriots, as Walpole called them—led by Pulteney. During the thickest of the fight, however, a negotiation was entered into between Pulteney and some of Walpole's colleagues, with Newcastle at the head,* by which Walpole was to be abandoned, on condition that the *whole* Ministry should not be upset. Newcastle threw over Walpole, and Pulteney threw over the Tories and the Patriots. Both were furious, and with reason. A sort of coalition Ministry was formed; but Newcastle and Pulteney soon quarrelled. Pulteney's friends were slighted, and when he remonstrated, the Duke told him coolly, that "the king had now another shop to go to!" Pulteney in disgust retired, and "hid his head in the coronet" of the Earl of Bath.

From 1742 to 1757, from the fall of Walpole till the celebrated Ministry of the first Pitt, the Pelhams were in power—at first divided, afterwards supreme. Henry Pelham was a man of small calibre, of timid and peevish temper, but of good sense and industrious business habits; Lord Mahon calls him "Walpole in miniature." He was skilful and prudent, but his talents were very limited. His brother, the Duke of Newcastle, was probably the greatest fool who ever held high office in this country. Yet by dint of concentrated love of power, of resolution to do any thing to retain and increase it, by perfidy, by intrigue, by parliamentary corruption, he contrived to remain Minister for nearly thirty years, and Premier for nearly ten. Every one of his contemporaries ridiculed and satirized him. Lord Harvey said, "he did nothing with as much hurry and agitation as if he were doing every thing." Lord Wilmington described him as "having lost half an hour in the morning, and running after it all day without being able to catch it." Lord Waldegrave says, "his character is full of inconsistencies; he would be thought very singular who differed as much from the

in the approaching struggle! This was in 1740. The judicious and cautious answer of James is preserved among the Walpole papers, endorsed in Sir Robert's own hand.

* This compact was the more scandalous, because the most vehement attacks on Walpole were based upon the misfortunes of the war, to which he was known to have been opposed, with the conduct of which he had nothing to do, and which was managed entirely by Newcastle himself.

rest of the world as the Duke differs from himself. Hear him speak in Parliament, his manner is ungraceful, his language barbarous, his reasoning inconclusive. At the same time he labors through the confusion of a debate without the least distrust of his own abilities; fights boldly in the dark; and never gives up a cause." The period of his ascendancy is one of the most ignoble in our Cabinet annals. The king intrigued against his ministers, and entreated his grandson's tutor to rescue him from "these scoundrels."* The Ministers intrigued against each other. They even spoke against each other in the House. Henry Fox, when one of the Lords of the Treasury, engaged to smash the Secretary of State, Sir Thomas Robinson. Pitt, Paymaster of the Forces, undertook to silence the Solicitor-General Murray. When he had succeeded in that feat, he attacked Newcastle himself, and thundered from the Treasury Bench against the first Lord of the Treasury. The Duke saw the necessity of conciliating one at least of his powerful insubordinate subordinates. He offered Fox the post of Secretary of State. Fox accepted, but asked for the management of the secret service fund, then used for purchasing votes. "I shall keep that for myself," said the Duke. "But," said Fox, "I must know how it is employed." "No," replied Newcastle, "my brother never disclosed to any one what he did with the money, nor will I." "But," urged the unhappy Secretary, "how then can I lead the House of Commons? *How shall I be able to talk to members, without knowing who have received gratifications?* And who is to nominate to places?" "Oh! I myself," answered the Duke. "And how are the vacant boroughs to be disposed of?" "Don't give yourself any anxiety about that: I have settled it all." Even Fox could not stand this treatment, and declined the Seals, but remained in the Ministry. Newcastle then tried Pitt, but with no better success. He returned to Fox, offered him better terms, and succeeded;—and Pitt and Fox became rivals for life, as their more celebrated sons were after them.†

If Walpole was the most "respectable" minister of the 18th century, Pitt was incomparably the grandest. He was in all things a man of magnificent proportions—noble to the core—a sincere and energetic patriot.

* Lord Waldegrave's *Memoir*.

† Those who wish to have a full idea of the low and shabby intrigues of this period should go through the wearisome task of reading Dodgington's *Diary*.

His advent to power brought about a complete change in the spirit and fortunes of the nation, raised it from despondency to the height of elation, from the depth of degradation to the summit of glory. Before he took the helm we were insulted by France and Spain with impunity, and lost Minorca from want of energy to succor it; thirteen English ships retired before twelve French ones. Before he had been three years at the helm, we had conquered all our enemies, and added Canada and several West Indian islands to our dominions. We were so uniformly and so promptly victorious, that our foes, wherever they met us, expected to be defeated, and were in consequence so easily routed that, as some one said, "it became almost as discreditable to beat a Frenchman as to beat a woman." This, without exaggeration, might be said to be all Pitt's doing. He infused his own daring and indomitable spirit into every branch of the service, every soldier in the army, every sailor in the fleet. Colonel Barré declared years afterwards, when William Pitt had become Lord Chatham, that "no man ever entered the Earl's closet who did not feel himself braver on his return than when he went in." Pitt, too, had other merits, as signal as, in those days, they were rare. In an age of low and unscrupulous corruption, he, though poor, was ostentatiously pure and delicate in all pecuniary transactions. When Paymaster of the Forces, he refused all the usual but very questionable perquisites of the office, amounting to above £6000 a year, and contented himself with his simple salary. In an age when notions of party honor were deplorably lax and vacillating, Pitt, though inordinately ambitious, long consented to waive his just claims, lest, by pressing them against the known dislike of the king, he might embarrass or injure the prospects of his party. In an age of general cowardice and truckling, both to royal prejudice and popular passion, Pitt, though fond of popularity, and owing his power to his popularity alone, had the courage and the manly justice to hazard and to sacrifice that popularity in order to save an innocent victim from a furious people. When the wretched Ministry of the day immolated Admiral Byng to an unreasonable and unrighteous clamor, Pitt was one of the very few who stood boldly forward both in the House of Commons and in the royal closet to recommend mercy. Yet even this statesman, high-minded and generous as he was, did many things which in our times sound very culpable, and which would be scarcely defen-

sible in any times; and habitually used language which in our times no conjuncture would be considered serious enough to justify. He called Lord Carteret "wicked minister," "execrable minister," "infamous minister, who seemed to have drunk of the potion which, poets said, made men forget their country,"—"with sixteen thousand Hanoverians as his placemen, and no other party,"—adding, "If he were present, I would say ten times more." In the same debate, two other members were even more intemperate in their phrases, and Yorke, in his journal, declares that "the scene could be compared to nothing but a tumultuous Polish Diet." Pitt's invectives against Newcastle were scarcely less unmeasured, and far better deserved than those he had formerly levelled against Walpole and Granville. Indeed, the violence of his language, and his insolent treatment of opponents, was the greatest blot upon his character.* He was always vehement—rarely factious. On two occasions he refused to join his party in assailing the ministry, not because he thought the Ministry right, but because he thought it for the interests of his country that their hands should not be weakened. On another occasion, however, when his associates insisted upon opposing a vote for the payment of British troops employed in Flanders, Pitt, after vainly endeavoring to dissuade them from pursuing such an unjust and unpatriotic course, unhappily consented to give a silent vote against his convictions. Walpole, whom he had always opposed and abused as the worst of men, he afterwards spoke of as a great and wise minister, whom he repented having factiously thwarted. Yet he had done his best to bring about his impeachment. But this was not the worst. It is painful to find this young patriot, just before Walpole's fall, opening a negotiation with the man on whom for years he had lavished all the abusive epithets in his vocabulary, and offering to

* The sort of amenities which public men in those days permitted themselves in Parliament in speaking of their adversaries, both in and out of the House, may be inferred from the expressions used in reference to Wilkes by a Bishop and a Secretary of State—both, it must be allowed, rather intemperate politicians. Warburton declared, "that the blackest fiends in hell would disdain to keep company with Wilkes"—and then asked pardon of Satan for comparing them together! Pitt says, "The author of these Essays does not deserve to be ranked among the human species; he is the blasphemer of his God, and the libeller of his King." The Letters of Junius, too, are a disgrace to the age; for concentrated malignity, reckless and universal hostility, and unmeasured ferocity of language, they are probably unexampled in any literature.

screen him from prosecution if he would use his influence with the King in favor of Pitt and his friends. It is more painful still to find him, when this overture had been rejected, resuming all the fierceness of his old hostility, the loudest and foremost of those who clamored for vengeance on the fallen Minister, and supporting the shameful proposal of a Bill of Indemnity for all who would give evidence against him. In truth, his course was by no means always consistent. No man had out of office been more fierce or resolute against continental subsidies, or against our implication in Hanoverian politics. Yet he afterwards, in office, declared that "Hanover ought to be as dear to us as Hampshire,"* and he lavished subsidies as no previous Minister had dared to do. It is somewhat startling, too, to find him coalescing with the Duke of Newcastle, after he had refused to share office with him, and though no man was more profoundly convinced both of his corruption and his incapacity. No coalition of recent days seems at first sight more monstrous, and in our time it would scarcely have been possible. But there was great excuse for it. Pitt felt and said, "My Lord, I believe that I can save the country, and I am sure no one else can." He was anxious to be at the helm, from motives of the purest and noblest ambition. He had tried to rule alone, and had found it impossible to maintain himself. Though the most popular man in the kingdom, and having the intellectual and moral command of the House of Commons to a degree unexampled either before or since, he could not make head against the hostility of the Court and the immense parliamentary interest of Newcastle. He had the country to back him, but scarcely any party; and the country alone he found was not sufficient. He therefore joined the imbecile and veteran intriguer on terms which were at least disinterested, if not highly honorable. Newcastle kept the treasury and the patronage; Pitt was Secretary of State, and leader of the House of Commons, with the sole direction of the war and foreign affairs. Pitt had the power—Newcastle the plums of office. Or, as a contemporary expressed it, "Pitt did every thing; the Duke gave every thing;"—yet from this strange union sprang a ministry "as strong at home as that of Pelham, as successful abroad as that

* It must be allowed, however, that circumstances had somewhat changed when he made the latter declaration. George II. was then threatened with the loss of his Electorate, because of the war which he waged as King of England.

of Godolphin,"*—the most glorious administration probably that England has ever known.

The period which elapsed from the fall of this ministry to 1785—from the supremacy of the father to the advent of the son—was one which may afford considerable interest to those who love to trace the change in the *personnel* and the principles of parties, but is not one of much satisfaction to the patriot. It was a succession of short and feeble ministries—a perfect chaos of changes and intrigues. The Whig reign had ended. The Tory reign had recommenced. Its inauguration was signalized by two features. Corruption never was so desperate; libelling never was so fierce. The ministry of Bute had a vast inferiority of talent, a still vaster inferiority of numbers. The majority which sanctioned the discreditable peace of Paris had to be actually bought, vote by vote, with hard cash. Fox did the business. He had been very poor; his character was already partly damaged, and he was made Paymaster of the Forces for the express purpose of managing the dirty work of corruption.† It was necessary, too, to damage Pitt's reputation. On his retirement he had accepted a pension and a peerage—no man ever deserved them more. But he was instantly assailed by all the blackest charges. He had sold his country. He had tarnished his fame. All the venal venom of literary braves was let loose upon him. The press swarmed with the most malignant libels, which were ordered by Court authority and paid for with the public money. Indeed, the

number and ferocity of the slanders and personalities on nearly all statesmen was the predominant characteristic of the time. It may be called the AGE OF JUNIUS. That celebrated writer—whoever he may have been—stands at the head—*facile princeps*—of that large class of political assassins whose fame, like that of Red Indians, is estimated by the scalps of their victims. Wilkes was before him, Tooke came after him; but neither were fit to hold a candle to him. His genius, his knowledge, his secret means of information, his vehement and pointed style, his unsparing and apparently impartial ferocity, his unscrupulous, ungentlemanly and savage personalities, and, it must be added, the amount of truth which both winged and barbed his arrows,—made him the most formidable public writer who ever held public men in awe. One good thing he certainly effected. He emancipated the press from any fetters but those of public opinion and general taste. Since his day no man has feared to criticise men and measures in the tone of most unbounded freedom. After him the use of initials (formerly universal) was entirely abandoned. But we paid a heavy price for this emancipation in the savagery and malignity which he—not introduced, indeed, but—established in political warfare.

After this weary period, the ministry of Lord North affords real refreshment to the historical student. Not that it was specially pure; for that of Lord Rockingham had been far purer. Not that it was peculiarly honorable or successful to the country, for it witnessed our unhappy war with America, and the loss of a most valuable portion of our empire. Not that sound constitutional principles made any great advance during Lord North's administration; on the contrary, Lord North was more guilty than most men in sacrificing his own opinions to the prejudices and passions of the monarch, and carried so far his submission to royal influence, that the House of Commons, in spite of his opposition, carried their celebrated resolution, that "the power of the Crown had increased, was increasing, and ought to be diminished." Not that even party consistency became more general and settled during his tenure of office; on the contrary, we find several signal instances of change and tergiversation: and he himself, shortly after his first retirement, set the example of, probably, the most questionable "coalition" in our modern annals. But his administration had two pleasing features. It introduced a gentler and less acrimonious

* Macaulay.

† The prices given for a single vote ranged, it is said, from £200 upwards. £25,000 were thus paid away in a single morning. "Intimidation (says Macaulay) was tried, as well as corruption. The Duke of Devonshire was dismissed with flagrant insult. As nothing was too high for the revenge of the court, so nothing was too low. A persecution such as had never been known before, and has never been known since, raged in every public department. Humble and laborious clerks were deprived of their bread, not because they had neglected their duty, not because they had taken an active part against the ministry, but merely because they had owed their situations to some nobleman or gentleman who was against the Peace. The proscription extended to door-keepers, to tide-waiters, to gaugers. One poor man, to whom a pension had been given for his gallantry in a fight with smugglers, was deprived of it because he had been befriended by the Duke of Grafton. An aged widow, who, on account of her husband's services in the navy, had been made housekeeper to a public office, was dismissed from her situation because it was imagined that she was distantly connected by marriage with the Cavendish family." By such means a majority approving of the Peace was procured, of 319 to 55.

tone into public strife, and it witnessed the first efforts of that purer and nobler race of statesmen, whom in our youth we were accustomed to listen to with reverence and admiration. Charles James Fox and Edmund Burke came upon the stage, and William Pitt just appeared above the horizon. Lord North's genial character and imperturbable good humor were real blessings in his day. They did not indeed disarm, but they softened his merciless assailants. For years, with little aid, he carried on the contest against Burke, Barré, Dunning, Fox, Saville, and sometimes Pitt, with a courage, energy, spirit and jocularly which was charming to behold.* He listened to their thundering denunciations—made more vehement and more stinging by the constant failure of his military enterprises—with coolness always, with sleepiness often.† It was easier for him to keep in office than to keep awake, except when Burke startled him with some scandalous false quantity;‡—and when finally driven from power by an irresistible combination of

* Senators were not always very polished in their language in those days, and sometimes pushed invective even to vulgarity. There had been much of this one night, and Lord North rose to deprecate the too great readiness to give and take offence. "One member, for example, (he said,) called me 'that thing called a Minister!' Now, to be sure, (he continued, patting his portly sides,) I am a 'thing;' when therefore the gentleman called me a 'thing,' he said what was true, and I could not be angry with him. But when he added 'that thing called a Minister,' he called me that thing which of all others he himself most wished to be,—and therefore, (said Lord North,) I took it as a compliment."

† A prosing old sailor, well known for his lengthy orations, having risen to speak on an Admiralty question, Lord North said to one of his supporters: "Now, — will give us a history of all the naval battles, from that of Salamis to that of last year; I shall take a nap—wake me when he gets near our own time." After an hour's infliction, the friend nudged Lord North. "My Lord, my Lord, wake up: he has got to the battles of Van Tromp." "Oh dear!" said the sleepy minister, "you've waked me a hundred years too soon."

‡ Burke was very inaccurate, and Lord North had a very sensitive ear. One night, when he was napping, Burke stopped in his speech and pointed at the Minister nodding on the Treasury Bench, saying, "Quandoquidem bonus dormitat Homerus." Lord North instantly started from his slumbers—"Dormitat, Sir, for God's sake!" On another question Burke was preaching economy, and made repeated use of the quotation, "Magnum vectigal est parsimonia." Lord North, in a low tone, corrected him—"Vectigal, Mr. Burke." Burke immediately took it up: "The noble Lord hints that I am wrong in my prosody: I thank him for the correction, as it gives me another opportunity of shouting forth that inestimable maxim—'Magnum vectigal est parsimonia!'"

misfortunes and of foes, he retired with the politest of bows and the most benevolent of smiles. His antagonists had collected for a grand battle; Lord North rose in his place, and declared the administration at an end. Of course, the House adjourned immediately. It was an awfully wet night, and in those days cabs were not; the members, expecting a prolonged debate, had ordered their carriages at one or two o'clock in the morning; and Lord North, as he passed through the baffled and imprisoned crowd of his opponents to his own chariot, bowed to them right and left, saying, "Adieu, gentlemen; you see it is an excellent thing to be in the secret!"

We now emerge into a purer and clearer atmosphere. Factionous opposition and factionous manoeuvres we still unhappily meet with from time to time, and we fear we always shall, as long as parliamentary warfare exists when public excitement rises high. Violent and unwarrantable language still occasionally disfigures our debates; and changes of opinion and of party connection are by no means unfrequent,—indeed, become almost more so as we get nearer our own day. But faction becomes less mischievous and shameless; invectives more measured and decorous; unfounded accusations—unless where Irish members are concerned—less common and less malignant, and inconsistencies and tergiversations more generally defensible on the ground of altered circumstances or honestly modified opinions. The three great statesmen we have just named were all more or less guilty on all counts of this indictment, yet their advent into public life marked the dawn of a better day. We may grieve over several things they did, we may regret much of the language which they thought themselves justified in using, but, on the whole, we feel proud both of their genius and their character. Even their contemporary, Sheridan, though unstable and unprincipled in private life, was, on the whole, steady and consistent in his public course. It is curious that Burke, Fox, and Pitt, all changed sides. Fox, the leader of the modern Whigs, entered life a Tory, and at first distinguished himself as a violent one. Pitt and Burke began as Whigs, and ended as standard-bearers and idols of the Tory party. Burke, far the greatest and purest of the three, can, indeed, scarcely be charged with inconstancy or desertion of party. He began life as a warm friend to the principles of constitutional liberty; he ended life, we believe, in the same creed, and with the same affections. But when he was young, those principles were in danger

from the Crown and the aristocracy; when he was old, they were in danger—or at least he honestly and not unwisely deemed so—from democratic violence and folly. His inconsistency was less that he fought for a different cause than that he fought against different assailants, with different weapons and under a different banner, and he made that inconsistency appear greater than it really was, because his fierce and ungovernable sensibility led him always to push his position to the utmost verge of truth, and to state his doctrine in the extremest language. When contending against the unconstitutional influence of the Crown, and the tyrannical behavior and desires of the "King's friends," he brought forth from his well-stored armory every maxim of boundless liberty, every claim of popular right, every lesson of history which teaches courage to the citizen and affords warning to the sovereign. He preached the faith of freedom in sentences so spirited, so brilliant, and so terse, that they were remembered and used against him with telling effect, when it became necessary to preach the faith of order and authority instead. One of his noble critics goes so far as to say that "it would be difficult to select one leading principle or prevailing sentiment in Mr. Burke's later writings to which something extremely adverse may not be found in his earlier works." This may be very true; but it must be remembered that the former were written when "the power of the Crown had increased, was increasing, and ought to be diminished;"—the latter came forth when democracy was rampant in France and threatened to become dangerous here, when monarchy and nobility had gone down before the tempest, when the wickedest and wildest doctrines were proclaimed in the name of liberty, and when the populace, from being the oppressed, had become oppressors in their turn. Then Burke turned to the quarter whence the peril threatened the other side of his gorgeously painted shield; and people clamored that he had changed his armor and his war-cry. Of any thing that deserves the epithet of "tergiversation," we unhesitatingly acquit him; of the charge of violent and exaggerated language we must pronounce him very guilty.* He was vehement by temperament,

of acute susceptibility, of turbulent and excitable imagination; and he could seldom curb himself sufficiently to avoid stating a principle far too wide for the occasion, or clothing a truth in language whose extravagance almost made it degenerate into a fallacy. Wise as he was, profoundly philosophic as was the character of his intellect, his passion, when once aroused, blinded him to every thing but the immediate question or the immediate foe before him; and his passions were easily aroused, for his affections were warm, his sympathies quick, and his hatred of wrong or oppression prompt and earnest even to morbidness. Hence, though generous and open-hearted, he pursued an antagonist as he would have done a criminal; and though wide and comprehensive in mind, far beyond his age, his language and conduct were too often those of a narrow and heated partisan. But when every reasonable deduction from his greatness has been allowed for, he will still remain entitled to all our veneration; and his writings must always be consulted as perfect arsenals of political wisdom, unmatched alike for glowing eloquence and profound and comprehensive statesmanship.

Charles Fox has long been the idol of the Whig party, and will probably remain so as long as any of his contemporaries remain to cherish the memory of his personal qualities, and to convey to others their vivid impression of those amiable and endearing virtues, and that wonderful eloquence which made those who knew him always indulgent, and often blind to his political errors. He must have been the most lovable of men, vehement, impetuous, and dissipated; but generous, manly, affectionate, and, in private life, as simple as a child. He had vast genius, but little learning—the powers but not the training of a statesman. He acquired his political knowledge as he formed his political opinions, in party strife. Hence he had no philosophy, nor the slightest tincture of financial or economic science. His eloquence was not like that of Burke; it was neither the *φαιρόμενα σοφία* of Aristotle, nor the *copiose loquens sapientia* of Cicero; it was the brilliant argument or the violent invective of a great master of Parliamentary warfare. His faults and his false steps arose from his position and education as a party leader. His business was to defeat an adversary, to

* In speeches, his invectives not unfrequently degenerated into scurrility, sometimes into positive indecorum. And even in his published writings, the exuberancy of his fancy and feeling often gets the better both of taste and decency, and runs riot in the most unpleasant and indefensible metaphors. We do not quote any, because we would willingly

forget them, as well as as every other spot upon the brightness of a genius from whom we have derived more pleasure and instruction than from any other author in our own or any language.

overthrow a rival, to detect the errors of a minister; and he threw his whole heart into his work, with an impetuosity which detracted from his statesmanship, and made him often blind alike to the merits of a foe and to the real interests of his country. He made a gallant fight for the liberties of his fellow-citizens against the arbitrary measures of Mr. Pitt in troublous times, but we incline to think that he inflicted serious injury on the Whig party, and hampered his subsequent freedom of action by his unmeasured admiration for the French Revolution. In fact, with the secession of Burke, the philosophy and moderation of that section of politicians disappeared, and party too often afterwards degenerated into faction.

Fox, entering Parliament under the auspices of his father, the first Lord Holland, was of course a Tory; and being impetuous by temperament, was by no means a moderate one. But his dismissal by Lord North for some act of insubordination, tallying in time with the influence of Burke's society, threw him into the arms of the opposition, and for many years he was the most merciless denouncer of the person as well as the policy of the minister. He soon rose to the front ranks of his party; and when Lord North resigned, came into office with the Marquis of Rockingham. On the death of that nobleman, when Lord Shelburne was made Prime Minister, Burke, Fox, and Sheridan resigned, and, to the disgust of the country* and the grief of his admirers, Fox joined Lord North, first in opposition and then in office—Lord North, whom he had long been in the habit of abusing as the worst minister England ever had; of whom he had declared his opinion to be such "that he should deem it unsafe to be in the same room with him," and whose ground of antagonism to Lord Shelburne's administration was that very inglorious peace with America which his own mismanagement had made inevitable. It was an unprincipled proceeding, and was soon amply punished. To it Fox owed the long exclusion from power of himself and his party; to it the country owed the long string of evils which his inveterate hostility to Pitt brought in its train. The Coalition ministry inflicted a fearful wound on the character of all concerned in it; the King hated it, and the nation de-

spised it; it was soon dismissed with ignominy; and Fox paid for his blunder by twenty-two years' banishment to the cold shade of the Opposition benches. His short ministerial career at the close of his life presents little on which we can look back with satisfaction; his title to our gratitude and admiration must rest upon the bold front which, from 1793 to 1805, he opposed to the unconstitutional encroachments and violent proceedings of his great rival.

Pitt, like Fox, was pure from all charge of sordid aims or personal corruption; both were high-minded and honorable men; and Pitt's private character was far the most decorous of the two. But he was guilty of a desertion of party nearly as flagrant as that of Fox, and of a desertion of principles far worse, for it was from the advocacy of freedom to the practice of arbitrary power. He was bred an ardent Whig; he was, by conviction, a Parliamentary Reformer and a friend to religious liberty. Yet his ministry, which lasted, with scarcely an intermission, from 1784 to his death in 1805, was formed by a coalition nearly as monstrous as that of Fox with Lord North.* His colleagues were principally Tories, and they gradually drew him over to their sentiments. He allowed his scheme of Reform to be defeated; he shortly afterwards opposed the Relief of the Dissenters; he dropped, one after another, nearly all his old opinions, till (as a virtuous but hot enemy described it) "the name of the son of Lord Chatham—the idol of the people, the denouncer of the American war—became the rallying-point of Toryism, the type and symbol of whatever was most illiberal in principle and intolerant in practice." His persecutions of Reformers, and his assaults on the liberty of the press, are the great stains upon his character, though scarcely, perhaps, deserving the unmeasured epithets that have been lavished upon them. It must not be forgotten that the French Revolution had introduced an entirely new element into our political life. Reformers had become Democrats, and Democracy had assumed its worst and most repulsive form. To Mr. Pitt, as to others of his day, we must grant whatever benefit they may derive from assuming their dread of republican excesses to have been genuine and not wholly irrational. There must have been something seriously formidable and perilous in the aspect

* The opinion of the country respecting the conduct of Fox was shown as soon as Pitt's Ministry was formed. In the then House of Commons Fox had a majority of 39 against his rival; in the new house, after a general election, Pitt had a majority of 168.

* Lord Thurlow and Lord Loughborough were probably men as devoid of principle as any in the preceding generation.

of affairs which made such sincere liberals as Burke, the Duke of Portland, and Mr. Wyndham, secede from opposition and swell the ranks of ministerial strength. There must have been something condemnable and ill-timed in the plans and principles of the popular agitators which made such men willing to strike at them through the side of a constitution which they venerated so truly, and for which they had fought so well. Indeed, it is impossible to read the history of those days from 1790 onwards, without confessing how indefensible and dangerous were the language and designs of many of those whom Pitt prosecuted and Erskine defended, and without wondering at and deploring the injudicious zeal of those parliamentary leaders who, in a period of such vehement excitement at home and such social disorganization abroad, could yet insist upon pressing forward such irritating and disturbing topics as Parliamentary Reform. The mode, however, by which Pitt and his colleagues endeavored to secure their victims—paid spies, the doctrine of constructive treason, the suspension of the Habeas Corpus, the forcible suppression of open associations,—can neither be defended nor excused; and we owe it to the trial by jury that many of our dearest liberties were not at this period wholly sacrificed by a minister resolved at once to be absolute and to be safe.* Two passages in his life look very dark—his constant denunciation (in speeches) of the slave-trade, contrasted with his constant inaction (in deeds) with regard to it; and his desertion of Warren Hastings,† of which it seems impossible to give any creditable explanation. On the whole, we may pronounce him generally pure and patriotic in his aims, but violent and unscrupulous in his means; in his domestic policy about the most arbitrary, in his financial policy about the most reckless, and in his foreign policy about the most unfortunate minister that ever swayed the destinies of Britain.

On the dreary period of statesmanship which elapsed between the death of Pitt and the retirement of Lord Sidmouth in 1822, no friend of his country can dwell with any pleasure. It was the worst times of Pitt in

* The Parliament, however, and to a considerable extent the feeling of the country, supported him in these attacks. Against his "Treasonable Practices Bill" the Opposition could only muster five in the Lords and forty-three in the Commons. The trials and acquittals of Hardy, Thirlwall, and Horne Tooke, however, did much to turn popular feeling against ministers.

† See Macaulay's *Essays*, vol. iii, p. 439.

miniature, and vulgarized. Such men as Addington, Perceval, Castlereagh, Liverpool, and Eldon, could reflect no lustre on our councils; even Canning and Lord Wellesley could scarcely redeem or gild the miserable mediocrity of their colleagues. The opposition was rich in great names,—Grey, Grenville, Holland, Horner, Tierney, Romilly, and Whitbread: but they were feeble and dispirited, and injured themselves greatly in public esteem by the manner in which, as it were, they took Napoleon under their protection, and, from party feeling, decried the splendid achievements and the rare merits of their greatest general. The Duke of Wellington was the only really "great man" of those years. Then they were years, too, of dreadful malversation and corruption—as periods of war and extraordinary expenditure generally are. The chiefs, indeed, were pure, but their subordinates were sadly otherwise. They did not job much themselves, but they allowed their friends and supporters to do so. Vast fortunes were made by contractors. Large sums in several public departments were unaccounted for. Lord Melville was dismissed and impeached for peculation; and though few believed that he himself profited by the scandalous dishonesty which prevailed in his office, it appeared certain that he must have connived at much illicit use of the public money. Lord Castlereagh, even, was detected in "doing a job," though not a very shameless one. Political friends and ministerial connections engrossed all the loaves and fishes. The commander-in-chief was discovered to have been nearly as guilty as Lord Melville, and even more disreputably so. His mistress, who had great influence over him, had accepted bribes (though without his knowledge) to procure military appointments and commissions for her *protégés*. These exposures brought Government into just contempt; bad harvests, deranged trade, and general distress, brought it into less just unpopularity. Discontent and turbulence arose; and Lord Castlereagh repeated the arbitrary sins of Mr. Pitt on a smaller scale. The "Six Acts" became notorious, and the *Habeas Corpus* act was again brought into question. Altogether it was an era of small men and of poor achievements—of shameful profligacy at court,* and severe suffering among the people.

* It is painful to remember, that in 1820 the ministers, Lords Liverpool, Castlereagh, and Eldon, among the rest, suffered themselves to be made the instruments of the personal hatred of a wicked monarch towards an injured wife, and, to preserve

With the year 1822 the Reform era may be said to have commenced. When Peel succeeded Lord Sidmouth at the Home Office, and Canning followed Lord Londonderry as Minister for Foreign Affairs, and Robinson soon afterwards superseded the feeble Vansittart as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Huskisson became President of the Board of Trade, the patriots of England and the friends of humanity breathed more freely than they had done for many a long year. Few men at the time saw the whole reach and bearing of the change, for Lord Liverpool was still Prime Minister, and Lord Eldon still held the Great Seal. But it soon became obvious that the change of spirit was greater even than the change of men. A new tone pervaded every department; a new set of principles began to be felt even before they were avowed; a nobler and brighter genius presided over national councils. From that day we have gone on improving. From that day statesmanship has been purer, freer, more disinterested, more lofty. From that day we have, on the whole, been able to feel proud, both of our policy and of our politicians. From that day attention began to be paid to the wishes, and justice to be done to the claims of the people; the practice of Government to approximate more nearly to its theory, and party struggles to be carried on more for principle and less for power. We have seen many changes of political connection, many singular conjunctions and disjunctions among public men; but they have been preceded and induced by changes of opinion or changes of circumstances. We have seen some violence and some folly, but no corruption. We have seen many injudicious appointments, but no scandalous or dishonest ones. We have had much party virulence and much individual animosity, but only in one or two cases any thing outrageous or indecent in party warfare.

Peel and Canning, singularly different in character, temper, and talent, had yet several points of marked resemblance. The one was a brilliant, sparkling, and soaring genius; the other was an admirable man of business, diligent, moderate, and decorous. The one was all fire, the other all sobriety. But both were men of refinement, of cultivation, of literary and æsthetic taste; both were acutely

their places, consented to bring in the celebrated Bill of Pains and Penalties. Lord Eldon had been formerly a friend and defender of this unhappy prince. Few sadder backslidings from the path of public honor have been known within the century.

sensitive; both were nobly ambitious; and both were honestly determined to employ their power and position for no personal advantage, but for the good and the glory of their country. They had another feature of similarity in their career and fate. Both liberal at heart, and growing more liberal with years, knowledge, and experience, had the grievous misfortune of entering life in the Tory camp, among illiberal associates, and in most illiberal times. Both, in consequence, were mixed up with much that was foreign to their nature and dispositions; both incurred much obloquy in consequence of having belonged to a bad set, and much animosity when they shook themselves free from that set. Both ended life amid the ferocious hostility of the party which used to idolize and obey them, and amid the love, regret, and gratitude of the people who, in earlier years, were wont to execrate their names. The advent of Canning was the turning-point in the foreign policy of England. Lord Castlereagh had suffered her to be dragged at the car of the Holy Alliance, and to be regarded as the colleague and associate of despots. Canning made her feared and respected as the avowed friend of constitutional liberty throughout the world. He found her the ally and tool of autocrats—he left her the assister and protector of suffering and trampled nations. It is true she has not always marched steadily, and seldom very boldly, in this new career; she has permitted some atrocities which she might, and perhaps ought to have interposed to prevent; she has looked on coldly, where she should have sympathized warmly; she has confined her approval too exclusively to patriots whose views were limited and moderate, and whose notions of free institutions tallied with her own;—but still she has remonstrated against tyranny; she has encouraged the extension of popular rights; she has acknowledged whatever governments the people have selected and established. Where she has interfered, it has been on the popular side; where she has spoken out, it has been in favor of liberal institutions.

In the same manner the accession of Peel was the opening of a new leaf in our domestic policy. His course was signalized, though slowly and scantily at first, by administrative improvements. Great reductions in salaries and expenditure took place under his rule. The criminal law was systematically amended. The police of the country was remodelled. Abuses were examined into; grievances were listened to;

jobs became difficult, modified, and rare. The Duke of Wellington's administration was a reforming one, though the lustre of its successor has eclipsed its merit in this line. After the Reform Bill, the spirit of improvement which had prevailed before assumed a vast accession of vigor and activity. Since that date, whichever party has been in office, the amendment of our institutions has gone on with little interruption. Popular rights have been extended; vast economies have been introduced; the health, the comfort, the education of the masses have been sedulously attended to; the whole of our financial system has been remodelled; taxes have been repealed; burdens have been taken from the poor and laid upon the rich; civil law has been made cheap; criminal law has been made merciful; courts of law have been purified; the wrongs of the people have been redressed; the earnings of the people have been raised; the food of the people has been made cheap and abundant;—and in most of these reforms every politician of eminence has participated. Some have wished to do things in one way, some in another; some have resisted the ameliorations which others have proposed, doubting of their wisdom or distrustful of their efficacy; but the study of all parties, with scarcely an exception, has been, we believe, how best they could insure the prosperity of the community, the happiness of the poor, and the honor of the nation.

We have witnessed in our days two tremendous party struggles—the struggle for Parliamentary Reform, and the struggle for Free Trade. In both cases great principles were involved. In both cases mighty interests were at stake. The Tories felt that the Reform Bill would be the surrender of their power. They *believed* that the repeal of the Corn Laws would be fatal to their incomes. They conceived that the inroads of democracy in the one case, and the influx of foreign corn in the other, would be dangerous to the stability of the government and to the welfare of the agricultural classes. It was natural and inevitable that during the heat and passion of the strife we should charge them with pure selfishness in both cases. But now few thoughtful men will ratify this accusation—few, at least, who know how difficult it is to abstract personal feeling from political inquiries, and how difficult it is to believe that the power and wealth which we possess, it is not for the interest of our country that we should possess. Now that both victories have been won—that we can

calculate to a certain extent the fruits of the one, and have had our feelings in some degree calmed down after the excitement of the other, we are not disposed to deny the sincerity and honesty of our antagonists in either strife, however much we may wonder at their dulness of comprehension, or condemn the fierceness of the passion which they showed. The Reform Bill, it is impossible to deny, was a transfer of power and political influence from the aristocracy to the middle classes. Who now will not acknowledge that this was a revolution at the magnitude of which genuine patriots might well stand aghast, which cautious men might well deem wild and perilous, which even men who loved progress, if they loved safety likewise, might well deprecate and dread? Those who most loved the people might not unreasonably doubt the wisdom of intrusting this new weapon into the people's hands. No one will now deny that it was a great experiment. No one will deny that in some respects its opponents judged it more truly and saw farther into its consequences than its promoters. For ourselves, we confess that, approving it as we did and do; believing it to have been a just, a wise, and a necessary measure; tracing in the main to its secondary influences the rapid progress of reforms in other lines; we yet see in it several dangers, drawbacks, and extensive seeds of future and questionable change which we did not see when it was passed; we acknowledge much weight and wisdom in many of the hostile arguments which at the time we scouted as the mere dictates of selfishness and folly; and we look back with something like remorse and shame at the violence of our language, the acrimony of our feelings, the imperfection of our philosophy, and the shortness of our vision. We were blind to much that our adversaries saw; we were obstinately deaf to many representations that we ought to have listened to with deference and profit; and if the thing had to be done again, we should act with greater modesty and temperance, with far less confidence, and far more misgivings. Therefore we do not see in the behavior or opinions of the anti-reformers of 1832 anything for which British statesmanship need to blush; we do not attribute their opposition either to corruption, to egotism, or to love of arbitrary power; and, in the way in which they yielded when opposition became hopeless and dangerous to the public peace, we see much ground both for approval and for congratulation.

The question of Free Trade was a much clearer one. Here it was not real power so much as supposed wealth that was at stake. It was not political influence which had descended to them from their ancestors, but artificial prices which their own legislation had secured, of which it was proposed to deprive the country gentlemen of England. Hence it was much more difficult to persuade either themselves or others, that in struggling against the repeal of the Corn Laws they were contending for any thing more noble than their own pecuniary interests. It was a question, too, much more of simple science. Its solution lay much nearer the surface. It required profound philosophy to judge of the remote and collateral bearings of Schedules A and B. It needed only sound elementary views of political economy to estimate the effects of unrestricted importation. The lessons of experience could be appealed to in the one case: there was no experience to guide us in the other. Moreover, it seemed difficult to believe that anything save obstinate and wilful blindness could resist the lucid arguments, often amounting to absolute demonstration, which year after year issued from the press, from the cross benches, from the treasury and opposition benches, from Wilson, from Villiers, from Cobden, from Peel. Yet nothing can be more certain than that most of the opponents of Free Trade were honest to begin with, and that many remained to the last sincerely convinced that Free Trade would be the ruin of the country, destructive to landlords, fatal to farmers, pauperizing to laborers. To be convinced of this, we have only to remember how slowly conviction dawned, even upon the minds of the liberals; how few years have elapsed since the idea of the total abolition of the Corn Laws was scouted as monstrous by the leading Whigs; how many of them dreaded it to the last; in what year it was that Lord Melbourne pronounced it, "before God, the wildest and maddest scheme he had ever heard of;" and when Lord John Russell refused the petition of its advocates to be heard at the bar of the House of Commons; how in 1841 he wished for an import duty of eight shillings; and how he and Sir Robert Peel were only finally and completely converted in the same year and by the same fearful visitation. The truth is, that the principles of political economy have made their way into parliamentary life only at a very recent date. Till ten years ago, an acquaintance with them was considered no necessary part of a statesman's

qualifications. Nine-tenths of the House of Commons were ignorant even of the alphabet of that science; its own teachers were not wholly agreed about its doctrines; and the country at large knew scarcely more of them than its chiefs. We have no right, therefore, even in imagination, to charge the advocates of commercial restrictions with any heavier accusation than that of being rather duller to learn, and rather slower to admit new views than their opponents. They were not dishonest, but *arriérés*.

Again. We have witnessed in the last five-and-twenty years changes in party combinations scarcely equalled for magnitude and strangeness by any other period—severings of friends and junctions of foes, such as seem at first sight utterly bewildering and unaccountable. "Consistency," in its old sense—i. e., steady adherence to the same alliances and the same political connections—has been set at naught by nearly every man of any great eminence or merit. Lord Grey, indeed, ended his career before the confusion began, and Lord John Russell and Sir Robert Peel never sat in the same Cabinet. But those are nearly the only "constants" of our recent party history. Sir James Graham, almost a Radical, sat for some time in the same Cabinet with Sir Robert Peel, the colleague of Lord Sidmouth, Lord Liverpool, and the Duke of Wellington. Lord Derby was first the vigorous assailant of Peel, then his colleague, then again his foe. He sat first with Lord Grey, then with Lord Grey's great rival. Lord Palmerston, once the colleague of Peel and Canning, is now the colleague of Russell and of Molesworth. The Foreign Secretary of Lord Grey and the Foreign Secretary of Lord Grey's antagonist sit in the same Cabinet. Sir James Graham and Lord Derby were once fast friends in office, then fast friends in opposition, then leaders of opposing parties. They sat together under Lord Grey; they sat together under Peel; one now sits with the Coalition, while the other leads the Tories. We might go through a long list of similar incongruities. Scarcely any man has not changed sides, changed opinions, changed party associates. Yet scarcely any man has lost character by so doing, because scarcely any one can be seriously suspected of having done so from corrupt or indefensible considerations. The only desertion of party that is regarded as an "apostasy," was that of Mr. Scarlett, Canning's Whig Attorney-General, who could not make up his mind to leave office when the Tories came in. The reason of the general

amnesty that has been passed for all acts of party inconstancy, is, that all, or nearly all, are believed to have been honest—or rather, perhaps, that we have ceased to consider “consistency” as *primâ facie* a merit. So many new, important, and difficult subjects have in these years come under discussion—on which it is felt to be impossible that all colleagues should agree or all antagonists differ—that unchanging adherence to one set of men would have been suspicious rather than creditable. It is felt that men who agree about retrenchment may naturally differ about religion; that men who agree about Parliamentary Reform may differ about foreign policy; that men who agree about the corn-laws may differ about the Church;—and that, in such cases, it is quite right and honest that they should coalesce when one set of questions are under discussion, and separate when another set come upon the *tapis*. Further, during the last quarter of a century the national mind has been in a state of progress; questions are better understood; sound principles are more diffused; we have been *educating* in political science; truths which formerly were perceived only by the few are now reached by the many; opinions which formerly were scouted are now almost universally adopted. It was impossible that statesmen should not participate in this advance; it was impossible that they should all participate in it in equal degrees; it was impossible, therefore, that they should always adhere either to their old opinions or to their old colleagues. Those who think what they always thought are become laughing-stocks; those who stand where they always stood are self-condemned: they convict themselves of having stood still. No men in our time have been so steady and consistent as Lord Eldon and Col. Sibthorp; and the one is looked upon as the incarnation of obstinate blindness, and the other of ludicrous eccentricity. On the other hand, no man changed more completely or on more important questions than Sir Robert Peel; yet he is now revered, and justly, as one of our honestest and wisest statesmen,—because it is felt that he never changed except reluctantly, from conviction, and to his own injury. The bigots, whose shield and glory he was so long, were furious with him for finally conceding emancipation to the Catholics: we know now how ample, cogent, and disinterested were his motives for that great apostasy. The country gentlemen, whose champion and trust he was for years, could not forgive him for surrendering a cause which he felt could no longer be hon-

estly or conscientiously maintained: but the country has given him plenary absolution even for this unparalleled tergiversation. The nation reveres him as its greatest statesman, and reveres him in spite of, or rather in consequence of, his apostasies,—acknowledging them to have been the apostasies, not of the renegade, but of the convert.

From low pecuniary sins our age is, we may say, entirely free. We have spoken of the flagrant jobs which were perpetrated in former days. We have given statements of the emoluments of great men in the days of Marlborough and Walpole. The pension list, even in the year 1829, contains much to astonish weak minds. Its sum total was above £750,000;* it is now limited to one-tenth of that amount. We find in the list of “places, pensions, sinecures, and grants,” published in 1830, *six* Bathursts, with aggregate receipts of £10,715; *four* Beresfords, with £8700; *five* Dundases, with £9700; the Duke of Grafton holding £10,280 in three sinecures or pensions; and several similar *face-tiæ*. Nothing of the kind could be found now. It is, alas! scarcely possible to do a job, or to find a sinecure. The salaries of public offices have been largely and, we think, unwisely reduced. The first Lord of the Treasury has been reduced from £7430 to £5000; the Secretaries of State from £8000 to £5000; the Viceroy of Ireland from £30,000 to £20,000. No Cabinet minister receives above £5000 a-year; whereas (as Sir Robert Peel and Lord John Russell informed the “Official Salaries Committee”) it was formerly an understood and established practice for these ministers to combine some comfortable sinecure with their appointment, by which means their emoluments were often doubled. Thus the Prime Minister was generally also Warden of the Cinque Ports; and from this and other sources his official income was often very large. Lord North, Mr. Pitt, and Lord Liverpool all held this sinecure in conjunction with the Premiership. Lord North’s official salary was thus £10,400; Mr. Pitt’s £11,400; Mr. Addington had £7400; Lord Grenville, Lord Liverpool, and Mr. Canning each £9000; and Mr. Percival £8700. In these days no minister would dream of appointing himself to any sinecure office with a view of augmenting his salary, even were such sinecures still in existence. In former times, too, these sinecures and an unlimited pension-list afforded, as we have seen, to ministers an opportunity

* *Extraordinary Black Book*, p. 401. This sum, however, includes many items scarcely to be considered as pensions in our sense of the word.

of providing for many members of their family; and so universally was it understood that the opportunity would be so employed, that it was reckoned as part of the ordinary emoluments of office. In 1810, the number of sinecures was 242, and their emoluments reached to £279,486 a year; by 1834 they were reduced to £97,800;—they do not now exceed £17,000, and are in yearly process of extinction. In the reign of George III., the pension-list of the three kingdoms exceeded £200,000 a year; even at a later period than 1810 it was £145,000: it is now limited to £75,000; and no more than £1200 can be granted in any one year.*

The vice of virulence and acrimony is far from being as completely weeded out of public life as that of corruption. Party warfare is still disfigured by occasional displays of bitter feeling and reckless accusation, belonging more fitly to a ruder age. Noble lords and honorable gentlemen still indulge in taunts and invectives alike indecorous and unjust. Men who live in houses of glass still sometimes throw stones, and get their own windows broken in return. But, on the whole, the chief sins in this line are confined to those whose birth and education exempt them from the expectation of good breeding; or to the immigrants from the sister island, whose indecent language and wholesale

*The above facts are gleaned from the Report and Evidence of the Official Salaries Committee which sat in 1849-50.

charges of sinister behavior are felt to be not unnatural, nor, when directed against Englishmen, of much importance. When Irish members assail their own countrymen, pelt them with native mud, and trot each other out for the diversion of the public, the House listens sometimes with amusement, sometimes with weariness, sometimes with belief;—when they accuse English statesmen of conduct which in Ireland might be possible, we listen with incredulity and disgust. The prevailing feeling on such occasions is, however, one of pain and indignation at exhibitions which tend to assimilate the tone of an assembly of gentlemen to that of a rotunda of unbridled Celts. With the exception of these extra-national proceedings, the amenities of social life are more and more introduced into public discussions. Men accustomed to meet in society, and cognizant of each other's estimable qualities in private life, cannot well treat each other in public as infamous delinquents; and as each man's standard of political morality and range of political vision is amended, he is less likely to deem his antagonist either rogue or fool.*

*When savage things are said now, they are commonly in the form of a *bon mot*. It is now many years since this story was told in the House of Lords:—A nobleman holding a high judicial situation, for some reason or other, at a Lord Mayor's dinner, returned thanks for "The Navy," when that toast was given. "C—!" (called out a brother judge to him)—"what business have you to return thanks for the Navy! Navy is not spelt with a K!"

From Dickens's Household Words.

FAITHFUL MARGARET.

THE moonlight was lying broad and calm on the mountains and the lake, silvering the fir trees massed against the sky, and quivering through the leaves of the birch and the ash, as they trembled in the light air which could not move the heavy horse-chestnut growing by them. The call of the corncock from the meadow, and the far-off barking of a sheep-dog on the fells, were the only sounds that broke through the evening stillness; except whenever now and then the plash of oars in the lake, and the subdued voices of men and women gliding by, recalled to the listeners standing on the balcony, that other

hearts were worshipping with them before the holy shrine of nature.

They had been on the balcony for a long time, looking out on the scene before them; Horace resting against the pillar, and Margaret standing near him. A curtain of creeping plants hung far down, and their leaves threw Horace into deep shadow; but the moonlight fell full and bright over the woman by his side; yet not to show any thing that art or fancy could call lovely. A grave and careworn face, with nothing but a pair of dark eyes lying beneath the shadow of a broad brow, and a mass of raven hair resting

heavy on her cheek to redeem it from absolute ugliness; a tall lean figure, not even graceful in its movements, nor fine in its proportions; and hands with fingers so long and thin, they were almost transparent—ill-formed, and ungainly too; a mode of dress that was not picturesque, and most certainly was not fashionable, scanty, black, and untrimmed;—all this made up an exterior which the most facile admiration could not admire. And few in the passing world care to discover the spiritual beauty which an outward form of unloveliness may hide.

So, Margaret stood in the moonlight by the side of an artist of high poetic temperament—a man who lived in the sunniest places of human happiness—a woman shut out from all the beauty of life; a woman who had never been fair, and who was now no longer young, to whom hope and love are impossible; the handmaid only to another's happiness, mistress of none herself.—Was she thinking of the difference between herself and the stars as she looked at them shedding light on the black rocks and the barren fells? Was she measuring the distance between her and her fate, her desires and her possessions, as she watched the waves striving to reach the soft cool moss upon the bank, to be thrust back by shingles and the stones? Or was she dreaming of a possible future, when the rocks should be beautiful with flowers, and the fells golden with furze, and when the waves would have passed that rough bar, and have crept peacefully to the foot of the mossy bank? Was she dreaming of happiness, or was she learning to suffer? Narrowing her heaven to within the compass of the earth, or losing earth in the heaven of nobleness and sacrifice? Who could tell? Thoughts are but poorly interpreted by eyes, and a sigh gives no more than the indication of a feeling.

"Let us go on the lake, Margaret, and take Ada with us," said Horace, suddenly rousing himself from his reverie, and leaving the shadow in which he had been standing.

"Yes," said Margaret, in a low voice, and with the start of one awakened out of a sleep in which she had been dreaming pleasantly, "Ada will enjoy that!"

She turned her face to the window where Ada sat, poring over a book of pictures by the lamplight, her little head hidden under its weight of ringlets, like an apple-blossom spray bent down with flowers.

"Child, will you come to Lily Island with Horace and me?" she said, caressingly. Your vase is empty, and the old enchanters

used to say that flowers should be gathered when the moonlight is upon them, if they were to have any spell. And you know you said you wished to enchant Horace. Will you come?"

She smiled and held out her hand caressingly.

The girl flung her book on the floor with a little cry of pleasure. "Oh, that will be delightful!" she exclaimed, clapping her hands. "It was so stupid, Margaret, in here all alone, with nothing but those wearisome old pictures that I have seen hundreds of times before. I was wondering when you and Horace would be tired of talking philosophy together, for you are always wandering away among minds and stars—far out of my depth. Which, perhaps, would not have been difficult to any one, who could wade deeper than the hornbook."

All the time Ada was chattering thus, she was gathering up from the sofa her gloves, shawl, and bonnet; losing vast quantities of time in searching behind the pillars for her shawl-pin, which she did not find after all. For the sofa was Ada's toilette-table and unfathomable well generally, serving various kinds of duties. "We will go, Margaret," she continued, running through the room on to the balcony, her shawl thrown on to her shoulders awry, and holding her straw bonnet by its long blue strings. "Remember, I am to crown you like a naiad, and Horace is to be your triton. Are those words pronounced properly, Horry?" And she put her arms round the artist as a child might have done, and looked into his face prettily.

"You are to do just as you like, fairy Ada," said Horace, fondly patting her round cheek. "You are too childish to contradict, and not wise enough to convince; so you must even be indulged for weakness' sake, if not for love." This was to correct his flattery.

But it was not flattery after all; for she was like a fairy, hanging round him and caressing him so childishly; her little feet falling without echo as they glanced restlessly from beneath her wide flounces, and her yellow hair hanging down like golden strands. She was like one of those flowers in fairy books from whose heart flows out an elfin queen; like a poet's vision of a laughing nymph: a wandering peri masked for awhile in human features; like a dewdrop sparkling in the sun; a being made up of light, and love, and laughter; so beautiful and innocent that the coldest cynic must have praised, the sternest stoic must have loved.

"What a child! What a lovely child!" said Horace, half to himself, turning from her and yet still holding her hand against his shoulder. "You are repaid now, Margaret," he added, tenderly, "for your long years of thought and care. Your life is blessed indeed; far more so than many which have more the appearance of fulfilment."

"Yes," said Margaret, raising her dark eyes full into his. "My life is very, very happy now, Horace. Nothing is wanting to it, nothing. A home, a child, a friend; what could I ask of fate that I have not got?"

He looked at her affectionately. "Good, unselfish Margaret!" he said. "Boon and blessing to your whole world! Without you, at least two lives would be incomplete—your sister's and mine. We should be desolate wayfarers, without a guide and without a light, if you were not here. I cannot say that you are needful to us, Margaret: you are much more than needful."

A smile of infinite happiness wandered over Margaret's face as she repeated softly, "Am I then needful to you, Horace?" and her eyes lighted up with such love and fervor, that for a moment she was as absolute in youth and beauty as little Ada herself. Even Horace looked at her again, as at a face he did not know; but the smile and the glance faded away as they had come, and the gloom of physical unloveliness clouded over her face thick and dark as ever.

"Margaret is very good; she is true and noble; but she is fearfully plain," Horace thought to himself. "My father, who was so fond of beauty, would have said she was sinfully ugly. What a pity, with such a fine nature!" And he looked from her to Ada.

Ada was all impatience to set off; and Margaret must go in for her shawl and her bonnet without a moment's delay. Smiling at her little sister's impetuous sovereignty, Margaret went into the house like a patient mother with a favorite child; shaking her head, though, as she passed the little one, standing there in her woman's beauty and her child's artlessness; and saying, "You are spoilt, my darling," conveyed by look and accent, "I love you better than my own life," instead.

"Come to me, Ada," said Horace, as Margaret went into the house. "Your hair is all in disorder. Careless child! at seventeen you ought still to have a nurse."

"Now leave me alone, Horace, and never mind my hair," said Ada, escaping from him to the other end of the balcony. "You never see me without finding fault with my hair;

and I am sure it is not so bad. What is the matter with it?" She shook it all over her face, and took up the ringlets one by one, to examine them; pouting a little, but very lovely still.

Horace was not to be coaxed nor frightened. He caught her in her retreat, and drew her to him, giving her a lecture on neatness that was rather against his instincts. But no matter; it served its purpose. Part of those yellow ringlets had been caught among the blue cornflowers under the bonnet she had perched on the top of her head, and part had been folded in with her awkward shawl. They were all in a terrible condition of ruffle; and Horace made her stand there before him like a child, while he smoothed them back deftly enough, scolding her all the time; but very tenderly. Then, impelled by a sudden impulse, that seemed to overmaster him, he bent down close to her, and whispered something in her ear, so low that the very swallows sleeping under the eaves could not have dreamed they heard its echo; and when he ended, he said, "Do you, Ada?" as if his very soul and all his hopes had been centred in her answer.

"Yes—no—ask Margaret," cried Ada, struggling herself free; and then she added, with a ringing laugh, "Oh, it is only a jest. You are not serious, Horace?" rushing almost into Margaret's arms as she stepped through the open window.

"What is it all about?" asked Margaret, looking from Ada, with her burning cheeks, to Horace, pale and agitated. "Have you been quarrelling ever since I left you?"

Neither spoke for a moment; and at last, Horace said with a visible effort: "I will speak to you alone of this, Margaret. You alone can decide it;" grasping her hand warmly.

They went down the balcony steps, through the garden, and then through the shrubbery of rhododendrons and azalias, and then through the little wicket gate that opened upon the shingly bay, where the May Fly lay moored in Ada's harbor—just under the shadow of the purple beech. Ada sprang into the little skiff first, as usual, insisting on steering; an art about which she knew as much and attended to as carefully as if a problem of Euclid had been before her. But she was generally allowed to have her own way; and they pushed out of the harbor, Ada at the helm, murmuring a love-song about a Highland Jeanie tried and true—"chanting to the nixie," Horace said—as she bent over the gunwale and looked into

the water. Margaret's face was turned upwards, and Horace—his fine head almost idealized in this gentle light—sat gazing at the two sisters, while the tender moon flowed over all; flooding Ada's golden curls with a light as gay as laughter, and losing itself in the thick braids of Margaret's hair, like life absorbed in death.

"Ada means to shipwreck us," cried Horace suddenly, avoiding Dead Man's Rock only by a skilful turning of the oar, as the Venetian boatmen had taught him.

Margaret caught the tiller-string and drew it home, and the little boat glanced off, just grazing her keel as she scudded over the farthest point of the sunken rock.

"Ada, child, are your thoughts so far from earth that you cannot see Death when he stands in the way? What were you thinking of, love, when you nearly gave a plural to Dead Man's Rock?"

"Oh, nothing—nothing. But do you take the helm, Mar," Ada exclaimed, half in tears. "I am not steady enough to guide myself; still less, others!" And she almost cried, which was a common manifestation of feeling with her, and looked so distressed that Margaret took her face between her hands and kissed her forehead for comfort.

"Don't be downcast, my child," she said gently; "we all make mistakes sometimes, and seldom any so venial as all-but running the May Fly on the rocks. Go and comfort Horace, and ask him if he sprained his wrist in that strange Venetian manoeuvre of his. I am sure you have been quarrelling on the balcony, Ada—you look so shy of him!" And she laughed pleasantly.

"Oh, no—no!" cried Ada, trying to look indifferent, but unsuccessfully. Then, with a sudden shake of her head, as if shaking it clear of fancies, she ran over the thwarts and sat down by Horace frankly; but terribly in his way for the sweep of an oar. She leaned on his shoulder and played with his hair, in her old familiar manner; asking him "if he were cross yet?—what made him so grave?"

"Not cross at any time with you," he said, bending his head to her hands. "Sometimes thoughtful—and about you."

His grave voice made Ada pause. "Are you unhappy?" she said; and her hand stole gently to his forehead.

"No. I am very happy at this moment," he said. "At the worst of times, only in doubt." He looked at Margaret as he spoke, wistfully.

"In doubt of what, Horace?" she asked.

"Whether sisterly affection might ever

take a dearer name; or whether a niche might be reserved for me in the temple of a beloved life."

The boat was floating through the water-lilies as he spoke. They touched the shore of the island.

"Now sermonize together!" cried Ada, springing on shore and rushing away into the wood. She was going to look for mosses, she said, and ferns for the rockwork in her garden; for Horace and Margaret were best alone.

A rustic bench or chair had been placed in the green knoll just above the landing-place, and there Horace and Margaret seated themselves; watching the stars in the lake, and waiting until their darling should return to them again.

"Your life has been an anxious one for many years, Margaret," said Horace, after another of their long intervals of silence had fallen like a dark cloud over them. He was agitated; for his voice trembled, though his face was hidden by his slouched hat, and Margaret could not see it.

"Yes," she answered quietly; since my dear father's death, when Ada was left to my care—I so young and she a mere infant—I have had many hours of care and anxious thought. But I have come out into the calm and sunshine now. My darling has grown up all that the tenderest mother could demand for her child; and I am more than repaid by the beauty of the nature which perhaps I helped to form, by the power of my own love and the sacrifice of my whole life."

"Ah, Margaret!" cried Horace, warmly—"queen in soul as well as in name; queen of all womanly virtues and of all heroic powers, my heart swells with gratitude and love when I think of all that you have been to Ada; of how you have fed her life with your own, and emptied your cup of happiness into hers. Dear Margaret!—friend more than sister—what do we not owe you of boundless love, of infinite return!"

Margaret did not speak. Her heart was beating loud and fast, and her eyes, heavy with joy, were bent on the ground. But the lashes and the black brows were portals which suffered no meaning to pass beyond them; and Horace did not read the revelation written in those eyes, which else might have arrested, if it had not changed, the future.

"And now, Margaret," continued Horace, "you know how dear you are to me. You know that your happiness will be my chief care, and to honor and cherish you my joy

as well as my duty." Margaret's thin hands closed convulsively on each other; she bent nearer to him unconsciously—her head almost on his shoulder. "You know how much I have loved you and our fairy child there, and how this love has gradually closed round the very roots of my heart, till now I can scarcely distinguish it from my life, and would not esteem my life without it. Tell me, Margaret, you consent to my prayer. That you consent to deliver up to my keeping your very heart and soul, the treasure of your love and the passion of your life. Will you make me so blessed, Margaret,—dearest Margaret?"

She turned her eyes upon him, dark with love, and moist and glad. Her arms opened to receive him and to press him close upon her heart; and her lips trembled as she breathed softly, "Yes, Horace, yes, I will give you all."

"Dearest!—best!" he cried. "Friend, sister, beloved Margaret! how can I thank you for your trust in me—how reward your gift! Ada!—my Ada!" and his voice rang through the island, the little one coming at his call. "Here, to me, child adored!" he continued, snatching her to him; "here to your home; to your husband's heart, first thanking your more than mother there for the future, which, my love, infinite as Heaven, shall make one long day of joy and happiness to you. Thank her, Ada—thank her! for she has given me more than her own life."

"Horace!" groaned Margaret, covering her face with her hands. "This is a pain too great; a sacrifice too hard. My heart will break. God, do Thou aid me!"

The passionate agony of that voice checked even Horace in his joy. It was too grieving, too despairing, to be heard unmoved. The man's eyes filled up with tears, and his lip quivered. "Poor Margaret!" he said to himself, "how she loves her sister. I have asked too much of her. Yet she shall not lose her."

"No, Margaret," whispered Ada, crying bitterly, one hand on her lover's shoulder and the other round her sister's waist, "it shall be no pain, no sacrifice. Will you not still love me, and shall I not always love you and be near you? Horace will not separate us."

A shudder ran through Margaret. This blindness and unconscious egotism shocked and chilled her. A moment more, and the pain was pressed back with a strong hand: the sacrifice was accepted with a firm heart.

She raised her head and looked up, saying, "God be with you, dear ones, now and ever!" as she joined their hands, tears slowly filling her dark eyes and falling hot and heavy over her face.

Nothing could be done without Margaret. Every inch of the way, to the steps of the altar, she must walk hand in hand with Ada, the little one never dreaming of the fiery ordeal her love and childish weakness caused that suffering spirit to endure. And even when she had descended the altar-steps by the side now of another guide, Margaret was still her support, and her counsel the favorite rule of her conduct. The loving, gentle child! frightened somewhat at the new duties she had undertaken, and feeling that she could not fulfil them without Margaret's help: believing that she could not even please Horace, unless Margaret taught her how. When her sister remonstrated with her, and endeavored to give her confidence in herself, and told her that she must act more independently now, and not look for advice in every small affair, but study to win her husband's respect as well as to preserve his love, Ada's only answer was a weary sigh, or a flood of tears, and a sobbing complaint that "Margaret no longer loved her, and if she had known it would have changed her so, she would never have married,—never."

What could the sister do? What only great hearts can do; pity, be patient, and learn from sorrow the nobleness not always taught by happiness. Ada was too young for her duties; and Margaret knew this, and had said so; daring to be so brave to her own heart, and to rely so wholly on her truth and singleness of purpose, as to urge on Horace her doubts respecting this marriage, telling him she feared that its weight would crush rather than ennoble the tender child, and advising him to wait, and try to strengthen, before he tried her. Advice not much regarded, how much soever it might be repented of hereafter that it had not been more respected, but falling, as all such counsels generally do fall, on ears too fast closed by love to receive it. All that Margaret could do was to remain near them, and help her sister to support the burden of her existence; drinking daily draughts of agony no one dreamed of, yet never once rejecting the cup as too bitter or too full. She acted out her life's tragedy bravely to the last, and was more heroic in that small domestic circle than many a martyr dying publicly before men, rewarded by the knowledge that his death helped forward truth. With Margaret there

was no excitement, no reward, save what suffering gives in nobleness and worth.

Horace fell in with this kind of life naturally enough. It was so pleasant to have Margaret always with them—to appeal to her strong sense and ready wit when he was in any doubt himself, and to trust Ada to her care—that he now asked whether it were not rather a divided life he was leading, and whether, between his wife and sister, it was not the last who held the highest place? This is scarcely what one looks for in a perfect marriage. It was Margaret who was his companion, his intellectual comrade; while Ada played with the baby or botched kettle-holders and urn-stands; and they were Margaret's thoughts which he sketched on the canvas, Ada standing model for the heads and hands.

It was Margaret too who taught the children when they were old enough to learn, and who calmed down their little storms, and nursed them when they were ill. Ada only romped with them, laughed with them, let down her hair for their baby hands to ruffle into a mesh of tiny ringlets, kissed them as they rushed past, or stood terrified and weeping by the cot where they lay sick and sad in illness. But the real discipline and the real work of life she never helped on. When the eldest child died, it was Margaret who watched by his pillow the whole of that fearful illness: it was Margaret who bathed his fevered temples, placed the leeches on his side, and dressed that red and angry sore: it was Margaret who raised his dying head, and laid him quietly to rest in the narrow coffin for ever: it was Margaret, worn and weak with watching as she was, who consoled Horace, and soothed Ada's tears to a sobbing sleep; who ordered the details of the funeral, and saw that they were properly performed. All steadily and strongly done, although that pretty boy had been her godson and her favorite, had slept in her arms from the first hour of his birth, and had learned every childish lesson from her lips. And it was only at night, when the day's work was done and all others had been comforted, that Margaret suffered herself to sit down with her grief and give vent to the sorrows she had to strengthen in action.

And when that debt, for which Horace had been bound, became due—the friend to whom he had lent his name failing him—and the lawyers sent bailiffs into the house, it was Margaret who calmed the frightened servants; who restored Ada, fainting with terror, and who arranged the means of es-

cape from this embarrassment, by giving up her own property; every farthing she possessed barely covering the claim. A sacrifice Horace was forced at last to accept, after much delay and much anguish of mind, not seeing his way clearer out of the strait, and unwilling, for Ada's sake, delicate as she was just now, to brave the horrors of an arrest. So Margaret, who had always been the giver and the patroness, had her world reduced to dependence; of itself a sore trial to a strong will.

In every circumstance of life it was the same. She was the good angel of the household, without whom all would have been loose and disjointed; to whom love gave the power of consolation, and suffering the might of strengthening. Yet Horace and Ada lived on sightless and unperceiving; satisfied to taste life—enjoying that gentle epicurean thankfulness which accepts all blessings lovingly but without question, and never traces the stream which waters its garden to its source near the heavens.

Ada's summons had sounded; her innocent and loving life was sentenced to its end. Useless on earth, but asked for in heaven, she must die, that she may be at peace. And it was in mercy that she was taken away, for age and care were not made for her. They would have made life more tiresome than she could support. But this last little blossom, although it looked so fragile, broke down the slight twig on which it flowered, and the young mother and her baby passed to heaven together. The light had faded away, and the shadow fell softly in its place.

What had passed from Horace? A child; a sunny landscape; a merry laugh; a tamed wood-bird; something very lovely, but not necessary; something loved more than himself, and yet not his true self. With Ada, all the beauty and the joy of his life had gone; but the spirit remained. Not a thought hung tangled in his brain for want of a clearer mind to unravel it: not a noble impulse fell dead for want of a strong hand to help it forward. What he was with Ada he was without her; in all save pleasure. She had been the delight of his life, not its inspiration. It was beauty, not nobleness, that she had taken with her: love, not strength. It made even him—unreflecting artist, man of impulse as he was—stand by that grave-side wondering. He knew how much he loved her. He knew his whole heart and soul had been centred on her and her alone; but he almost shuddered to find that one part of his

being had been uninfluenced by her, and that his mind was not wrecked in the ruin of his heart.

Ada's death made Margaret's path yet more difficult. Of course she was to remain with Horace. He could not understand existence without her; and the world would not be ill-natured to a wife's sister, so unlovely and so ancient in her spinsterhood. Not even the most suspicious prudery could imagine a love that had been given to the fairy Ada, that darling child of Nature, transferred to the tall thin figure clothed in the scant black dress, with even the once magnificent tresses turning sadly from their purer beauty, and silvered now with white hairs. No, she might remain there safe enough, the poor Margaret! Who cared to know that she had loved with that one deep, powerful love of a neglected heart; that she had bound herself to a daily cross when she accepted agonies without name and without term, that she suffered and was still? Who cared to praise her strength or to honor her heroism? Not even they for whom she had suffered. The sacrifice had been accepted; but not even a garland had been prepared for the victim. Without pity and without praise for her own deed, she must be contented without reward.

Time went on; and, excepting that Horace was graver and more watchful of his sister-in-law, with a certain indefinable tenderness at times, and then a rigid coldness that was almost like displeasure at others, there was no change in him since his wife's death; neither in their position with each other, nor in Margaret's place in the household. For strong souls the ordeal of life never ends, and Margaret must pass through hers to the end.

On a certain soft, still summer night, Horace and Margaret, for the first time for many months, went on the lake together, little Ada, the eldest now of that fairy world, with them. They rowed about for some time in silence, the child saying to itself pretty hymns, or nursery rhymes, muttering in a sweet, low voice, like a small bell tinkling in the distance. They landed on the island where, years ago, they had landed with another Ada. The moonlight now, as then, filled the wide sky and rested over the whole valley; and again, of all the things that stood in its light, Margaret was the only unlovely thing. But Horace had changed since then.

They sat down on the rustic bench, the child playing at their feet.

"Years ago we sat together, Margaret, on this same bench," said Horace, suddenly, "when I asked my destiny at your hands. I have often thought, of late, that I asked it amiss." He spoke rapidly, as if there was something he wished to say, and a weight he wished to thrust off his heart.

"Amis, Horace? Was any life happier than yours? The sorrow that has darkened it was not a part of the destiny you asked from me."

"But now, now, Margaret," he cried impatiently.

"And now, Horace, you have a life of duty."

"Margaret, Margaret, give me your strength! This gray life of mine terrifies me. It is death I live in, not life."

"Learn strength, then, by your sorrow," she whispered. "Be content to suffer in the present, for the gain and good of the future. Learn that life is striving, not happiness; that love means nobleness, not pleasure. When you have learned this well enough to act it, you have extracted the elixir from the poison."

As she spoke, a heavy cloud, wandering up from the east, passed over the moon, and threw them all into the shadow.

Margaret turned to Horace. "To-morrow, my dear brother," she said, smiling, "the shadow of the moonlight will have passed away, and we shall be in the full light of heaven. The present, Horace, with its darkness and its silence, will lead us into a blessed future, if we have but faith and hope in ourselves and in each other. Let us go; I have long learned to suffer; you are only beginning. Lean on me, then, and I will help you; for the task of self-denial and self-suppression is hard when learned alone and in silence."

She held out her hand, clasped his, and carried it to her lips affectionately and reverently, adding gently; "A sister's arm is a safe guide, Horace. Lean on it never so hardly, it will bear your weight, and will neither fail nor misdirect you."

"Sister," sobbed the artist, "blessed though that name may be, one must walk over the graves of hope and love to reach it; my feet refuse, Margaret,—I cannot."

"We will walk together, Horace, and I will show you the graves which I have strewn before me. Come!"

From Chambers's Journal.

PRIVATEERS AND PRIVATEERING.

So far as England and France are concerned, the present war bids fair to be conducted on more humane principles, and altogether in a less savage and vindictive manner, than any previous great European contest. France assumed the initiative, we believe, in refusing *letters of marque*, or commissions to privateers; and England has hitherto done the same; nor is there the least probability that any license will hereafter be granted to privateers by the British government. Formerly, it was not unusual for letters of marque to be granted even to the subjects of neutral nations, and fears have been expressed that Russia will grant such licenses to American privateers. We have not much apprehension on this score, relying securely, as we think, on the honor and policy of the United States government to suppress any such attempts; for by acts of Congress in 1794 and in 1818, privateering was denounced, and the Americans are not a retrograde people in any respect. But it is certainly to be dreaded that some of the half-lawless and wholly unprincipled republics of South America may be inclined to avail themselves of Russian commissions to plunder our merchantmen; although, if they do so, they will pay dearly for it in the end. It is not improbable that Russia herself will send forth privateers from such of her ports as may escape blockade—but short will be their cruises!

Privateering is, or was—if we may venture to speak of it in the past tense—a mere system of piracy under legal sanction, and proved a most monstrous aggravation of the evils of war. Not one spark of patriotism animated the owners and crews of privateers. They neither sought nor desired to meet with the enemy's armed cruisers, for to them glory was a thing of naught. Their sole object was to make money by plunder, and to do this with as little fighting as possible; but if hard knocks could not be avoided, we must do them the justice to say that they did not shrink from the combat, as many an action fought with a gallantry worthy a better cause bears witness. The officers and crews were almost invariably desperate men, and

no private peccadilloes whatever could disqualify them for the service, but rather the reverse. The hulks, the gallows, and the privateers refused no man. As a general rule, the owners of privateers were not very honorable nor reputable citizens; yet, half a century ago, hardly a voice was audibly raised in condemnation of their enterprises. The fitting-out of a privateer was a sort of gambling speculation, for the vessel might be captured within twenty-four hours of leaving port, or it might send home a dozen valuable prizes in a cruise of as many days. All was a lottery, and one of the most exciting nature. The captain of a privateer had generally some share in the ownership of the vessel, and officers and crew sailed with a distinct agreement as to what percentage each would receive of the booty. Under such a system as this, the inevitable consequence was, that privateersmen became demoralized and brutal to the last degree. Privateers and pirates were, in fact, almost convertible terms. In many instances, if a privateer had not the fortune to fall in with any of the enemy's merchantmen during a cruise, he would have little or no compunction in seizing a neutral ship, rather than return empty-handed, and boldly risked all consequences resulting from the piratical act. But the system had yet darker traits, as the following startling statement—anonymous, however—testifies: "It must be admitted that in more than one flagrant instance, the system was not only brought to bear on English commerce by English capital, but even the very parties who sent out the merchant-ship, and insured her against the king's enemies, sent out also the privateer that captured her, and thus made a double gain—from the insurer of the captive vessel, and by the sale of her cargo and hull as lawful prize. Many a French privateer was owned by Englishmen, and manned by piratical renegades; and some English privateers were chartered by Frenchmen for the capture of their own merchant-ships. In the conduct of such crews, wilful cruelty towards their captives was alone wanting to complete the character

of the pirate. On either side of the Channel, the day of the merchant-ship's sailing, and her course, was duly notified to the privateer that did the dirty work of the firm; and thus, under the pretext of honorable warfare, innocent individuals were swindled by their fellow-countrymen, and the honor of a nation tarnished for filthy lucre." We have no means of verifying this appalling charge, but judging by all we have read upon the subject, we have no reason to disbelieve it.

Privateers, both French and English, were of all sizes and rigs—from mere luggers of twenty tons, carrying a couple of 4-pounders and a dozen men, to fine full-rigged ships of 500 or 600 tons, heavily armed, and manned by crews of 200 to 300 men. In a word, the latter were formidable men-of-war, and capable of exchanging broadsides with regular king's frigates. Many privateers on both sides the Channel were fitted out at immense cost; nothing was spared to render their equipment perfect, for the owners well knew that one successful cruise might pay for all. The main object of all was to insure swiftness; and to effect this, strength of hull was sacrificed to such a degree, that some privateers were mere shells, that a close, well-directed broadside from a man-of-war would send to the bottom in a moment. This, however, was by no means always the case, as we shall hereafter show. Not a few privateers were expressly built for their intended service, and more beautiful vessels never floated. The total number sent forth both by England and France was almost incredible. They prowled in every direction, and the narrow seas literally swarmed with them. The largest and best appointed would take long swoops out on the main ocean, to fall in with convoys of both outward and homeward-bound ships; and if not taken themselves by men-of-war, they were sure to pick up all unfortunate stragglers or slow sailers. If the reader only glanced over a file of old newspapers, or pored—as we have done ere writing this article—through the "Home News" and Gazette extracts of the old magazines, and the dry details of our chief naval histories, he would soon have a vivid idea of the enormous risk merchantmen ran of being taken by privateers during the last war. Sometimes we read of five or six privateers of the enemy captured in a single day.

We are not aware that the British government ever aided or had any share in the equipment and sending forth of privateers; but it appears that it was otherwise across Channel. In one instance, a French com-

pany hired five swift-sailing ships of their government to cruise as privateers; and official documents prove that many others were lent to adventurous merchants for the same purpose. The charter-party, on the above occasion, says that "the vessels are to be completely fitted out by the government; the freighters being only obliged to provide for and pay the crew. The cost of revictualling and touching at any place, to be also at the charge of the freighters; but the cost for repairs of masts, for cordage, ordnance, &c., to be defrayed by the republic." The freighters to propose the commanders, who must be approved by the Minister of Marine. The freighters to choose the station for cruising, and the places at which the vessels are to stop. The net produce of the prizes to be divided as follows—One-third to the crew, and a third of the remaining two-thirds to the republic; the sale of the prizes to be confided to the freighters." Many of the French privateers were really splendidly equipped and manned vessels. We find an instance to the point in the *London Gazette* of 1810. In September of that year, Captain Wolfe, of the *Aigle* man-of-war, reports that he had captured, after a chase of thirteen hours, *Le Phoenix*, a celebrated ship-privateer belonging to Bordeaux, mounting eighteen carronades, and manned with 129 men, whom he describes as being exceedingly fine young seamen, commanded by a very experienced and able captain. This privateer had done great injury to the British trade, and hitherto had outsailed all our men-of-war. A still more famous French privateer of similar force, manned by 140 men, *Le Vice-amiral Martin*, was captured in the following year by His Majesty's ships *Fortunate* and *Saldanha*. This very famous privateer had been remarkably successful in all her former cruises, and had defied all attempts to capture her. Nor would she have been taken at last by one ship; for we are told that "from the style of her sailing, and the dexterity of her manœuvres, neither of his Majesty's ships singly, though both were going eleven knots with royals set, would have succeeded in capturing her."

Several instances are on record of really gallant actions fought between large French privateers and English frigates. A noteworthy affair of this kind occurred in 1798. The British 40-gun frigate *Pomone*, Captain Reynolds, chased the *Cheri* privateer of Nantes; and as the latter made no attempt to escape, the two ships were soon yardarm to yardarm, and a furious battle ensued. At length the

privateer struck, after losing her mizen-mast and receiving great damage; so much so, in fact, that she sank almost before the wounded and prisoners could be removed. The privateer mounted twenty-six guns of various calibre, and was manned by 230 men. Her captain and fourteen men were killed, and nineteen wounded. The English frigate also sustained considerable damage. Considering the immense disparity of force, this was certainly a most gallant defence on the part of the privateer. Later in the same year, a memorable action also occurred between the British sloop-of-war *Trincomale*, of 16 guns, and the French privateer *Iphigenie*, of 22 guns. It lasted upwards of two hours, when by some accident the *Trincomale* exploded, and all the crew but two perished with her. The two vessels touched each other at this awful moment, and therefore it was not surprising that the privateer also was so dreadfully shattered, that she sank in a few minutes. All her crew, with the exception of about thirty, perished. A more calamitous finale to a well-fought action has rarely occurred. While on this topic, we must not omit to mention a third important and singular affair about the same time. The British 38-gun frigate *Révolutionnaire*, chased a strange ship off the coast of Ireland; and after a run of 114 miles in less than ten hours, the stranger hauled down her colors, and proved to be the *Bordelais* privateer of Bordeaux, a splendid ship of more than 600 tons, with a crew of 200 men, and mounting 24 guns on a flush-deck. She was reckoned as fast a sailer as any privateer belonging to France, and on her first cruise captured the immense number of twenty-nine valuable prizes! Her second cruise proved thus fatal to her. Concerning this privateer and the frigate that captured her, Mr. James, in his "Naval History," gives the following curious information: "It was a singular circumstance, not merely that the *Bordelais* was constructed by the same builder who had constructed the *Révolutionnaire*, but that the builder, at a splendid dinner given by the owners of the *Bordelais* to her officers soon after the termination of her first trip, should have said: 'England has not a cruiser that will ever touch her except the *Révolutionnaire*; and should she ever fall in with that frigate in blowing weather, and be under her lee, she will be taken.' The *Bordelais* was added to the British navy by the same name." It appears by the above, that the frigate herself had previously been taken from the French, and adopted into our navy. Whatever may

now be the case, nothing is more certain than that during the last war the French built the finest men-of-war in the world. Most of the crack frigates then in our navy had been taken from the French, and with them we captured more of their vessels—a fact which must have been bitterly mortifying to that gallant and sensitive people.

Owing to the extreme swiftness of most privateers, it rarely happened that large men-of-war could capture them, unless under particular circumstances. Corvettes of war, and handy gun-brigs, were the vessels to hunt down and destroy these pests of commerce; and they did their duty manfully. Sometimes, however, it happened that they caught a Tartar in the shape of a privateer, and had much ado to escape being captured themselves. As a general rule, both English and French privateers carefully steered clear of all contact with men-of-war, for they knew they could have nothing to hope for but hard blows, and probable discomfiture. It did, however, occasionally happen, that when a privateer fell in with a sloop-of-war, or other small armed ship of the enemy's royal navy, and knew the latter to be of decidedly inferior force, he would risk an attack. Several instances are on record of king's ships being captured, after a hard fight, by one or more daring privateers. For example, the British gun-brig *Growler*, well armed, and commanded by Lieutenant Hollingsworth, with a crew of fifty men and boys, was engaged, along with other men-of-war, in convoying merchant-vessels; and when off Dungeness, the *Growler* was suddenly attacked in the night by two French lugger privateers, the *Espiegle* and *Rust*; and in spite of a most gallant defence, in which her commander lost his life, was captured, and triumphantly carried into Boulogne. It is supposed that the privateers at first mistook the *Growler* for a merchantman. A somewhat similar affair occurred about the same period. The British armed sloop *George*, Lieutenant Mackey, of six guns and forty men, was attacked and captured in the West Indies by two Spanish privateers, one carrying one hundred and nine, and the other sixty men. The British crew made a most heroic defence, and did not surrender until eight were killed and seventeen wounded, out of her forty men. The Spaniards had thirty-two killed. On the other hand, some French privateers made quite as determined a resistance against hopeless odds. The British fourteen gun-brig-sloop *Amaranthe*, with a crew of eighty-six men, chased the French privateer *Vengeur*, a

schooner of only six four-pounders, and a crew of thirty-six men, including passengers. At length the two vessels engaged at pistol-shot distance, and the combat lasted upwards of an hour. When the privateer surrendered, her loss amounted to fourteen killed and five wounded. If the immense disparity of force is taken into consideration, this is one of the most desperate defences on record, and proves that the issue of the combat would have been very doubtful, had the force been more equal. We could give dozens of similar instances of the desperate courage often displayed both by English and French privateersmen; and this is about the only redeeming trait in their character. It may, however, be safely assumed, that, as a general rule, privateers only fought when fighting became unavoidable. On rare occasions, French and English privateers fought each other, just as tigers and sharks will sometimes do, when lacking their natural prey.

The damage done to British commerce—and *vice versa*—by French, Danish, and American privateers, was altogether incalculable; and it must also be borne in mind, that the prodigious risk of capture raised the rates of marine insurance to a ruinous degree, so that merchants whose vessels made safe runs, seldom realized remunerative returns on their invested capital; and if, on the other hand, they sent their ships to sea unin-

sured, they risked total ruin, for it was about an equal chance that a ship sailing to and from many ports would be captured. It is not fair to draw a parallel between regular men-of-war and privateers, as regards making prizes of enemy's merchant-ships. The mere act of capturing an enemy's merchantman is only a sort of episodic performance on the part of men-of-war, their main business being to defend the coasts of their country from hostile invasion, and to fight and subdue the ships of war belonging to the foe. The prize-money they receive from occasional captures is only a legitimate extra reward for the services they perform to the state; while a privateer is sent forth wholly and solely to pursue and capture merchantmen, that its crew and owners may be enriched by their confiscation, the privateers neither defending their country, nor fighting its armed foes, unless reluctantly compelled to do so. These views of the question are now generally held by civilized states; and England, France, and America, the three foremost nations of the earth, seem to have tacitly arrived at the somewhat tardy conclusion, that there is hardly a hair-breadth of practical difference between privateering and piracy. Henceforward, pirates and privateersmen will alike swing from the yardarm whenever captured in pursuit of their kindred professions.

From Dickens's Household Words.

BACK WAYS TO FAME.

THE gentleman who writes himself on the title-page to his books—

F.A.S., F.R.S., F.C.S., F.D.S., F.E.S., F.F.S., F.G.S., F.H.S.,
Corresponding Member of the Learned Societies of
Agra, Delhi, Algiers, Cape Town, Portsmouth,
Port Essington, and Walla-walla: V. P. of the
Shetland Oratorical Society, and of the
Manx Cat Club; Member of the
Pendington Galaxy Association,
the Pansophistical,
Ac., Ac., Ac.,
Ac., Ac.,
Ac.,
Author of
A Treatise upon Hic, Hæc, Hoc; the History of Horum
Genitivo,
Ac., Ac., Ac., Ac., Ac., Ac.,

is not directly pointed at in any of the remarks here following. It is no new thing

for authors and others to ask themselves, How shall I carry weight with the public? What shall I do to be esteemed? And ever since the first barrel of ink was brewed, such problems have been solved in sundry ways, so that there is nothing foolish that has not been done—perhaps, too, that is not being done—for love of praise.

In the first place, how is an orator, philosopher, or poet, who thinks more of the applause he wants than of the work that is to get it—how is such a poor fellow to know even so much as in what direction he shall turn his face? Are the select few to be courted, or the vulgar many? Which gives the

verdict of praise most to be desired? Jean de la Serre wrote such a tragedy upon Sir Thomas More that Cardinal Richelieu never was present at the representation of it without weeping like an infant; yet the million declared "More" a bore, and lauded as the best play that was ever written, Corneille's *Cid*, in conspiracy against which drama Richelieu spent a month of his great power as a minister, because he took it to be a stupidity which, as a man of taste, he ought to crush. "More" is no more, and the world still pays to the *Cid* assiduous attention.

The great Cæsar himself, says Macrobius, admired so extremely a comedian named Laberius, that he invited him, by offers of large sums, to Rome. There he put him into competition with the people's favorite, Publius Syrus. In spite of the Emperor, the people crowned their man, and the imperial patron was forced to say, "Laberius, although I like you best, Syrus has beaten you." Louis the Fourteenth did not say a word over the first hearing of one of Molière's best comedies. The public thought he did not like it, and all the next morning nothing was to be heard but bandied criticism of it as poor stuff, and such inanity, that really, if Monsieur Molière did not make a great change in his recent manner, he would never hold his ground with men of taste. At dinner the King held his hand out to the poet and said that he had enjoyed his comedy beyond expression. In the afternoon every soul was charmed with the wit of the new play. The most discriminating general public that ever was, only accepted cordially ten or twelve out of a hundred of the works of Æschylus, and forsook him altogether for a new writer; the same public five times declared Pindar conquered by a woman who was in their eyes a tenth muse, and in his eyes a pig. In what direction then is the fame-hunter to look? The man who works out matter that is in him is in no perplexity; for him nature has made provision; but the man whose labor is but to procure something—whether fame or money—that he has not, by what arts is he to make provision for himself? He generally uses quackery, and in what degree he uses it, or of what kind it is, and to what class of minds it is addressed, must depend on taste and temperament, and upon other things.

Charles Patin, a wise man of olden time, lodged with a friend studying medicine, at Basle, and asked him one day into how many parts medicine were divided. "Into four parts," said his friend; "physiology, pathology, semiotics, and therapeutics." "Into

five parts," said Charles Patin, "for you must add quackery, in which whoever is not thoroughly versed, is unworthy to bear the title of physician."

What might be said then, and might very likely be said now, with some show of truth concerning medicine, was and is quite as true of philology, metaphysics, oratory, statesmanship, theology, or any other branch of study.

Men parade titles that mean little, but sound large; I introduce no modern illustrations, but used they not of old to write themselves in their books *archi-historiographi*, *king's counsellors* and so forth? Did they not write themselves down members of societies having sometimes, especially in Italy, fantastical and affected names, *Seraphics*, *Olympics*, *Boobies*, *Idlers*, *Somnolents*, *Rawmen*, *Parthenics*, and *Fantastics*? They even changed their names to put more weight into their literary persons. A doctor Sansmalice signed himself Doctor Akakia; John became Jovian; Peter became Pomponius. Julius Cæsar Scaliger, one of the vainest of all learned men, claimed to be descended from a princely house, and his son Joseph so highly glorified the family in a short biographic notice, that their antagonist Scioppius—the grammatical cur he was called for uncivilness—professed to have counted up four hundred and ninety-nine lies in a work of about fifteen pages. As for Scioppus, he wrote himself Roman Patrician, Counsellor of the Emperor, the King of Spain, the Arch-Duke of Austria, the Count Palatine, and Count of Clara-Valla. Such writers were habitually styled most excellent and most admirable, though Charles the Fifth, himself addressed formally as Emperor, was no more than most noble and most excellent.

A mathematician in those times, travelling in Poland, expressed his annoyance at continual allusions to his Excellence, but was told, with some pity for his ignorance, that he need not concern himself, because the Poles assumed the excellence of everybody. Whatever titles a man could lay hold of, he claimed. A village schoolmaster, claiming due honor, in this spirit played the orator to himself, and cried, "I am the rector, the sub-rector and the choir! I am the three altogether, and am therefore all in all." Of all men who beitled themselves and each other, the old lawyers were the most accomplished quacks. One was *Invincible Monarch of the Empire of Letters*, another, *Azo by name, was Source of the Laws, Vessel of Election, Trumpet of Truth, and God*

of Lawyers. Baldus was entitled Divine Monarch Utriusque Juris, ignorant of nothing, &c. There were very many more who took or received titles as extravagant.

These titles often border on profanity, and if it were not wholesome discipline to be reminded now and then of the depths sounded by human vanity and folly, I should shrink certainly from adding to this list the frontispiece of a book, not by a lawyer, in which the author is depicted at the foot of the cross with the question issuing from his mouth, "Master, lovest thou me?" The reply of the Master from the cross being written in another label, "Yea, most illustrious, most excellent and very learned Lord Segerus, Poet Laureate of his Imperial Majesty, and very worthy Rector of the University of Wittenberg; yea, I love you."

Earnestness has sometimes the force of quackery. Alain de l'Île preached so profoundly upon incomprehensible matters that the ignorant came out in swarms to hear him. Therefore, one day, instead of delivering a sermon that he had promised on a sacred mystery, when he saw the gaping crowd about him, he came down again out of his pulpit, saying only, "You have seen Alain. And so now you may go home content." I am reminded by this anecdote of Barthius, a rather bilious philosopher, who was annoyed by the impertinence of curious intruders. One day an English traveller looked in to see him; the offended sage received him in grim silence; they sat down opposite to one another, and not a word was said until Barthius turned suddenly his back upon his visitor, and said, "Well, Sir, you have seen me pretty well in front, now look at me behind."

I have wandered into the domains of people who got more attention than they wished, instead of abiding by the learned men who wished for all the notice they could get. One way of attracting notice was the use of title-pages, calculated to arrest attention. The foppish common on title-pages in old times—never, of course, now—was obvious enough in certain respects. It was but a commonplace of the period to call a lexicon The Pearl of Pearls, to produce Flowers of every thing after the Latin Florus, and Nights of every thing after the Attic Nights of Aulus Gellius. There were Theological Nights, Christian Nights, Agreeable Nights, Solitary Nights, African Nights, and so forth.

The races of the Flowers and the Nights are not indeed even to this day extinct.

Pliny long ago ridiculed the titles of Greek books—Rags of Honey, Horns of Plenty, Muses' Meadows, in which every thing a man could wish for, "down to chickens' milk," was said to be contained. The wise men of the Revival published, in place of Horns of Plenty, Treasures and Treasuries, and they put up Steps to Parnassus, over which many a schoolboy has since stumbled. A set of maps was called after the man who took the world upon his shoulders—Atlas; and that name, being short and handy, has been commonly adopted into languages as a noun-substantive, quite free from mythological suggestion. A book on the blood was called The Macro-micro-cosmic ocean.

Alchemists wrote books called The Art of Arts, The Work of Works, The Art of being Ignorant of Nothing, of Writing and of Knowing about Every Thing. It would need the lesson taught by such a book to understand only the titles of some others; a tract on the Rights of the King was headed, for example, in those days, The Stomachation of the Public Good. The author of a Harmony of the Gospels called it, The Triumph of Truth, on a Car drawn by the four Evangelists, escorted by the Army of Holy Fathers; and a more elaborate allegorist, a Spaniard, entitled a work on philology, in fifty chapters—Pentacontarch; or, the Captain of Fifty Soldiers: levied and maintained by Ramirez de Prado, under whose auspices the different monsters that ravaged the republic of letters are pursued even to their uttermost retreats, and to the depths of their frightful caverns, where they are attacked, fought with, and destroyed. Again, who would suppose that a book with the attractive title of The Rights of the Public was a treatise upon headache?

The desire for fame has induced others to seek it by much writing, in the belief that to be constantly before the world was to be honored by it, or, at least—and that is something—to be known. There have been many men whose works contained more leaves than there were days in their lives; some being by nature prolific and industrious, others only because they were resolved to occupy the public ears. In the first class was the Spanish dramatist Lopez de Vega, whose works covered ten times as many pages as there were days in his life. In the second class it will suffice to name Joachim Fortius, who wrote of himself thus: "Either I shall die very young, or I shall give to the world a thousand works, honestly counted, in as good Latin as I can produce. I intend to

entitle them *The Chiliad*. It is a settled thing: death only can prevent me from accomplishing my purpose. Already nineteen have seen the light, and I shall very shortly publish eighty-one others, which will just make up the tenth part of my *Chiliad*."

When such a seeker after fame can find no printer rash enough to risk a penny on his works, it often happens that he is insane enough to print them at his own expense. Ulysses Aldrovandus consumed all his patrimony in the printing of his books; and, as nobody bought them, he caused copies to be distributed to all the libraries of Europe as eternal monuments both of his learning and his generosity.

There was an ancient sophist who made much money by his oratory, and spent it in the making of a golden statue, which he placed, dedicated to himself, in the temple at Delphi. In the same spirit, but after a more economical fashion, one Psaphon, a poet, who could get no fame by his verses, procured a number of birds capable of being taught to utter a few words, and having taught every one to say, Psaphon is a great god, let them all loose. They flew abroad, and wherever they settled, brought, as it appeared, their tidings from the sky. In this way the worship of Psaphon was established; and he got as a deity, the incense that men could not offer to him as a bard. Any thing for a name! Hence came a Greek proverb about the birds of Psaphon.

A wide subject opens, when we come to discuss the foppery of dedications. "If you seek glory, nothing will secure it to you so effectually as the letter *I am writing*," Epicurus wrote to a great minister. He may have been justified in saying so, but so have many little birds magnificently chirruped to the condors and the eagles of society. "By George, Sir!" one of these forgotten worthies used to say, when he had dedicated a book to any one, "I have immortalized you; that deserves a handsome fee." Dedication was a trade, once upon a time, as we all know; dedication writers were begging-letter writers, neither more nor less. Leo the Tenth did a sensible thing when a man dedicated to him *An Infallible Method of making Gold*. He paid him for his dedication with a great sack to contain the gold he made. Erasmus dedicated a book to the Queen of Hungary, and complained sorely that his rascal of a printer had lost him his gratuity by printing two successive words as one, in a place where to do so was to change the meaning of the sentence, and convert a compliment into an

insult. Two authors, Ranzovius and Schott, writing in feigned names, dedicated their works to themselves. Dedications to Saints, to My Country, and so forth, I pass over. A work on sacred geography, printed at Leipsic only a hundred and fifty years ago, had a dedication meant to be curious and pious, which again serves as an illustration of the kind of intrusion made by foppery on holy ground. It was dedicated to the Three great Princes and sole Heirs of Heaven and Earth: the Lord Jesus; Frederic Augustus, Electoral Prince of Saxe; and Maurice William, Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Weitz. To each name was appended a long string of titles in the usual form; the Saviour being styled, crowned general of the celestial armies, king elect of Zion, august and perpetual head of the Christian Church, sovereign pontiff and archbishop of souls, elector of truth, archduke of glory, duke of life, prince of peace, chevalier —. I shall quote no more; but it was well to quote so much, because the extravagance of conceit has always travelled a great deal upon forbidden ground. However, it shows itself in this relation—and any one who looks about may see conceit always mounting to heaven, and nothing lower by its little towers of arrogance—it cannot be too steadfastly resisted. We should be always on our guard against it.

Another practice with the writers of a past time was to garnish their books with laudatory letters and verses from distinguished men or partial friends. They often composed for themselves letters of this kind, to which they put various initials; just as Charles the Fifth, when on one occasion he had beaten the Protestants in battle, is said to have caused a number of guns to be founded upon the pattern of those he had captured, and inscribed with the devices of the enemy, to drag as trophies into Spain, and magnify his triumph.

Others have sought to catch attention, not by a parade of success and satisfaction, but by a parade of discontent. They attack every thing, they wish to make a noise in the world, and know that of all work fighting is the noisiest: therefore they fight, they combat every opinion, attack every eminent man, or, taking in an anonymous way their own eminence for granted, even attack themselves, as did Goropius when he published a remorseless criticism on his own poem of *Charlemagne*. Great men do not notice such attacks, for eagles do not catch flies. When Ziegler wrote his commentary upon Grotius, Henninger wrote a cruel comment-

ary upon Ziegler. "This little fellow," Ziegler said, "wishes to be dragged out of his obscurity. Good sense forbids me to grant his petition." One of the most quarrelsome of these men was James Gronovius, the son of John: yet John was the most peaceful writer of his age. In youth he had written a book called *Elenchus Anti-Diatribæ*, which contained one or two sharp expressions levelled at some commentator. He afterwards, for that reason, bought up and burned every copy, and would not spare one even to Grævius, his most intimate friend. Yet it was this man's son who lived by snarling.

Of men who have in direct and plain terms called attention to their own surpassing merits—a vast host—I will mention only one or two. A famous lawyer, Charles Dumoulin, according to Balzac, wrote often at the top of his opinions given upon consultation: "I, who yield to no man, and who have from no man any thing to learn." A Greek who wrote the life of Alexander, promised to equal Alexander's actions with his words. Claveri, an Italian, gave money and sweetenings to the children of his town to sing about the streets, ballads of his own making in honor of himself. He finally collected them in two volumes, as evidence of his own popularity. Giacomo Mazzoni declared himself ready to answer on the spot, every question that could be asked him. Messrs. Gaulmin, Saumaise, (Milton's Salmasius,) and Maussac being together in the royal library, "I think," said Gaulmin, "that we three can match our heads against all that there is learned in Europe." To which Salmasius replied, "Add to all that there is learned in Europe, yourself and M. de Maussac, and I can match my single head against the whole of you." Not to convey a false impression, let me add that Salmasius was a very learned man indeed, and was treated by our Milton more in the spirit of controversy than of justice.

When publishers for the same community of readers lived in all parts of Europe, it was convenient for authors to drop hints about unpublished works in their possession that might be treated for by any firm in Italy, France, Germany, or Switzerland. These hints grew, however, sometimes into forms of great pretension, and there were not a few who claimed to themselves vast credit for writings that had never come to light. La Croix du Maine carried his boasting in this way as far as any man. In an epistle dedicatory addressed to Henry the Third, of France, he said: "My library now contains eight

hundred volumes of various memoirs and collections, written by my hand, or by an amanuensis, all the produce of my invention or research, and extracted from all the books that I have read up to this date, of which the number is infinite, as may easily be seen by the twenty-five or thirty thousand heads and chapters of all kinds of matter that may fall under the cognizance of man; which treat of things so different that it is almost impossible to speak of, see, or imagine any thing into which I have not made curious research. The whole collection is classed according to sciences, arts, and professions, and arranged in a hundred cases, for each of which two hundred dollars will content me. This sum would seem so little to so great a king, that I am ashamed to have set down so low a price." In fact, he only wanted twenty thousand dollars for his giant scrap-book.

Of critics and grammarians the conceits used to be endless, and nothing ever was more vain than their disputes. Their follies of enthusiasm are respectable; one may almost admire Becatelli, who sold all he had to buy a rotten manuscript of Livy. But in their hands criticism that was to discern truth from error, became itself the overflowing source of error and of discord. As for work at the text of authors, on the whole the saying first applied to copies of Homer must be pretty generally true—that, in any old writer, that is most correct which has been least corrected. What would not these men quarrel about. Two fell into kicks and cuffs in open street over the question whether the verb *inquam* belonged to the third or fourth conjugation. Nizolius and Maioragius held a notable dispute as to which of the two most thoroughly admired Cicero. Politian refused to read the Bible, but spent time and toil in settling whether he should write Vergil or Virgil, and amused his leisure with composition of Greek epigrams to Venus and Cupid. Philelphe and Timotheus waged wars upon a controversy; and Timotheus, being vanquished, was most cruelly shaven, that his beard might be carried about Europe as a trophy. Such questions as these engaged the lives of old grammarians: How many rowers had Ulysses? Was the Iliad composed before the Odyssey? Who was the mother of Hecuba? What name did Achilles bear when wearing woman's dress? What was the usual subject of the songs of the Sirens? Nicanor wrote six volumes on a dot, the grammatical full stop. Messala wrote a dissertation on the letter S, and Martin Vogel wrote another on the German B. The Sorbonne

decided that the Latin Q should be pronounced like the Q in French, and solemnly cut off from its body a heretic member who ridiculed such Latin as *kiskis* and *kamkam*. "Here," said somebody to Casauban, as they entered the old hall of the Sorbonne, "Here is a building in which men have disputed for four hundred years." "And," asked Casauban, "what has been settled?"

It was the common boast of a grammarian, who wanted as much fame as he could get, that he understood some fabulous number of languages. Postel said he understood fifteen; his adversaries said he did not understand so much as one. André Thevet was thoroughly grounded, he said, in twenty-eight, and spoke them all fluently. Joseph Scaliger is said to have claimed knowledge of all there were, though thirteen is the number commonly ascribed to him, and most likely with greater truth. The man who professed to understand all languages might as well have said at once that he came down from the third heaven of Mahomet, where every inhabitant has seventy thousand heads, and every head has seventy thousand mouths, in each mouth seventy thousand tongues, all singing praises at one time in seventy thousand idioms.

Of orators, it will be enough to cite that practice in exterior eloquence which is kept up to this day, and which Francius first taught his pupils to keep up before a good Venetian mirror. Of the poets, every one has tales to tell; they are animated, like beasts, by a blind love for their own offspring, and are led, when they are weak-minded, into an infinite number of odd fopperies. We will cast anchor, finally, upon the *Hæcicities* and *Quiddities* of an extinct order of logicians. They could be matched, indeed, with the concretes, I's and not I's of the present day; but we are not personal to any man's opinions or practice, and retire firmly upon the past. The logicians of old used to discuss gravely whether it would be a greater

miracle for an elephant to be as small as a flea, or for a flea to be as big as an elephant, and whether the chimera humming through the void of nature could devour second intentions. As for the old logical technicalities, Barbara, Celarent, Darii, Ferison, Baralip-ton, they are now legends. Nobody now reads the thick volumes of Bovellius on that which is below (or next to) nothing. He was a mathematician, and his topic was not quite so foolish as it seems. The lawyers were as acute in those days as any of their neighbors. Among their problems for ingenious discussion, were the questions: Could a criminal who recovered his life after decapitation, be again subject to have his head cut off? Who is the owner of an egg laid in a nest frequented by the fowls of many households? If the wife of Lazarus had married again after his death, could he have claimed her on his resurrection? In those days (only in those days, observe) hairs were split by lawyers; advocates, by brass, and by *bon mots*, and by force of cunning, dragged lawsuits out and prolonged them to the ruin of both litigants—even prolonged them, when there was much wealth, into a second and third generation. In that way the lawyers (of those days) thrived, and many became famous.

In the midst of all this foppery and quackery, a great deal of study went to produce small results. It is recorded of a learned man, whose very name is forgotten, though his reading was so deep, that in his lectures he would quote by the page from books written in many languages, never opening one, but having them all on his lecture-table with an open sword. "Here," he said, "are the books; follow me in them when you please, and if I misquote by so much as a syllable, stab me; here is the sword." It is certain that an obscure man of letters, whose name has been handed down, read Tacitus in this way. To so much antecedent toil, men added so much folly and bravado for the sake of fame.

DEATH OF MRS. SOUTHEY. — CAROLINE SOUTHEY, widow of Robert Southey, the Poet Laureate, died on the 20th August, at Buckland, near Lymington. She was a daughter of the Rev. Dr. Bowles, a canon of Salisbury Cathedral, and was highly graced with intellectual accomplishments. She was married to Dr. Southey in 1839, about a year and a half after the death of his first wife, Edith Fricker, to whom he was united on the day he left England for a six months' sojourn at Lisbon. The Rev. C. C. Southey,

vicar of Ardleigh, in his "Life and Letters" of his father, says, "When the day was fixed for the travellers (Southey and Hill) to depart, my father fixed that also for his wedding-day; and on the 14th of November, 1795, was united at Radcliffe church, Bristol, to Edith Fricker. Immediately after the ceremony they parted. My mother wore her wedding-ring hung round her neck, and preserved her maiden name until the report of the marriage had spread abroad."

From the Daily News.

THE MONUMENT TO THOMAS HOOD.

On Tuesday, a public tribute of respect was paid to the memory of the late Thomas Hood, by the inauguration of a monument at Kensal Green Cemetery, in presence of a large number of persons, including some intimate friends of the deceased. Hood was one of those who not only enriched the national literature, but instructed the national mind. His conceptions, it is true, were not vast. His labors were not, like those of Shakspeare, colossal. But he has produced as permanent an effect on the nation as many of its legislators. If he had not done this, the ceremony of yesterday would have been an inane display. Englishmen are the wiser and the better because Hood has lived; and, therefore, Englishmen can listen reverently to a public eulogium on his memory. Mr. Monckton Milnes, M.P., delivered an address upon the occasion. The monument was covered with a piece of cloth during the simple ceremony. Mr. Milnes said that eulogistic orations at the tombs of their friends were not, he thought, congenial to English taste; yet, on particular occasions, they could not be improper. The oration would appear tame to those accustomed to hear similar discourses on all occasions on the other side of the Channel. But there was sound sense and feeling in all that he said: and this was enough. He spoke with great delicacy and kindness of Hood's personal characteristics, and with much taste upon the artistic value of the dead humorist's works. He touched with great felicity and subtlety upon the value of humor. He defined its province, and showed how closely it was connected with the highest forms in which genius manifests itself. Mr. Milnes spoke, however, more as a friend than as a critic, and his genial utterances excited emotions in the hearts of his hearers which told how deep was their sympathy both with the orator and the subject of his eulogium. There were not many dry eyes amongst his hearers when he

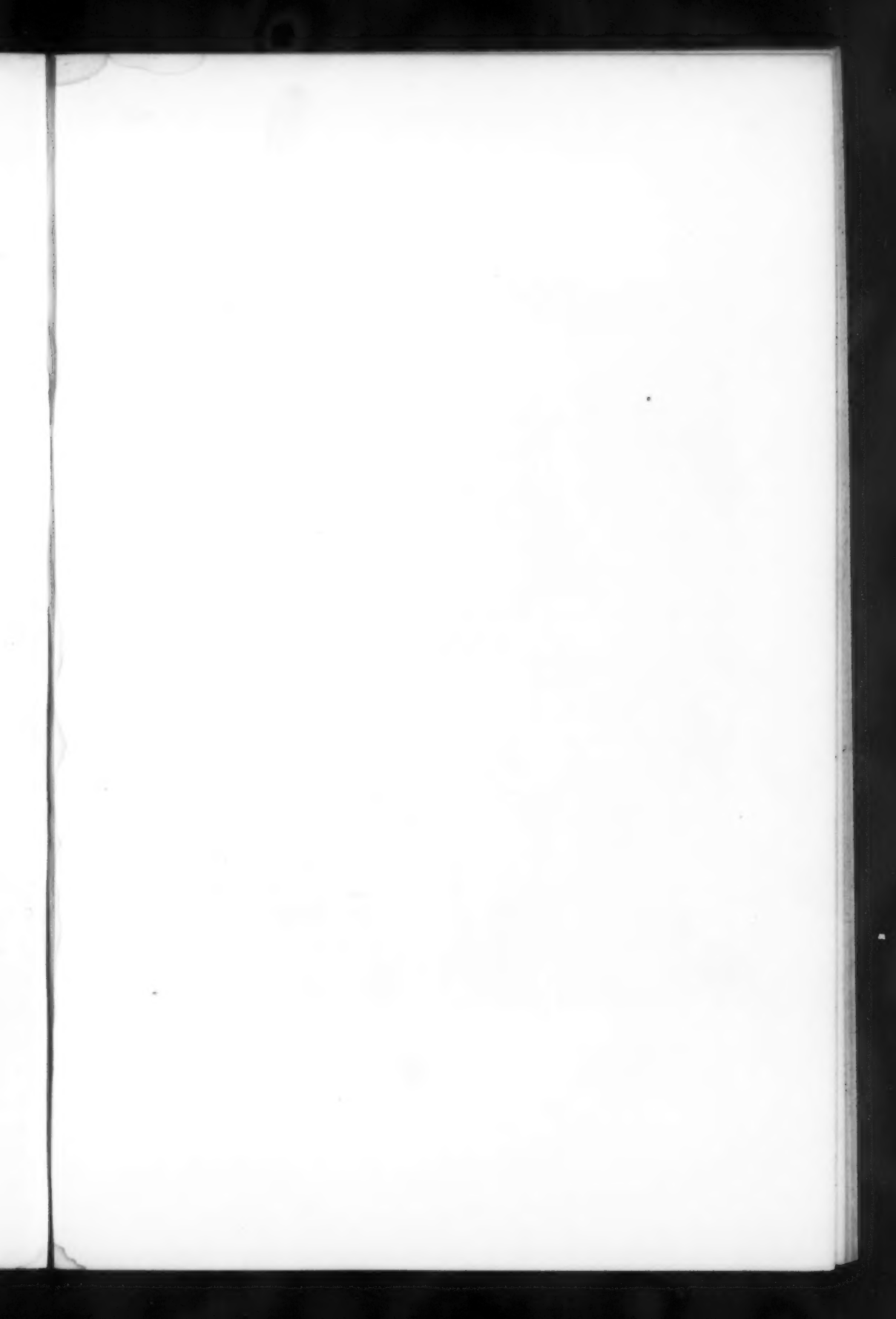
quoted one or two exquisite portions of Hood's poems. It was evident that the greater part of the audience were well acquainted with the works of the poet, and were delighted to hear the quotations from poems which had afforded them exquisite gratification in the perusal. At the close of the address the monument was uncovered. It has been executed by Mr. Matthew Noble, and consists of a bronze bust of the poet, elevated on a pedestal of polished red granite, the whole being twelve feet high. In front of the bust are placed wreaths in bronze, and on a slab beneath the bust appears that well-known line of the poet's which he desired should be used as his epitaph:

He sang the song of the shirt.

Upon the front of the pedestal is carved this inscription:

In memory of Thomas Hood, born 23d May, 1798, died 3d May, 1845. Erected by public subscription, A.D. 1854.

At the base of the pedestal a lyre and comic mask in bronze are thrown together, while on the sides of the pedestal are bronze medallions, illustrating the poems of the "Bridge of Sighs" and the "Dream of Eugene Aram." This ceremony is very significant, as showing the disposition that exists amongst Englishmen to recognize the value of their great authors. It tells us that the nation has arrived at the conclusion that there are other influences than legislation and war which operate upon our happiness or shape our destiny. The oration pronounced over Hood is a fact which proves an advance in the public estimation of what true greatness is. The rarity of such exhibitions adds to their value; and although we should be sorry to see funeral orations become common, it is creditable to the nation that we should have recognized the justice of pronouncing a discourse over Thomas Hood.





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